

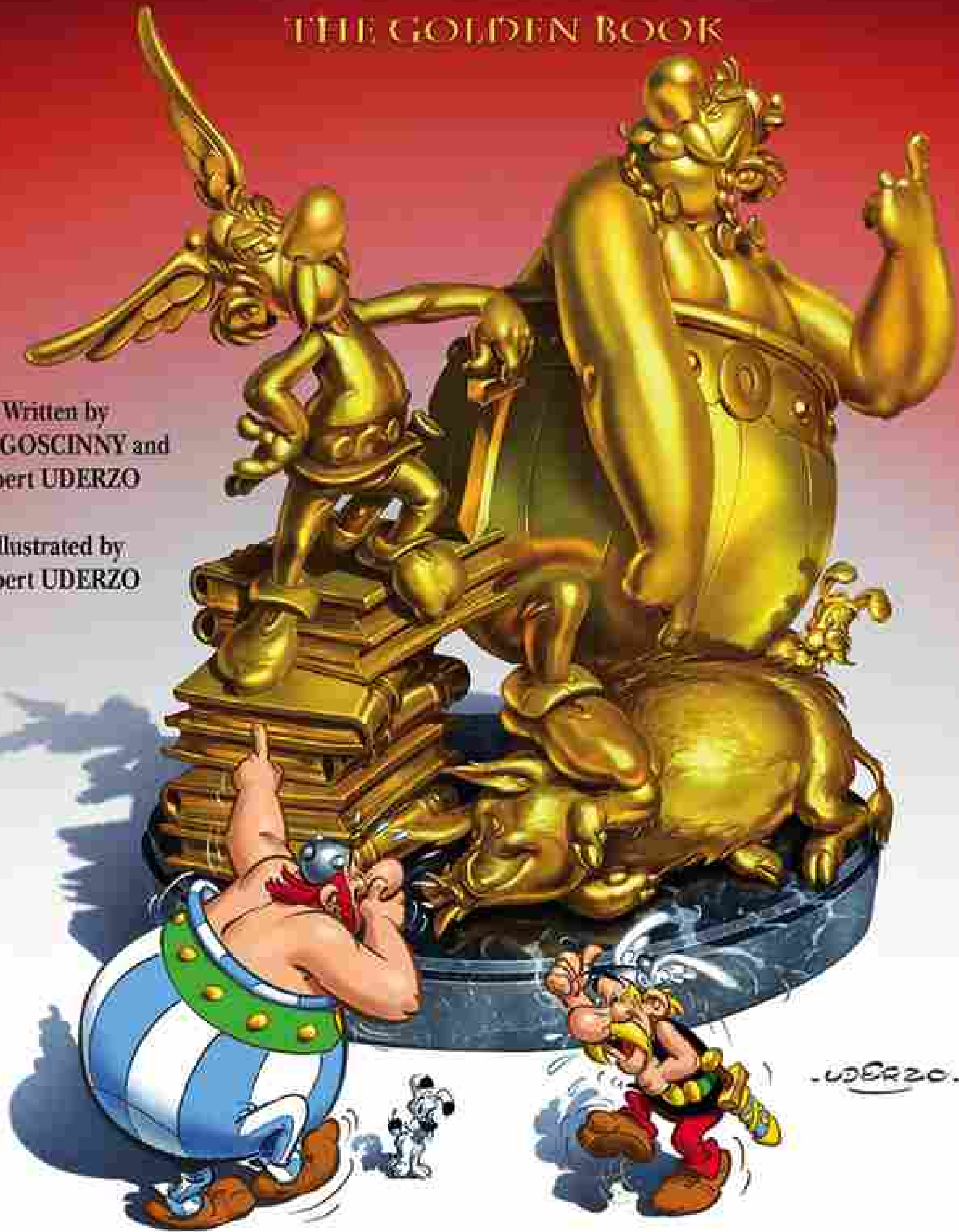
R. GOSCINNY **Asterix** A. UDERZO

Asterix & Obelix's BIRTHDAY

THE GOLDEN BOOK

Written by
René GOSCINNY and
Albert UDERZO

Illustrated by
Albert UDERZO



-UDERZO-2009-

GOSCINNY AND UDERZO
PRESENT

ASTERIX AND OBELIX'S BIRTHDAY

The Golden Book



*October 1959. It's been all of half a century!
How time flies!*

I remember my birth as if it were yesterday. My two fathers had decided that I would be born in the pages of a new magazine called «Pilote», which also contained stories about many other strip cartoon heroes. You could say the magazine was like a mother to us. And so I and the other Gauls happily enjoyed our adventures for eighteen marvellous years, until the day when one of our two fathers, the great René Goscinny, left us far too soon for the wonderful gardens of the Gaulish Paradise.

At that point, some people thought and said that Obelix and I and the rest of us were destined to join him there for all eternity. But after a very sad and difficult period our other father, the one whose drawings had already brought us to life, decided that he would go on working by himself to give us more adventures. It was you, dear readers, whose pleas encouraged him to embark on this dangerous venture. He had to believe in it, for as some charitable souls still think, it could have turned out an impossible task. Without his partner, people said, he could not succeed. However, he bet himself that he could – and won his bet. Our adventures are as successful as ever.

And so we discovered that those who may seem to be idiots have the great advantage of always believing in what they think, what they say and what they write ...

Asterix



Your voice echoes in my own, Asterix. Your ink runs in my veins, my blood runs in yours. And on this day our two voices conjure up a life — your life. You were born of the friendship between my father and Albert Uderzo. Each of them had his own talents, and they complemented one another. It was a perfect friendship, and it gave birth to a village and its inhabitants, dozens of wild boars, as well as Julius Caesar and his legions, who meet with unlikely resistance that sometimes leaves them battered and bruised. Above all, it was responsible for a great many smiles, a great deal of laughter, and a whole way of life for some people. Many people discovered the joys of reading, all because of the friendship between your two fathers.

However, you and I both have a debt to pay, Asterix. On a morning in November 1977, one of your fathers died. He was my own father. And you might have died as well, leaving a lasting trace on the memory of your readers, but no more. Rather as if I had stayed at the age of nine for ever. However, we were not alone. One of the two friends who created you was left, and I could hope that he would keep you alive, carrying on despite the nasty trick some evil genie had played on us. Fatherless at the age of nine, I said to myself, like a child reciting a nursery rhyme: "If Asterix survives, then I promise to think that death is a joke — a bad joke, but a joke all the same. I'll tell myself that imagination can win out over reality."

You lived, and so did I, thanks to the goodwill of the Orpheus who wouldn't accept what Fate had done to us. You had more sense than Orpheus, Asterix, you didn't turn round to look back, you looked straight ahead. And there was life ahead. You understood what really mattered: the story must go on.

On birthdays we celebrate the year that has just passed. We tell those we love something that they already know, though they may sometimes pretend to forget it: we tell them how important they are in our lives. Finally, on birthdays we look at the balance sheet of the four seasons that have passed. From winter snow to spring buds, we wonder, have we been worthy of our loved ones? So, Asterix, let me speak for your father and mine, and say I feel sure that, thanks to Albert Uderzo's talent, you will prove worthy of your Golden Jubilee, and that this book, with you at its centre, will show that you are as loyal to your readers as they are to you. If I had to say one thing about all the seasons that have passed, it would simply be: "Look ahead to the future."

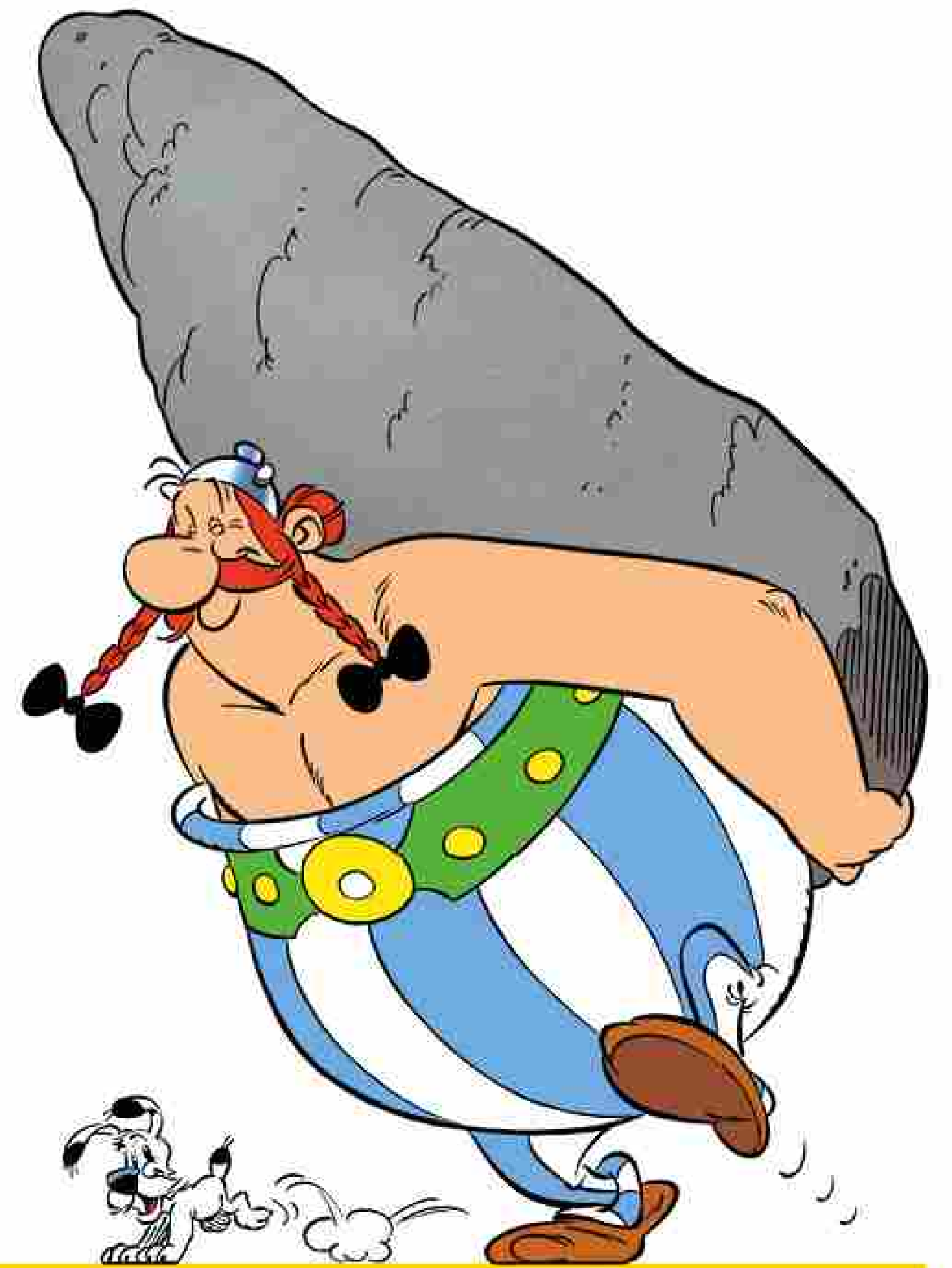
Anne Goscinnny



THE YEAR IS 50 BC. GAUL IS ENTIRELY OCCUPIED BY THE ROMANS. WELL, NOT ENTIRELY ... ONE SMALL VILLAGE OF INDOMITABLE GAULS STILL HOLDS OUT AGAINST THE INVADERS. AND LIFE IS NOT EASY FOR THE ROMAN LEGIONARIES WHO GARRISON THE FORTIFIED CAMPS OF TOTORUM, AQUARIUM, LAUDANUM AND COMPENDIUM ...



ASTERIX, THE HERO OF THESE ADVENTURES. A SHREWD, CUNNING LITTLE WARRIOR, ALL PERILOUS MISSIONS ARE IMMEDIATELY ENTRUSTED TO HIM. ASTERIX GETS HIS SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH FROM THE MAGIC POTION BREWED BY THE DRUID GETAFIX . . .



OBELIX, ASTERIX'S INSEPARABLE FRIEND. A MENHIR DELIVERY MAN BY TRADE, ADDICTED TO WILD BOAR, OBELIX IS ALWAYS READY TO DROP EVERYTHING AND GO OFF ON A NEW ADVENTURE WITH ASTERIX – SO LONG AS THERE'S WILD BOAR TO EAT, AND PLENTY OF FIGHTING. HIS CONSTANT COMPANION IS DOGMATIX, THE ONLY KNOWN CANINE ECOLOGIST, WHO HOWLS WITH DESPAIR WHEN A TREE IS CUT DOWN.



GETAFIX, THE VENERABLE VILLAGE DRUID, GATHERS MISTLETOE AND BREWS MAGIC POTIONS. HIS SPECIALITY IS THE POTION WHICH GIVES THE DRINKER SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH. BUT GETAFIX ALSO HAS OTHER RECIPIES UP HIS SLEEVE . . .



CACOFONIX, THE BARD. OPINION IS DIVIDED AS TO HIS MUSICAL GIFTS. CACOFONIX THINKS HE'S A GENIUS. EVERYONE ELSE THINKS HE'S UNSPEAKABLE. BUT AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T SPEAK, LET ALONE SING, EVERYBODY LIKES HIM . . .

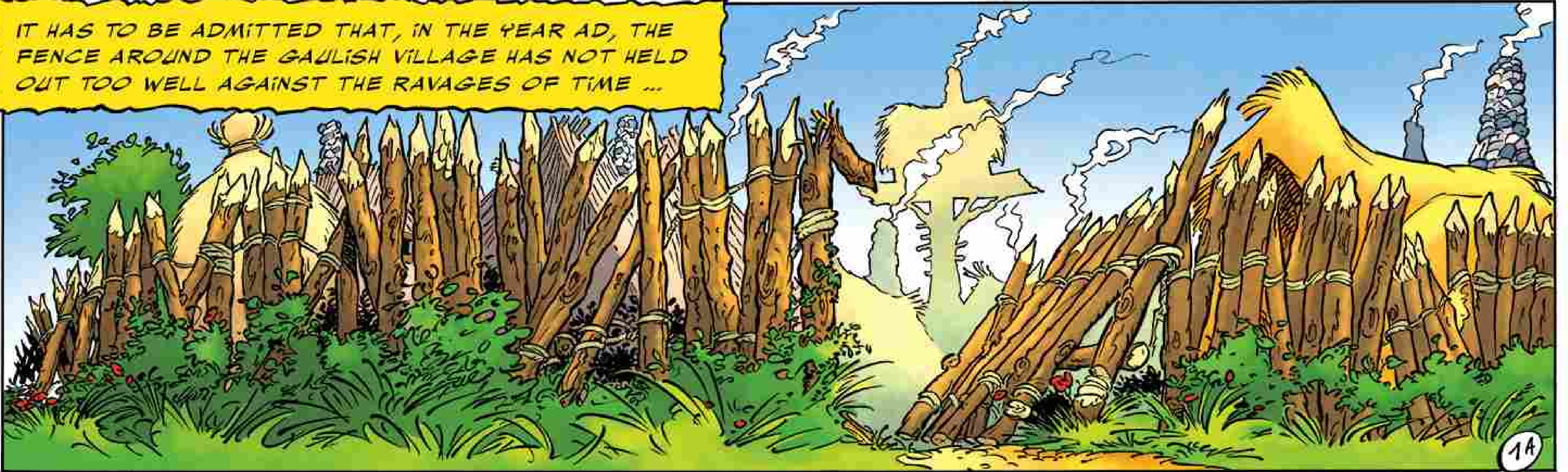


FINALLY, VITALSTATISTIX, THE CHIEF OF THE TRIBE. MAJESTIC, BRAVE AND HOT-TEMPERED, THE OLD WARRIOR IS RESPECTED BY HIS MEN AND FEARED BY HIS ENEMIES. VITALSTATISTIX HIMSELF HAS ONLY ONE FEAR, HE IS AFRAID THAT THE SKY MAY FALL ON HIS HEAD TOMORROW. BUT AS HE ALWAYS SAYS, TOMORROW NEVER COMES.

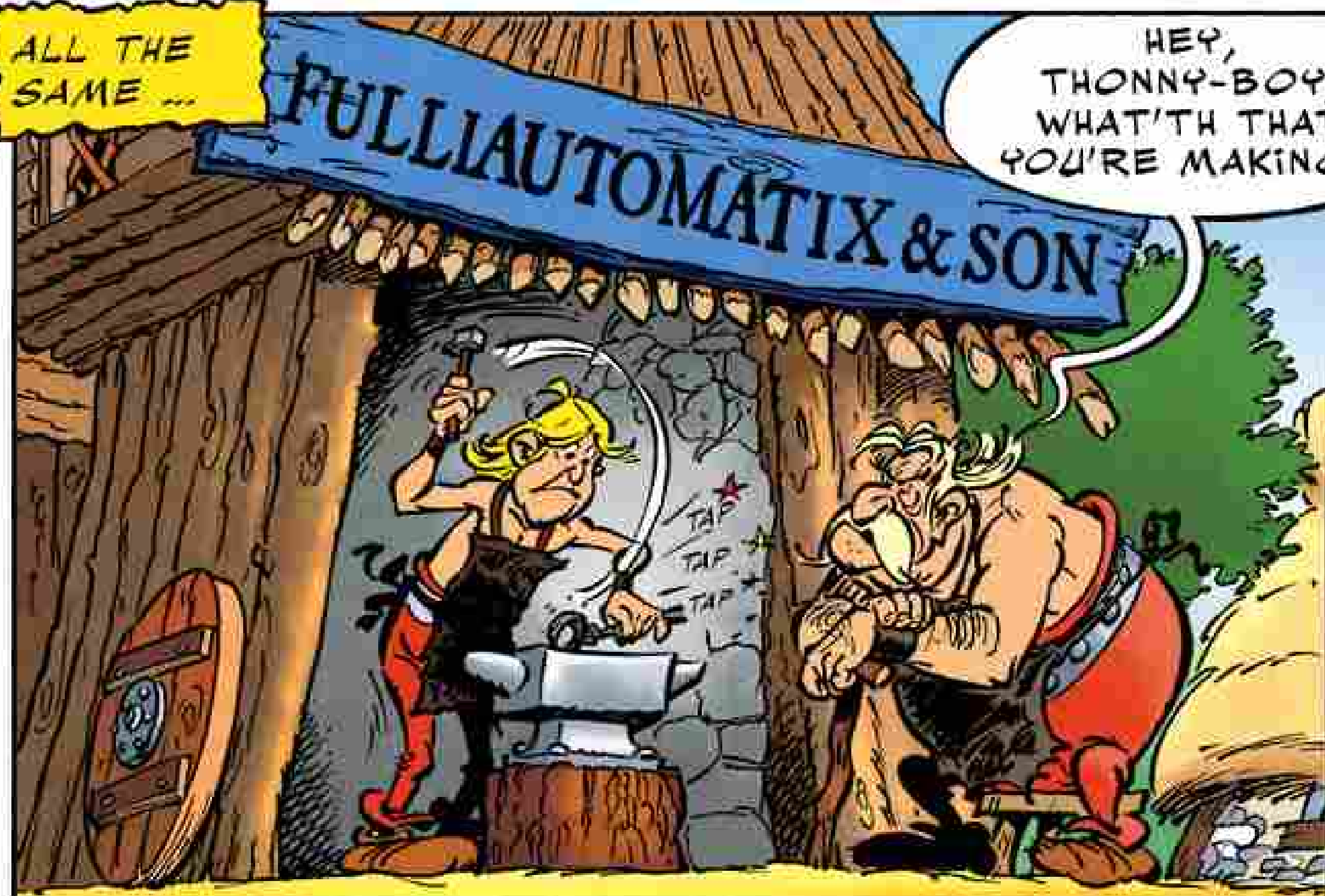


HALF A CENTURY! THAT MIGHT SEEM A LONG TIME TO ORDINARY PEOPLE. ONLY THE HEROES OF STORIES, IN THE CINEMA, THE THEATRE, LITERATURE – OR EVEN IN STRIP CARTOONS, OUR SUBJECT HERE – ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO SURVIVE THE PASSING OF TIME WITHOUT A WRINKLE, AND CHEERFULLY CONSIDER THIS PHENOMENON PERFECTLY NORMAL. IT'S OBVIOUS, OF COURSE, THAT THEY OWE THEIR LONG LIVES TO THE PUBLIC. ONLY THE PUBLIC DECIDES WHETHER HEROES LIVE OR DIE, AND IF THE PUBLIC DOESN'T LIKE YOU, YOU'D BETTER WATCH OUT. LET'S SUPPOSE, JUST FOR A CHANGE, THAT ASTERIX AND HIS FRIENDS FEEL THE WEIGHT OF THE YEARS LIKE EVERYONE ELSE. LET'S IMAGINE THAT LIKE THE AUTHOR OF THESE LINES THEY ARE NOW FIFTY YEARS OLDER. WE COULD FIND OUT WHAT KIND OF SHAPE THEY'RE IN, PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY ... SO OFF WE GO TO THE VILLAGE WHERE, WE ASSUME, THE INDOMITABLE GAULS ARE STILL HOLDING OUT AGAINST THE ROMAN INVADERS.

IT HAS TO BE ADMITTED THAT, IN THE YEAR AD, THE FENCE AROUND THE GAULISH VILLAGE HAS NOT HELD OUT TOO WELL AGAINST THE RAVAGES OF TIME ...



ALL THE SAME ...



HEY, THONNY-BY, WHAT'RH THAT YOU'RE MAKING?



PUSH OFF, DAD. I'VE JUST INVENTED ...



... IRON TEETH FOR OLD CROCKS LIKE YOU WHO'VE LOST THEIR OWN!

WHAT?

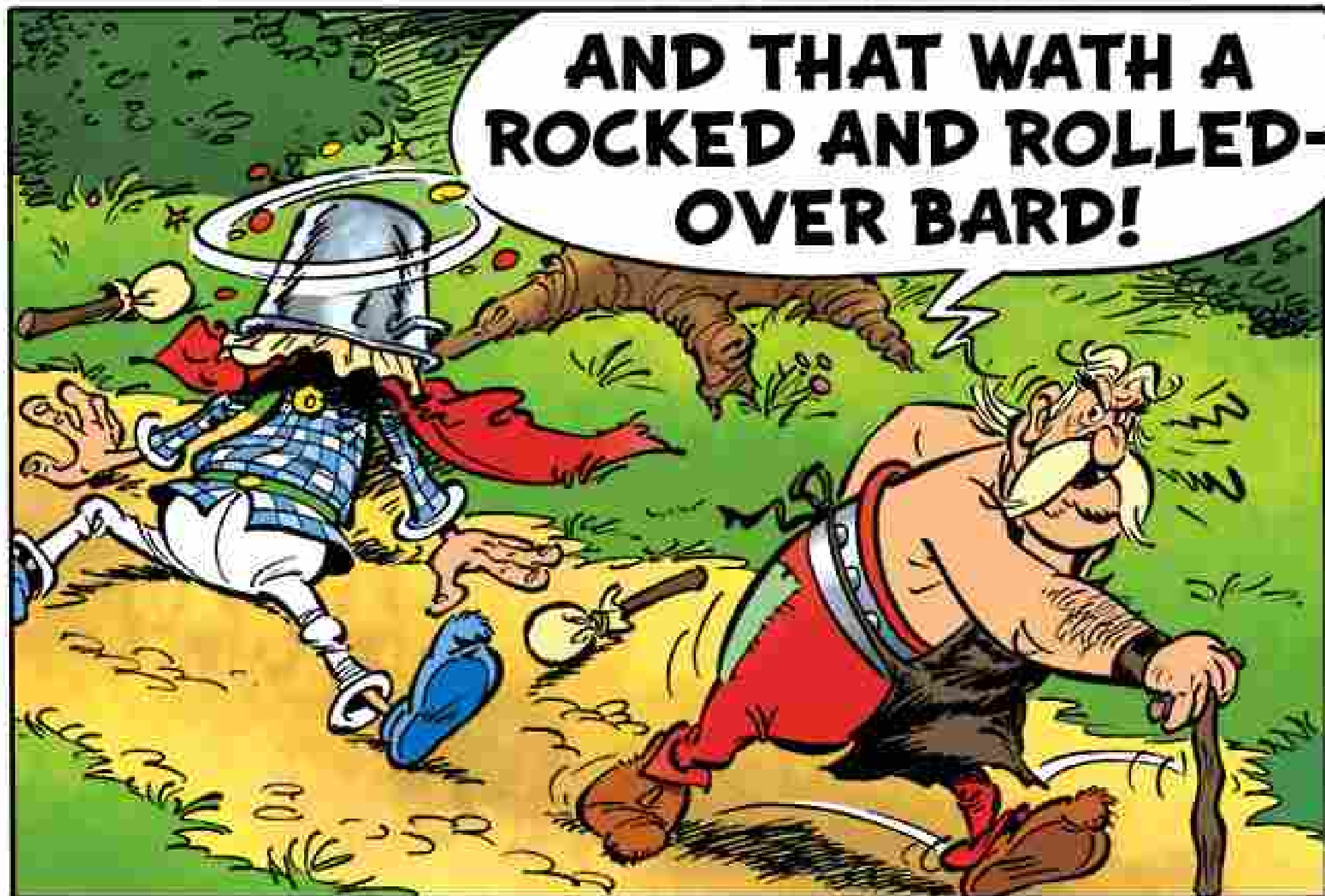
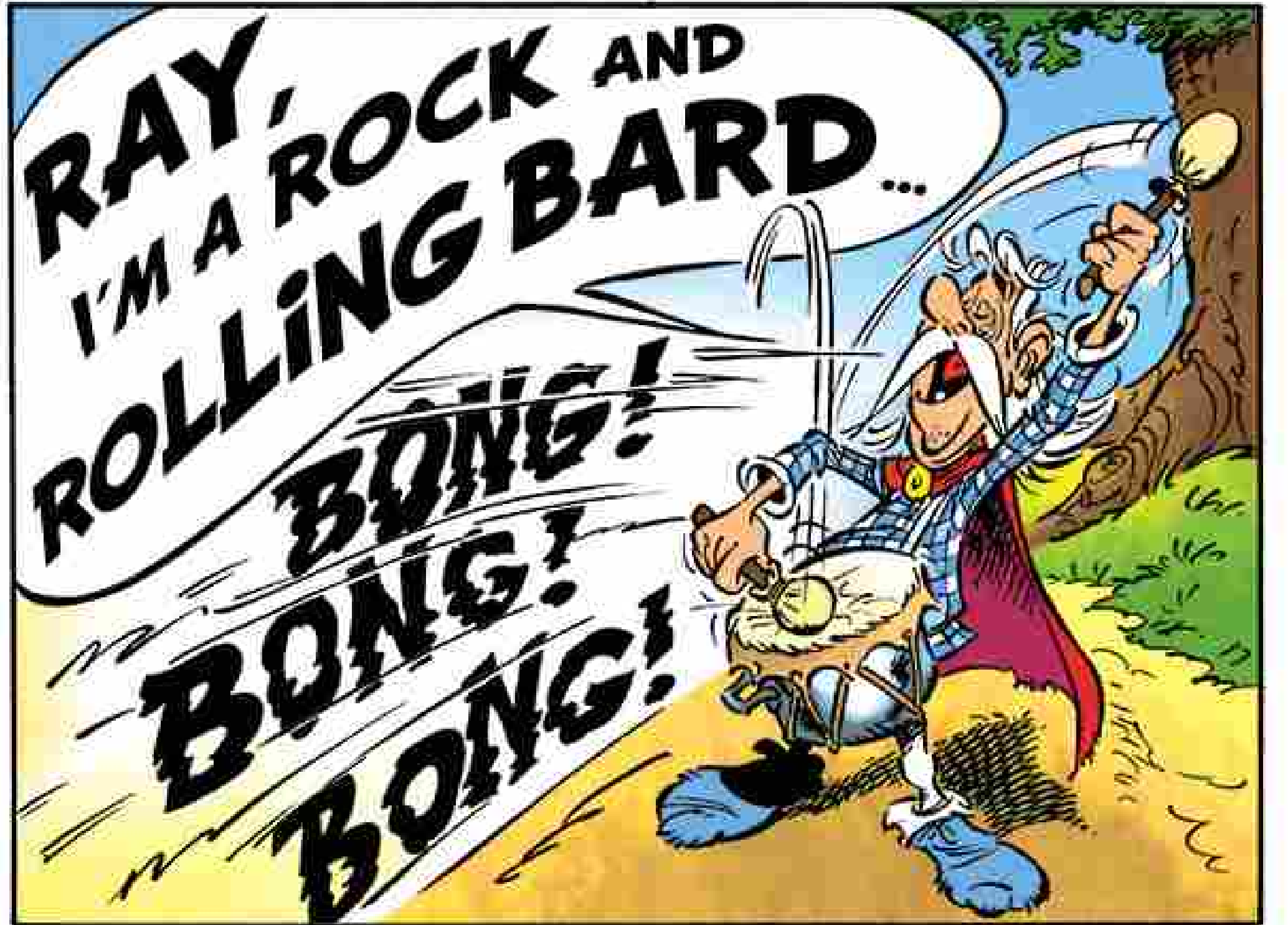
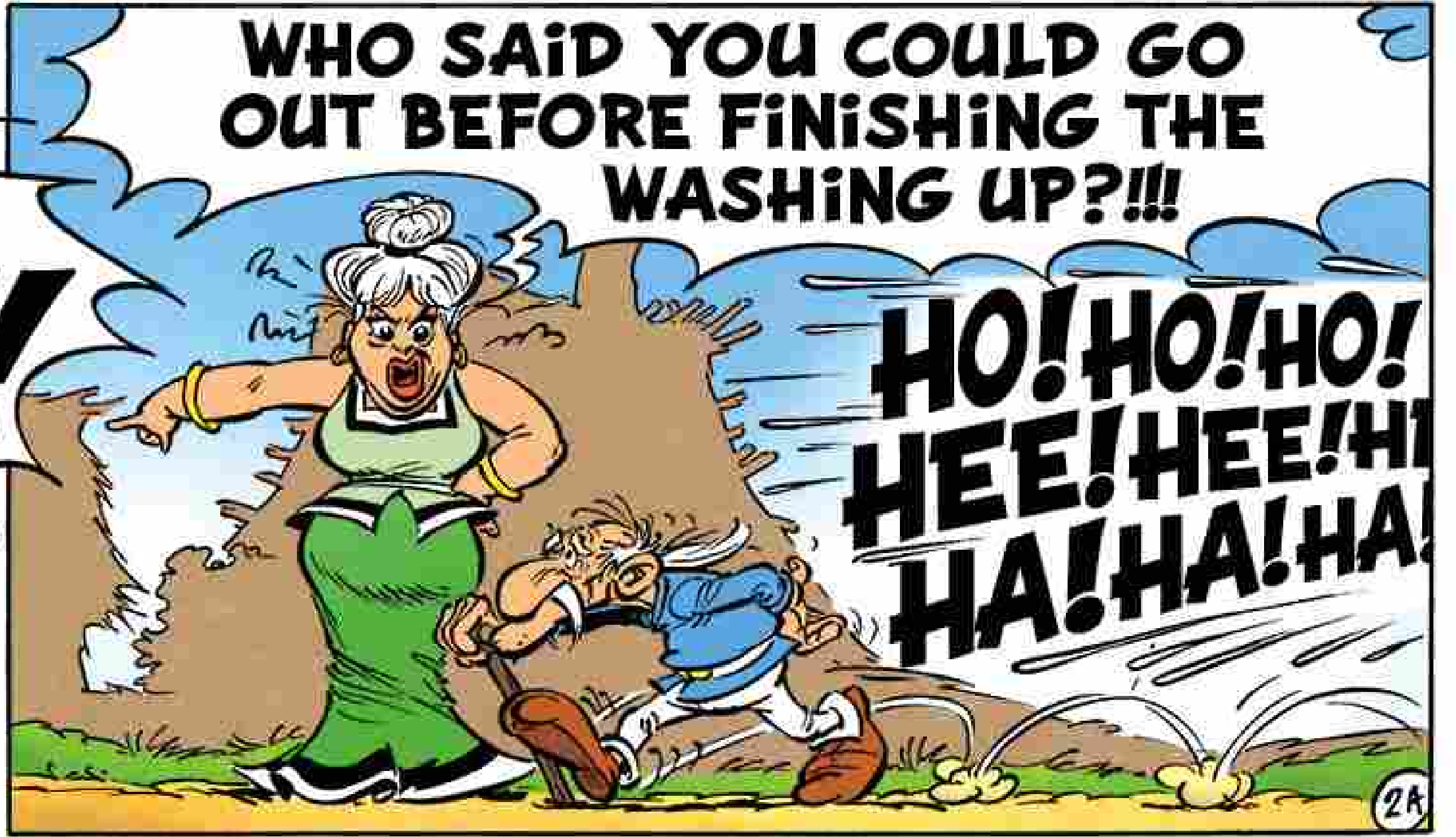


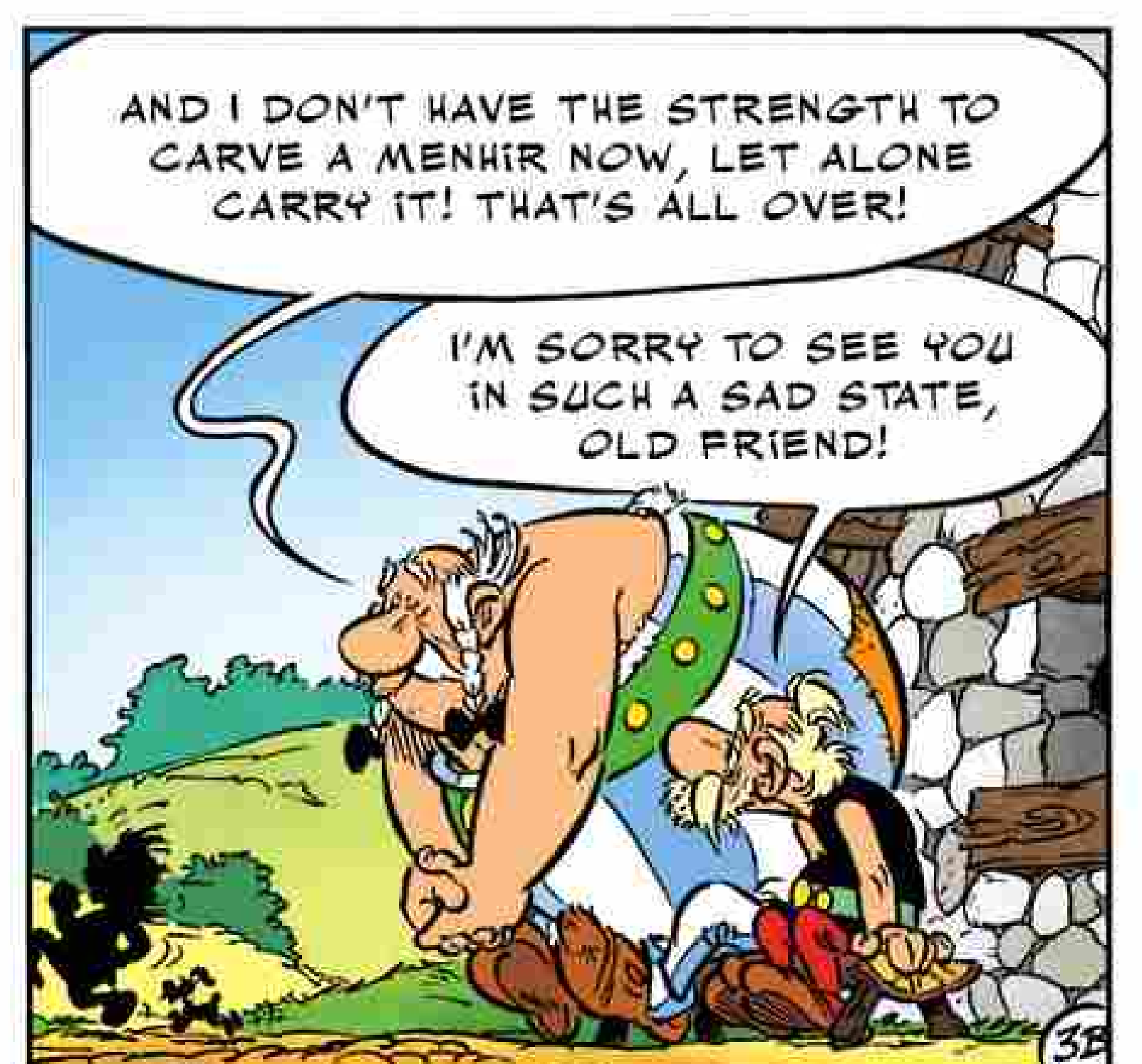
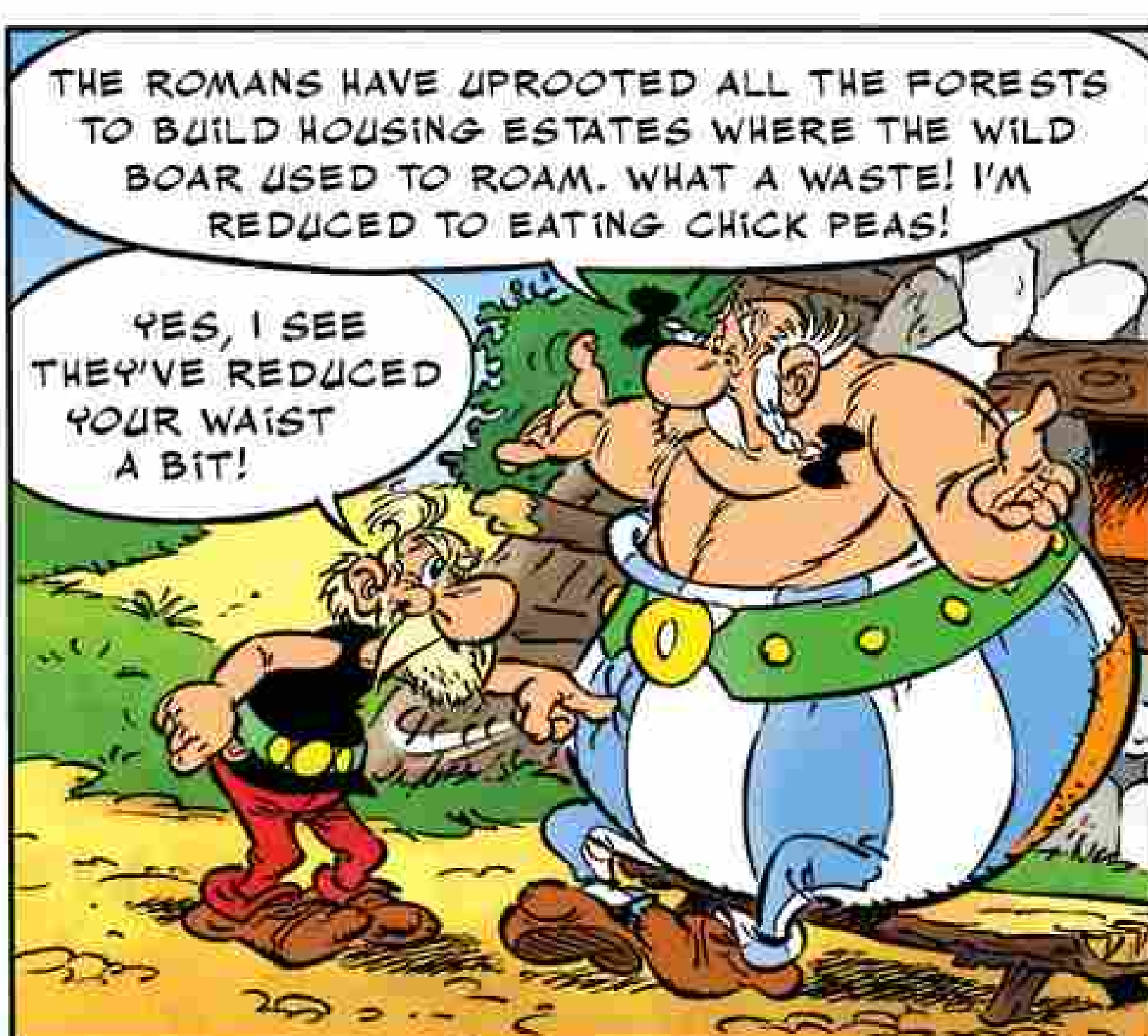
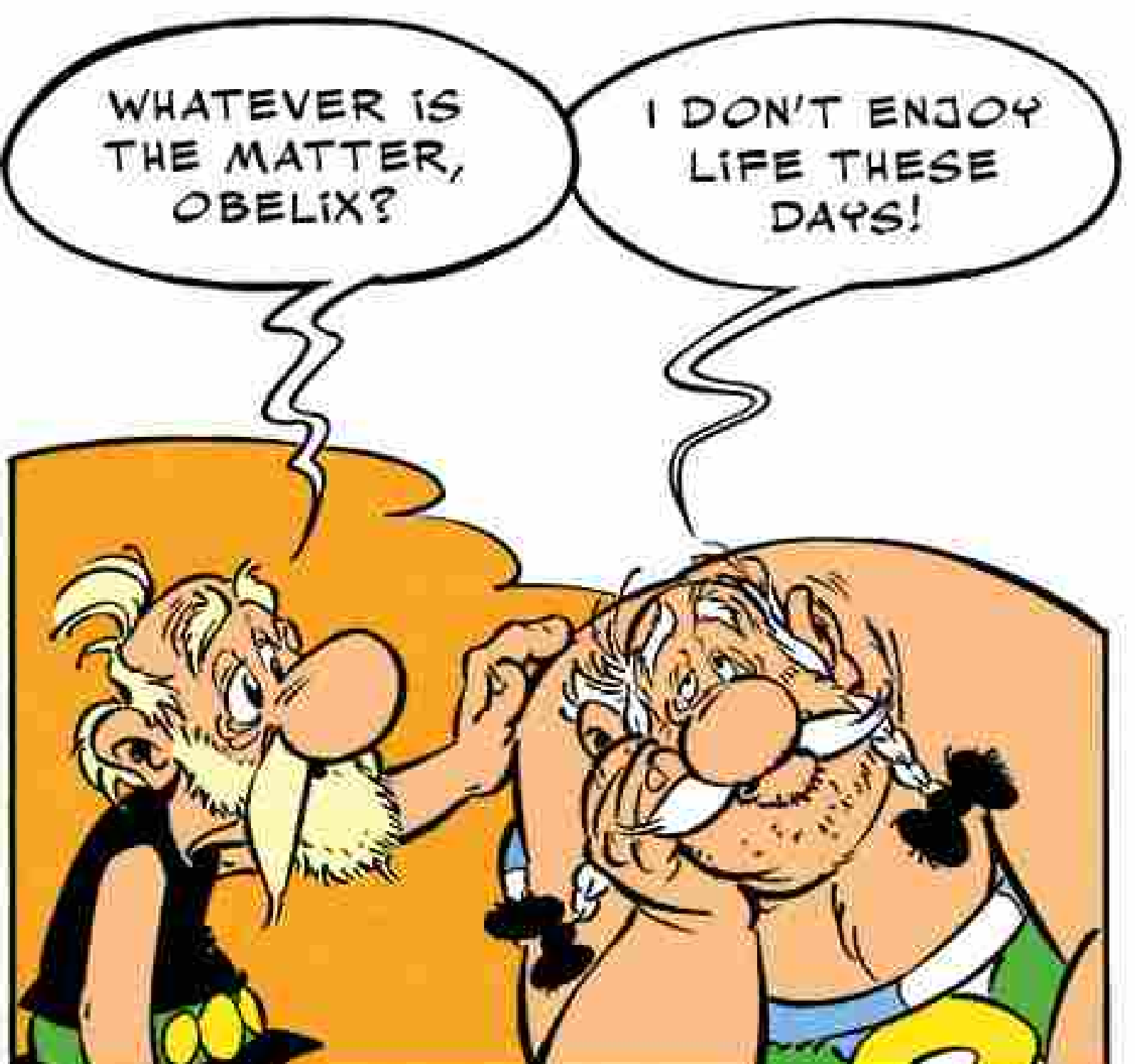
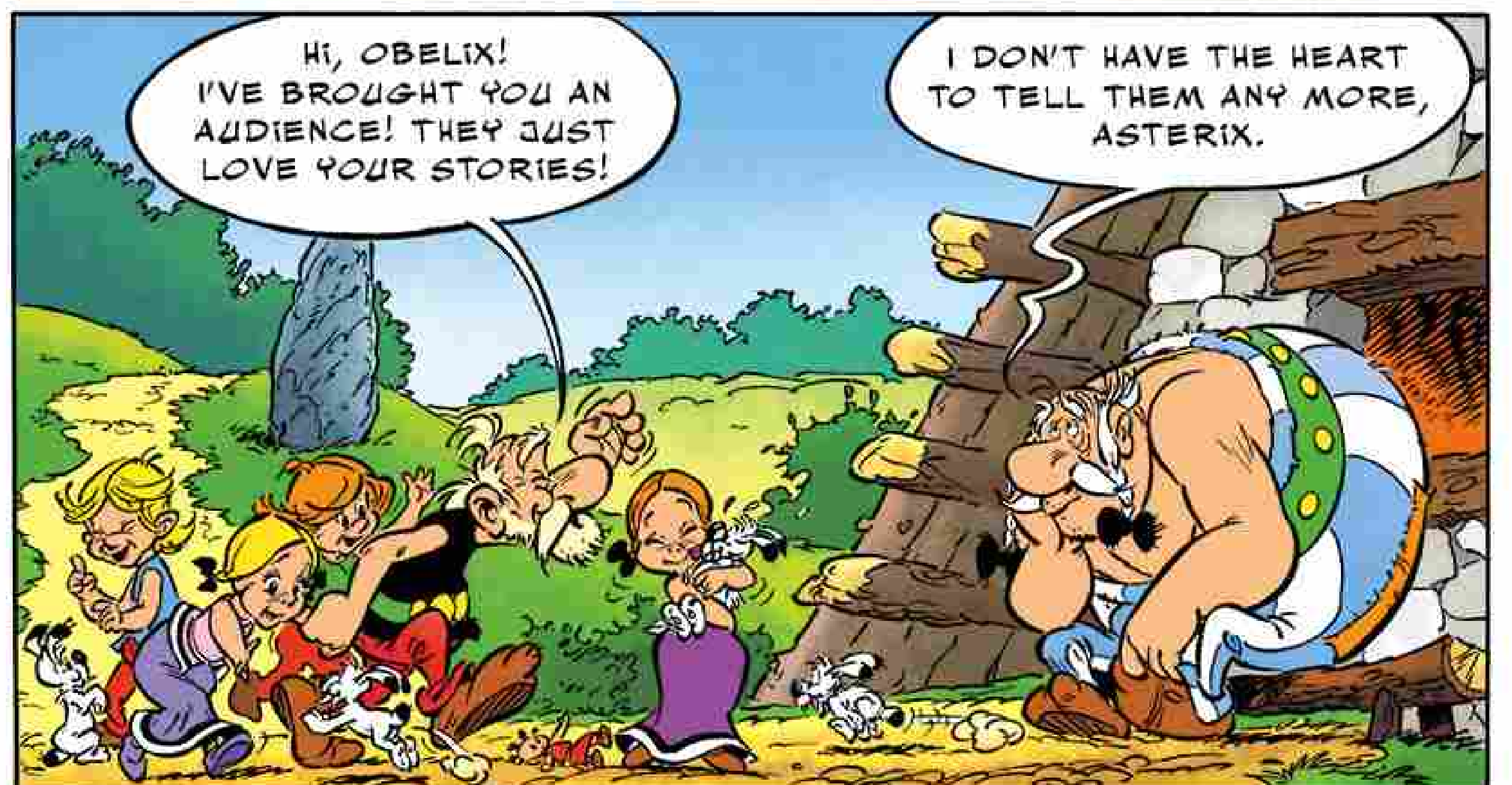
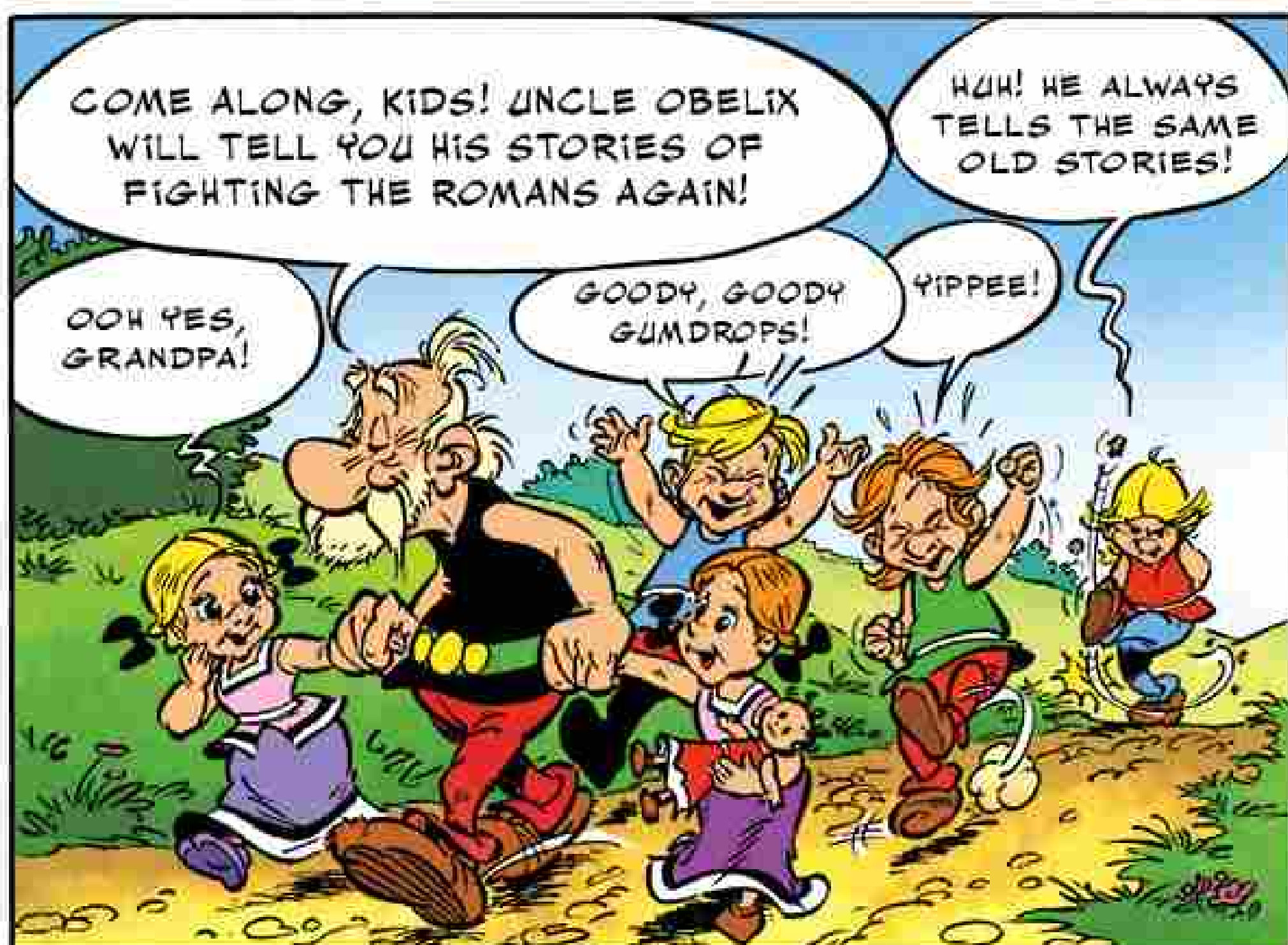
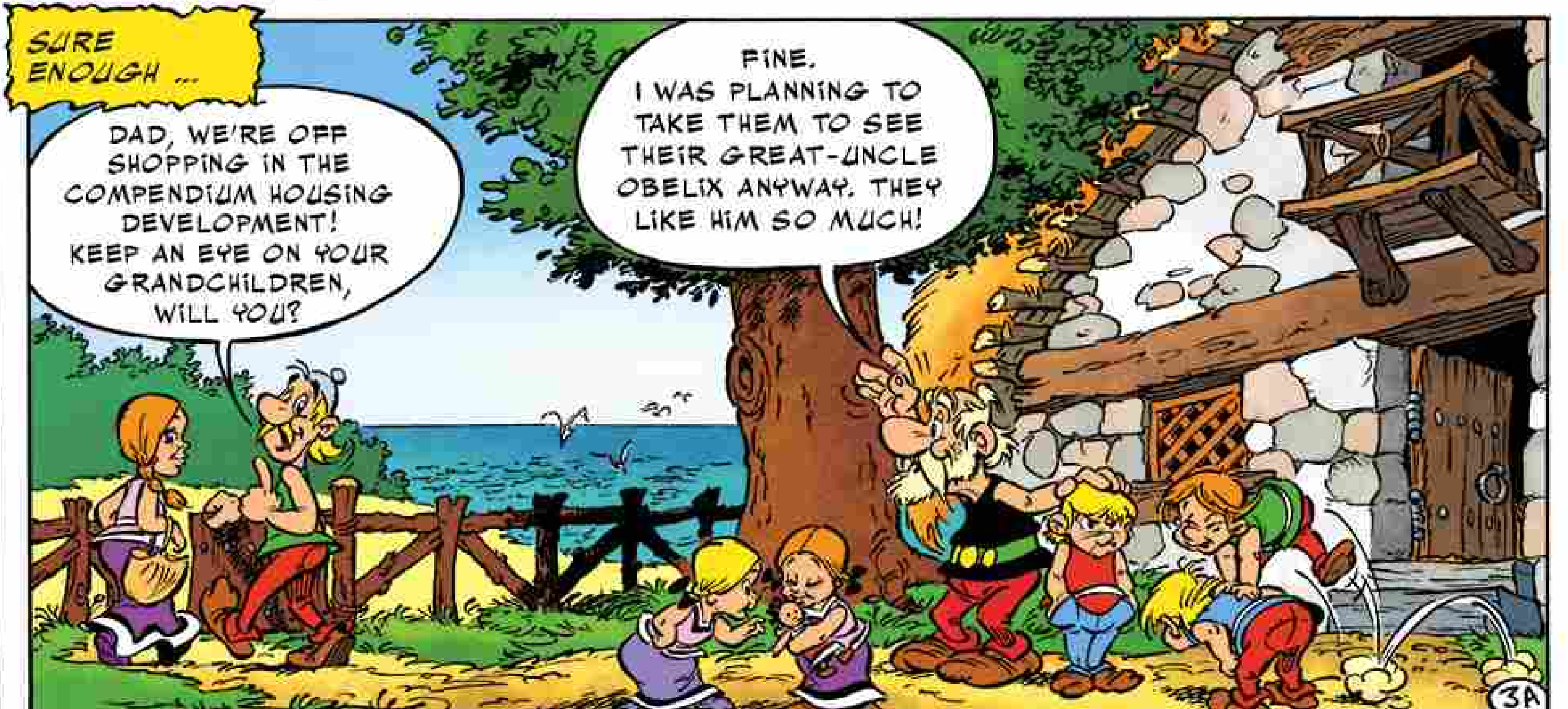
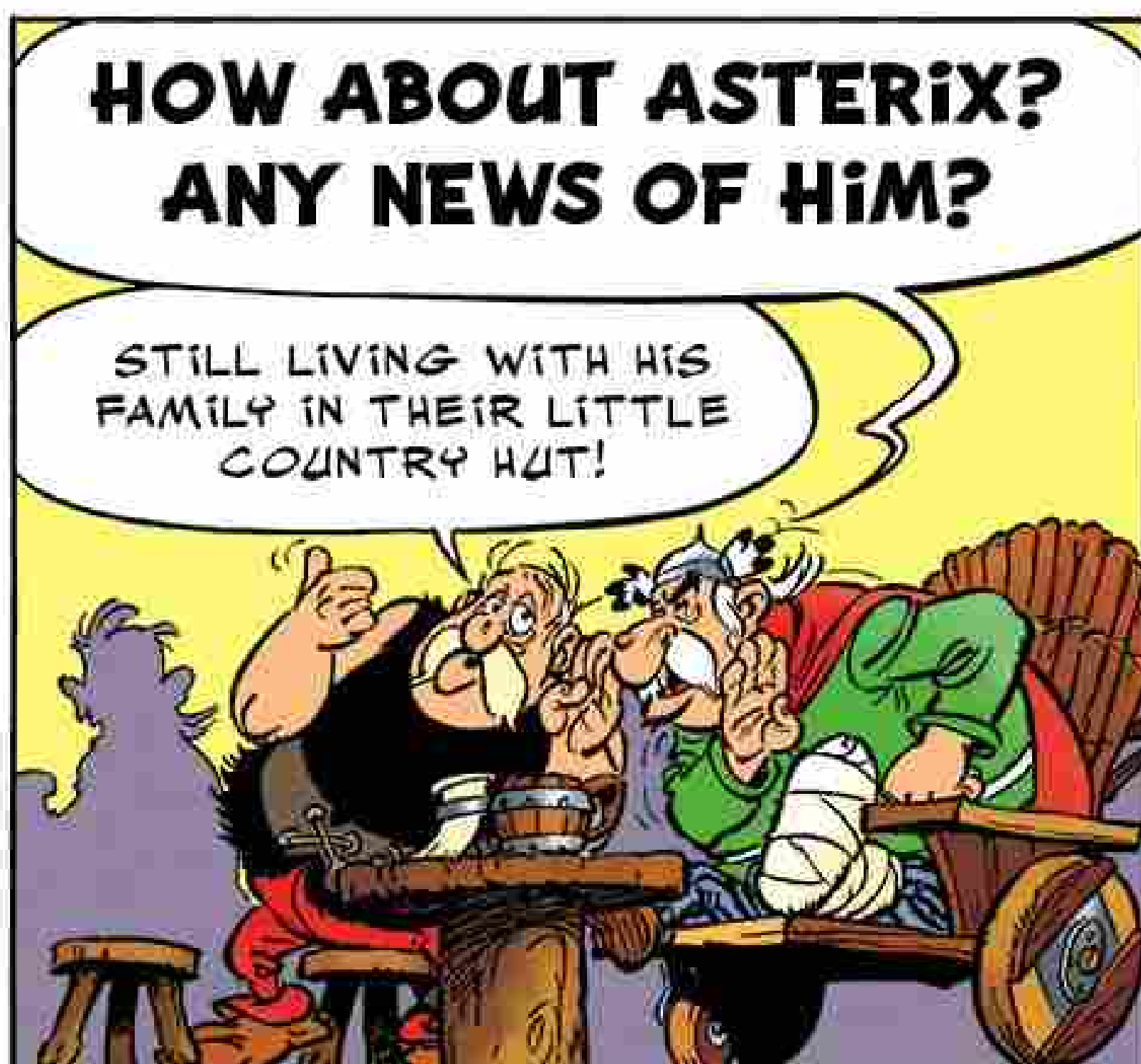
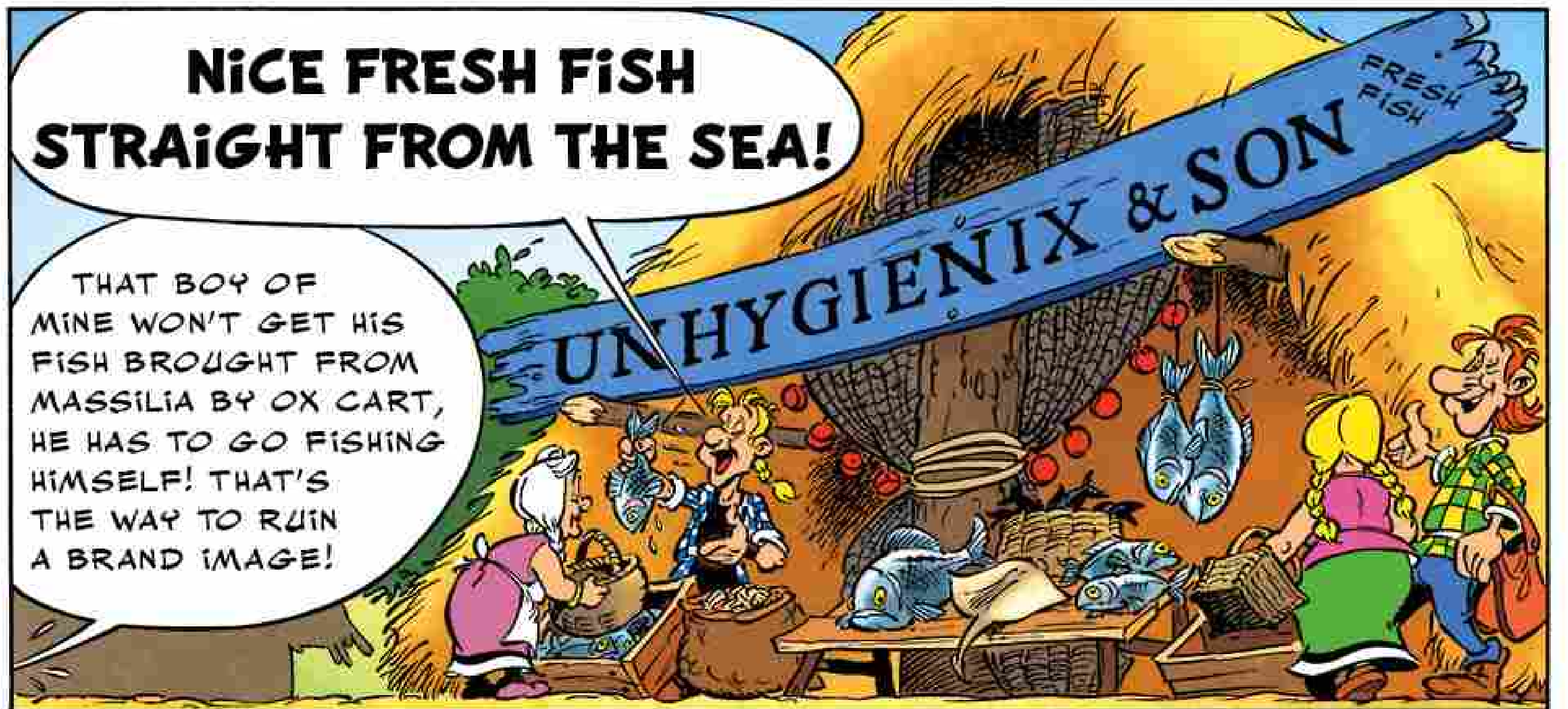
TAKE YOUR DAD FOR A LITTLE WALK, SON. IT'LL DO HIS GOUT GOOD.

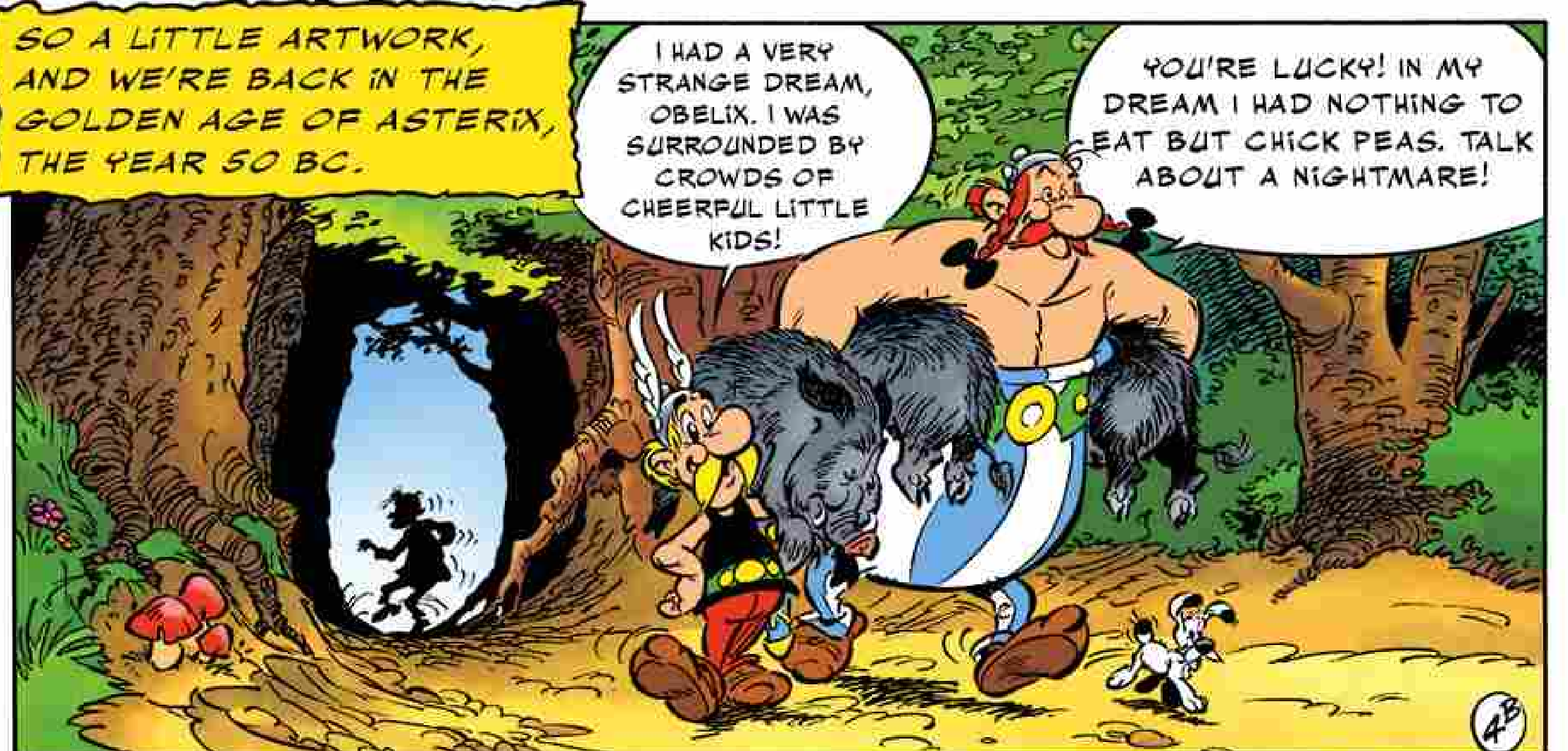
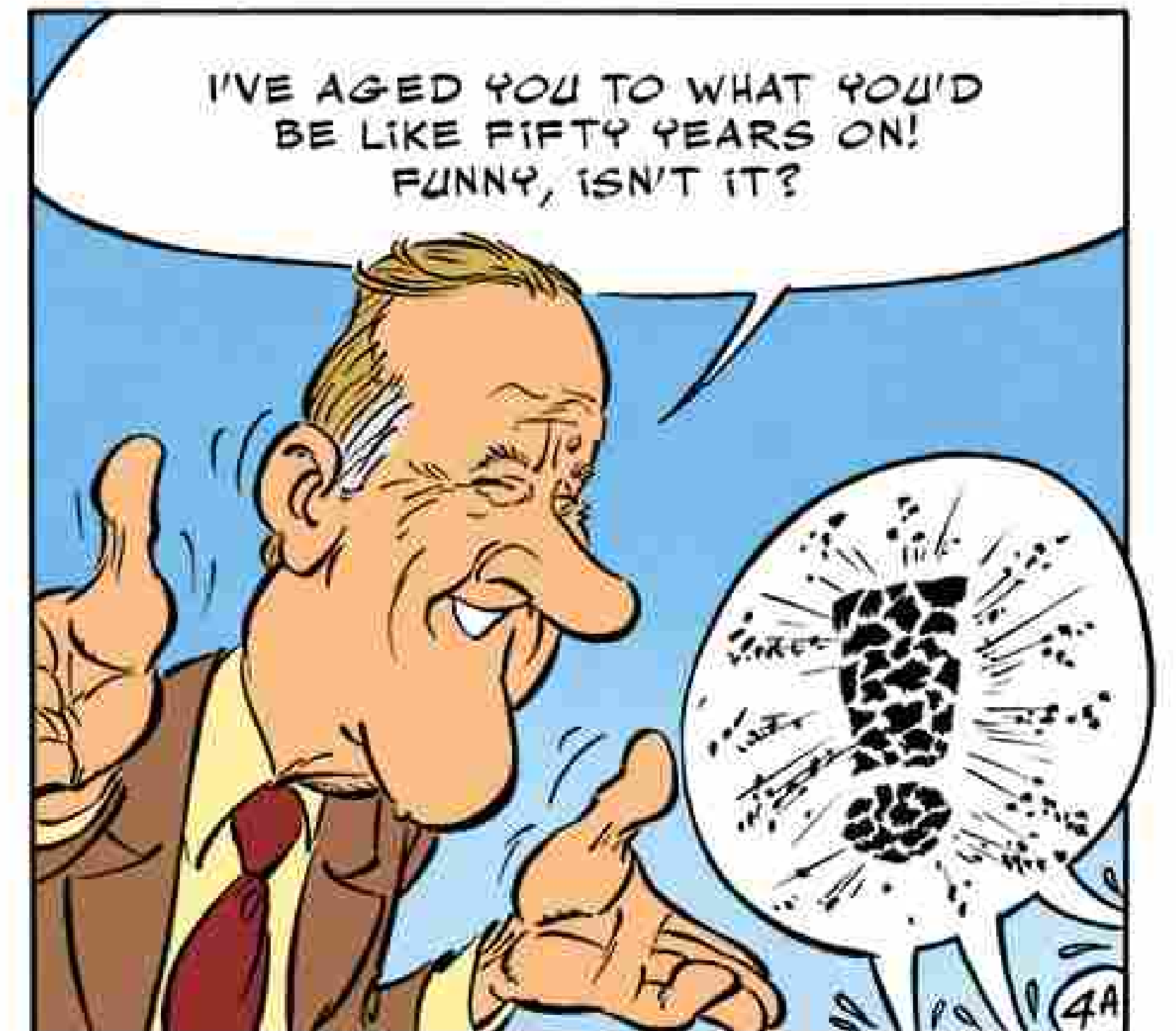
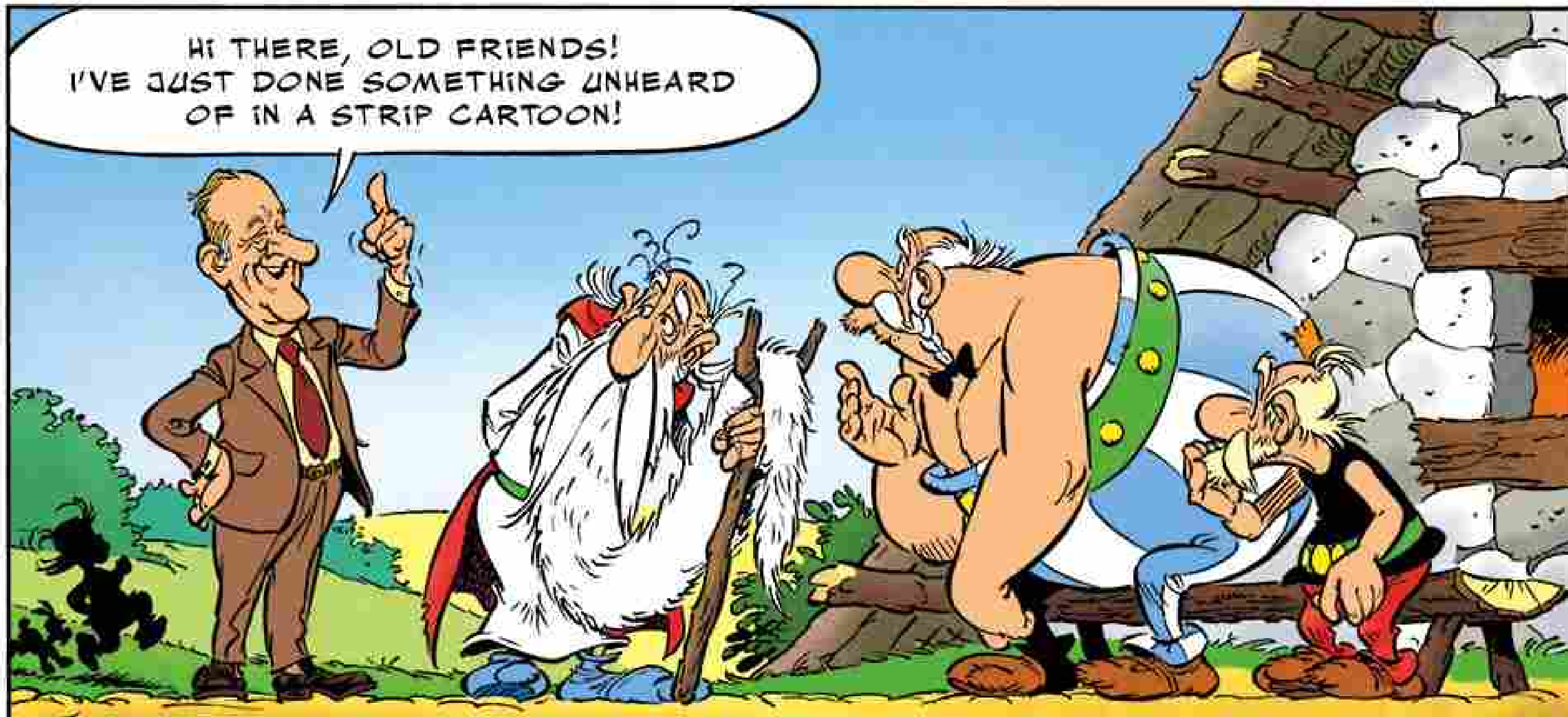
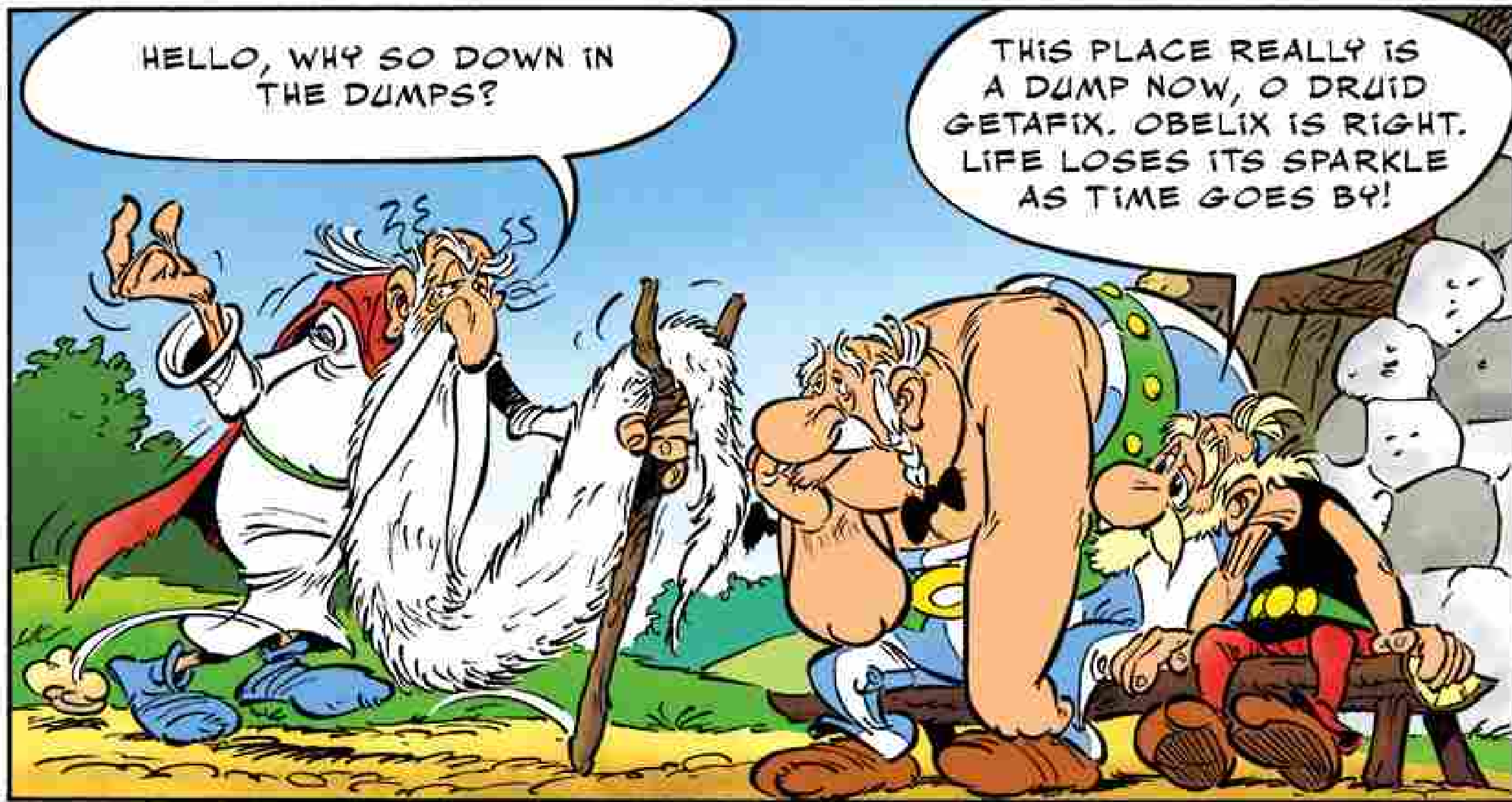
OKAY, MA!



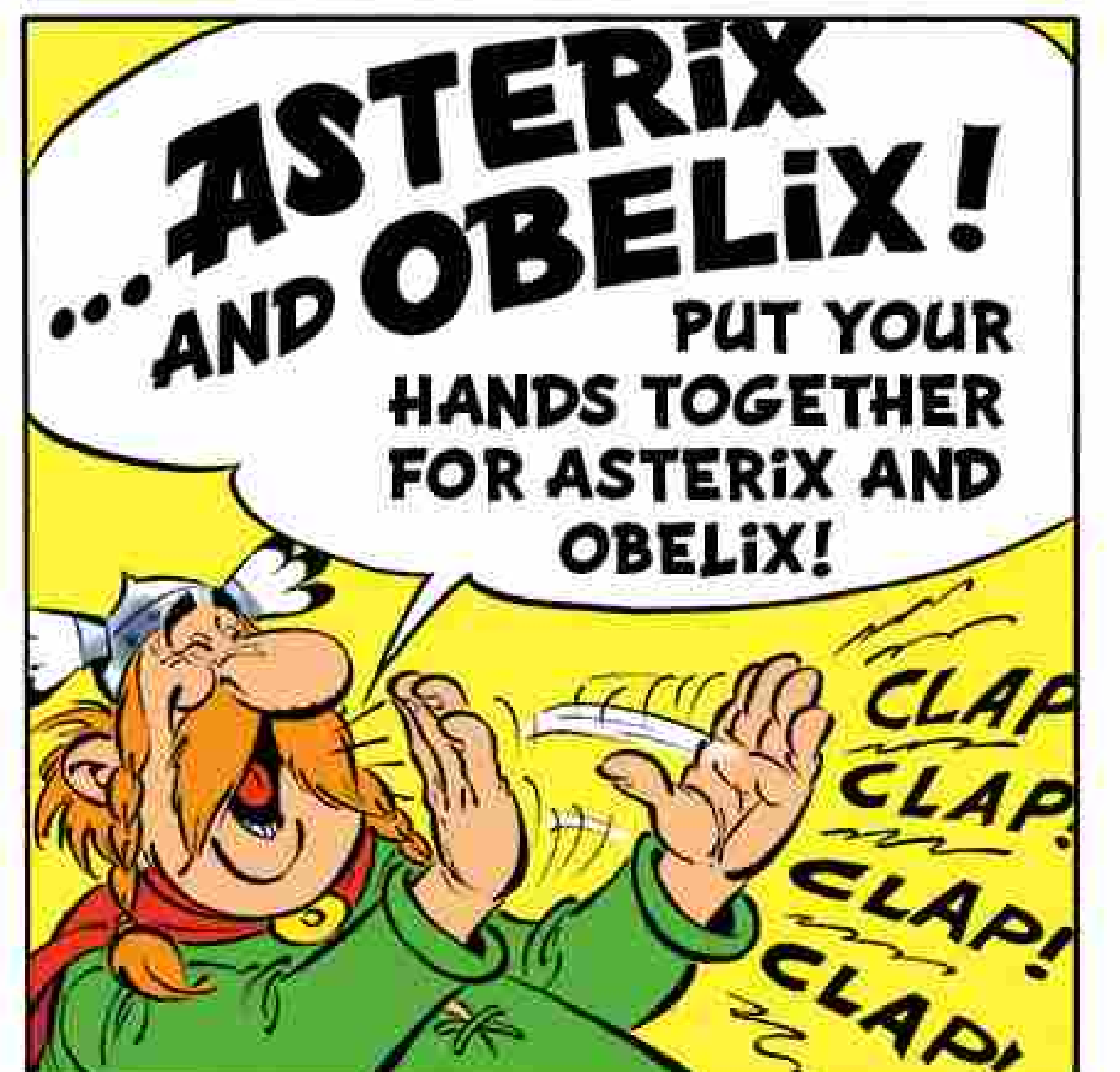
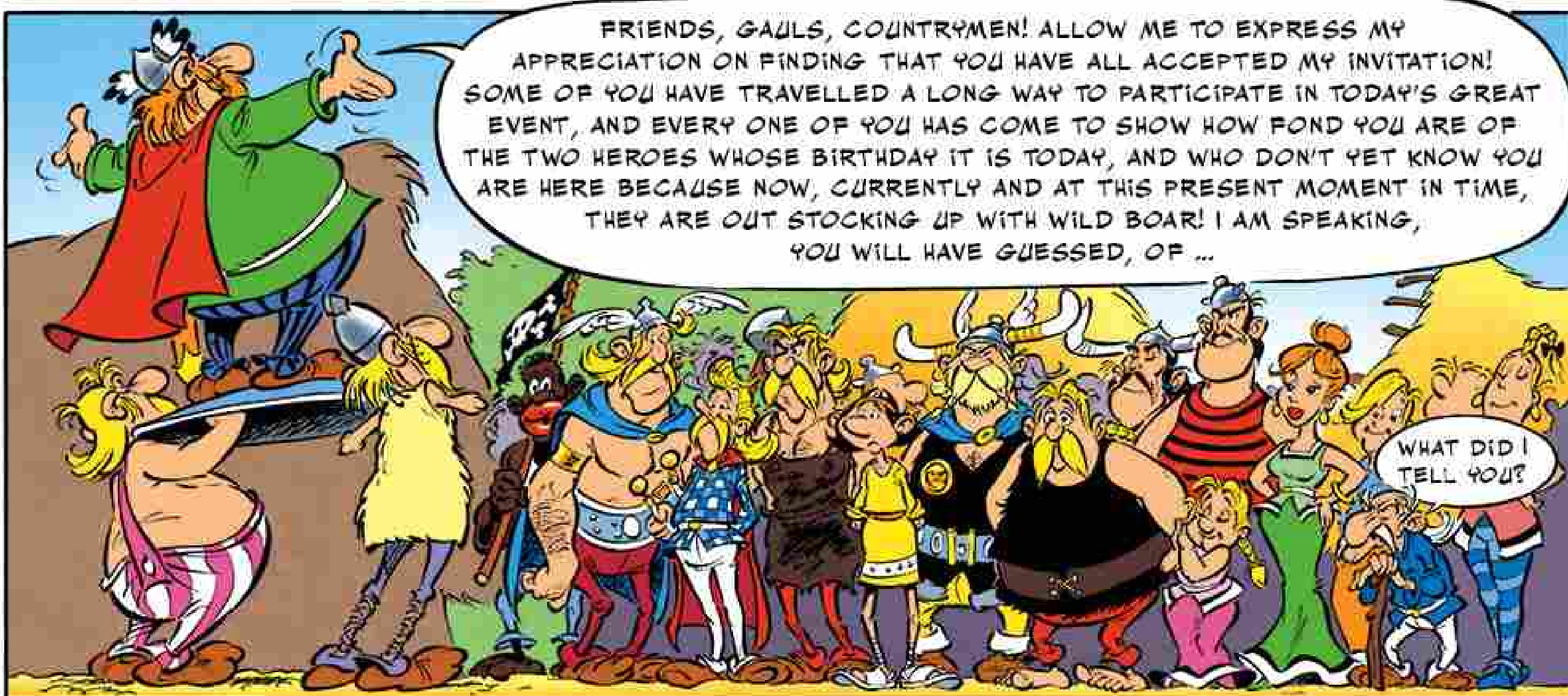
IT WORKED AGAIN, LADDIE! OFF TO THE BREWERIX FOR A JAR WITH MY OLD MATES!

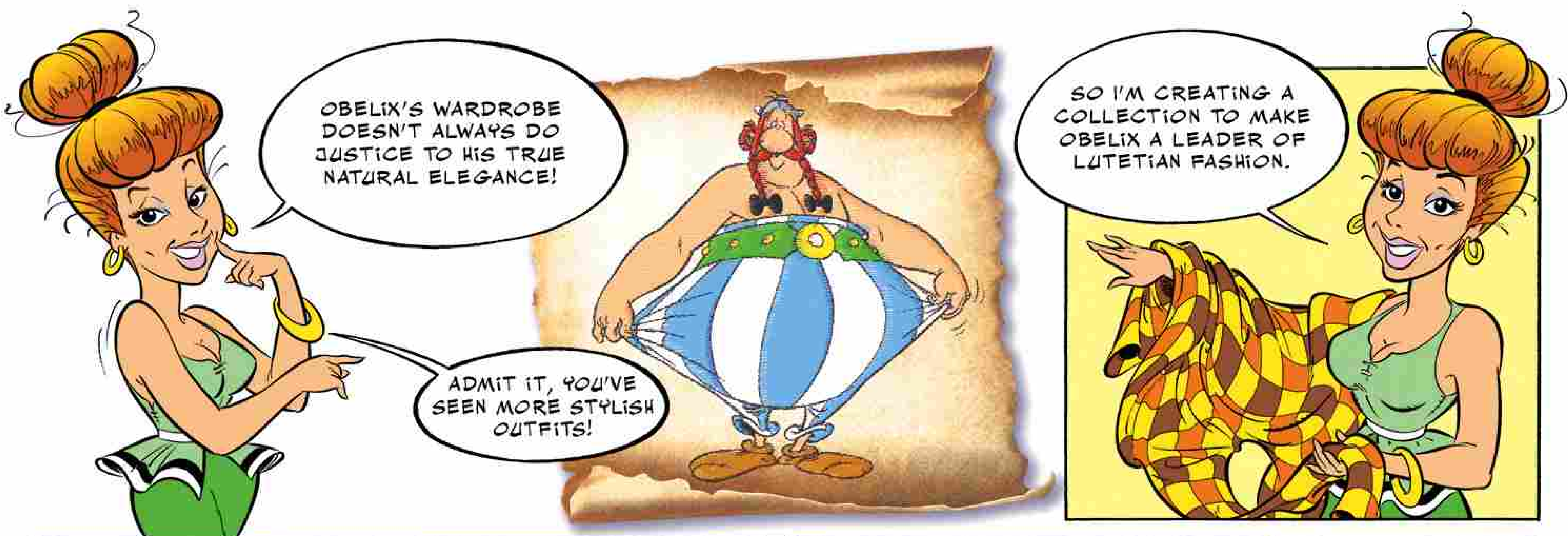






MEANWHILE, IN THE GAULISH VILLAGE ...





FASHION AND A GOOD PUNCH-UP ARE NOT INCOMPATIBLE: SPORTING WRISTBANDS, A WALRUS MOUSTACHE AND A PONYTAIL WILL MAKE A BIG IMPRESSION!



OBELIX MIGHT HAVE BEEN BORN TO WEAR A CLOAK. DRAPED OVER THE RIGHT SHOULDER, IT SUITS HIM.



THIS GENEROUSLY CUT TUNIC GRACEFULLY MOULDS ITSELF TO THE WINSOME CURVES OF OBELIX'S FIGURE.



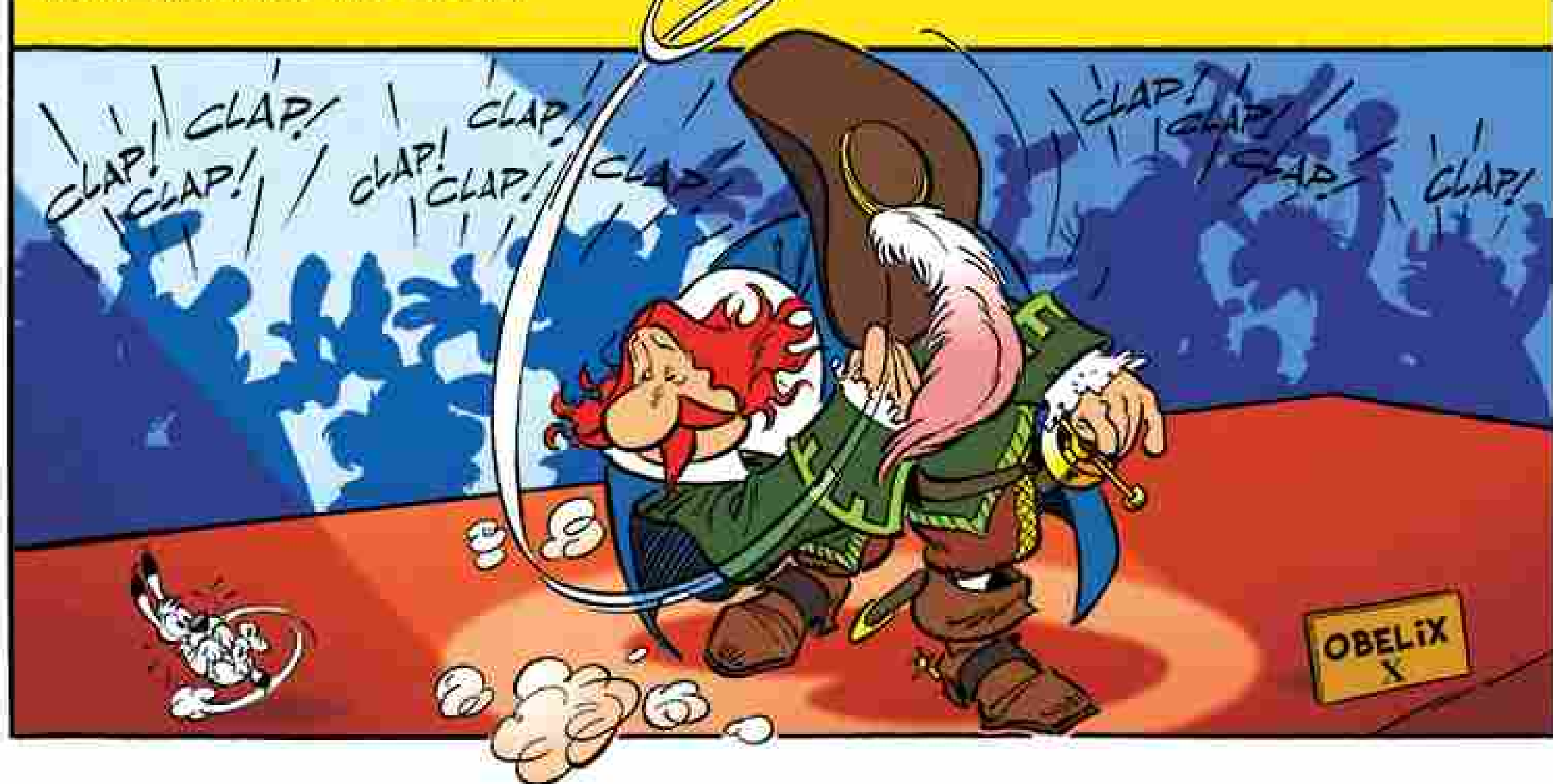
A TUNIC WITH A NECKLINE SLASHED TO THE WAIST, A FLARED SKIRT AND A SMALL CAPE ... THIS LITTLE NUMBER ... IS JUST MADE FOR OBELIX.



WELL CHOSEN ACCESSORIES MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE: AN EXTRA-WIDE RUFF FRAMES A BEAMING FACE, WHILE THE HANDKERCHIEF IS GRACEFULLY WAVED.



HATS OFF TO OBELIX! THIS PLUMED FELT HAT, TRIMMED WITH A PHEASANT FEATHER, GIVES HIM GREAT PRESENCE AS HE MAKES HIS BOW!



WITH A POWDERED WHITE WIG ON HIS HEAD, HIS HAIR WORN IN LITTLE ROLLS OVER HIS EARS AND TIED AT THE BACK, OBELIX REINVENTS TRADITIONAL GAULISH PLAITS!



FROCK COAT, TALL OPERA HAT, A CANE WITH AN ORNATE KNOB - ANTICLIMAX WOULD BE HAPPY TO SEE OBELIX AS AN ANCIENT BRITISH GENTLEMAN.



LEATHER GLOVES WORN FOR DRIVING A CHARIOT ELEGANTLY, A POCKET HOURGLASS WITH A FOB ... AND OBELIX EXCHANGES STRIPES FOR ... SOME VERY CLASSY CHECKED BREECHES!



IT'S NOT IMPOSSIBLE THAT, IN THIS UNDERSTATED YET ELEGANT SUIT, OBELIX MIGHT SET A FASHION FOR BERETS AMONG THE GAULS!



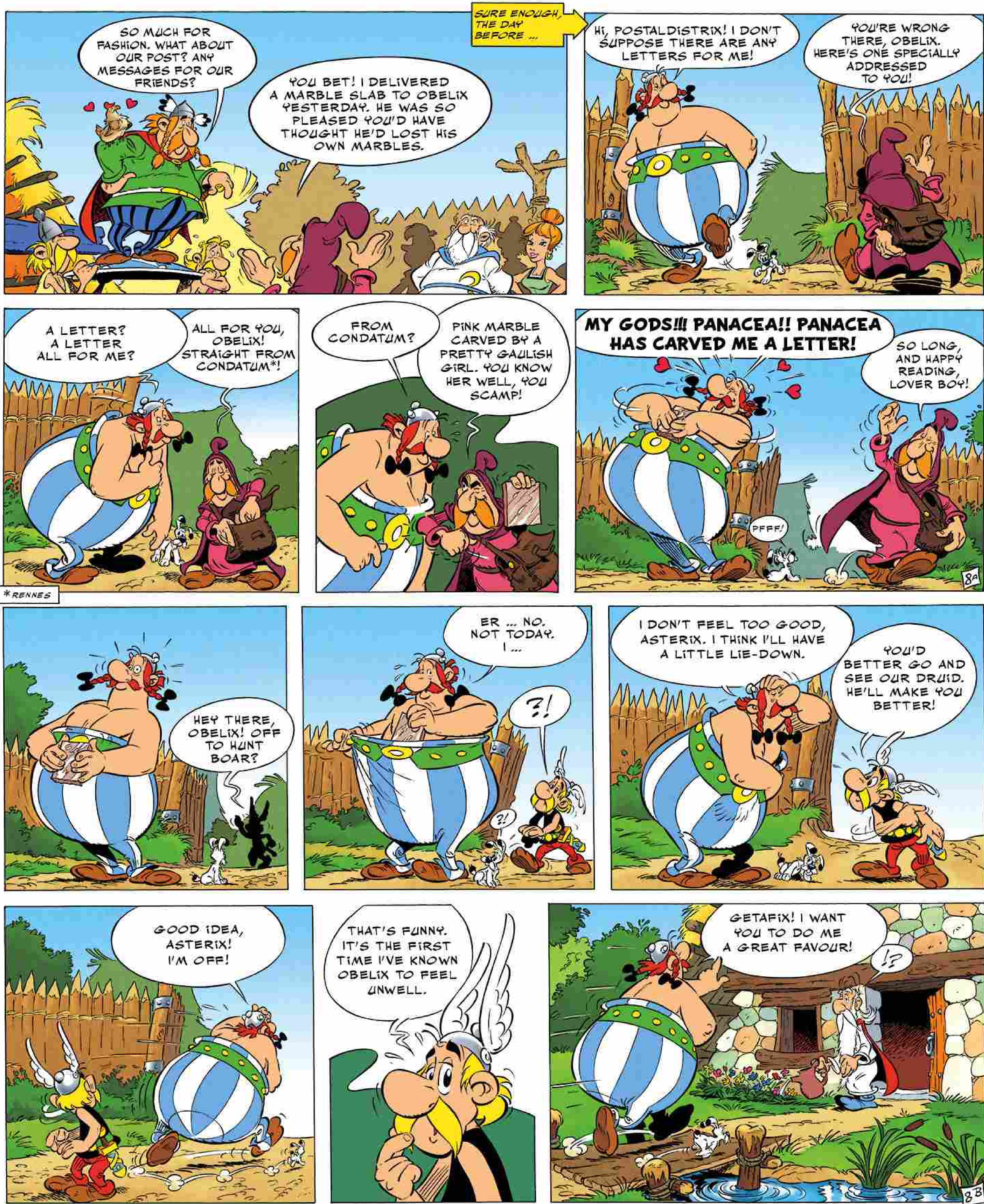
OBELIX IN ARTISTIC MODE: A BAGGY SMOCK TO PROTECT HIS CLOTHES FROM PAINT SO THAT HE CAN TO EXPRESS HIMSELF FREELY. THIS COULD REVOLUTIONIZE THE ART OF OUR TIMES!

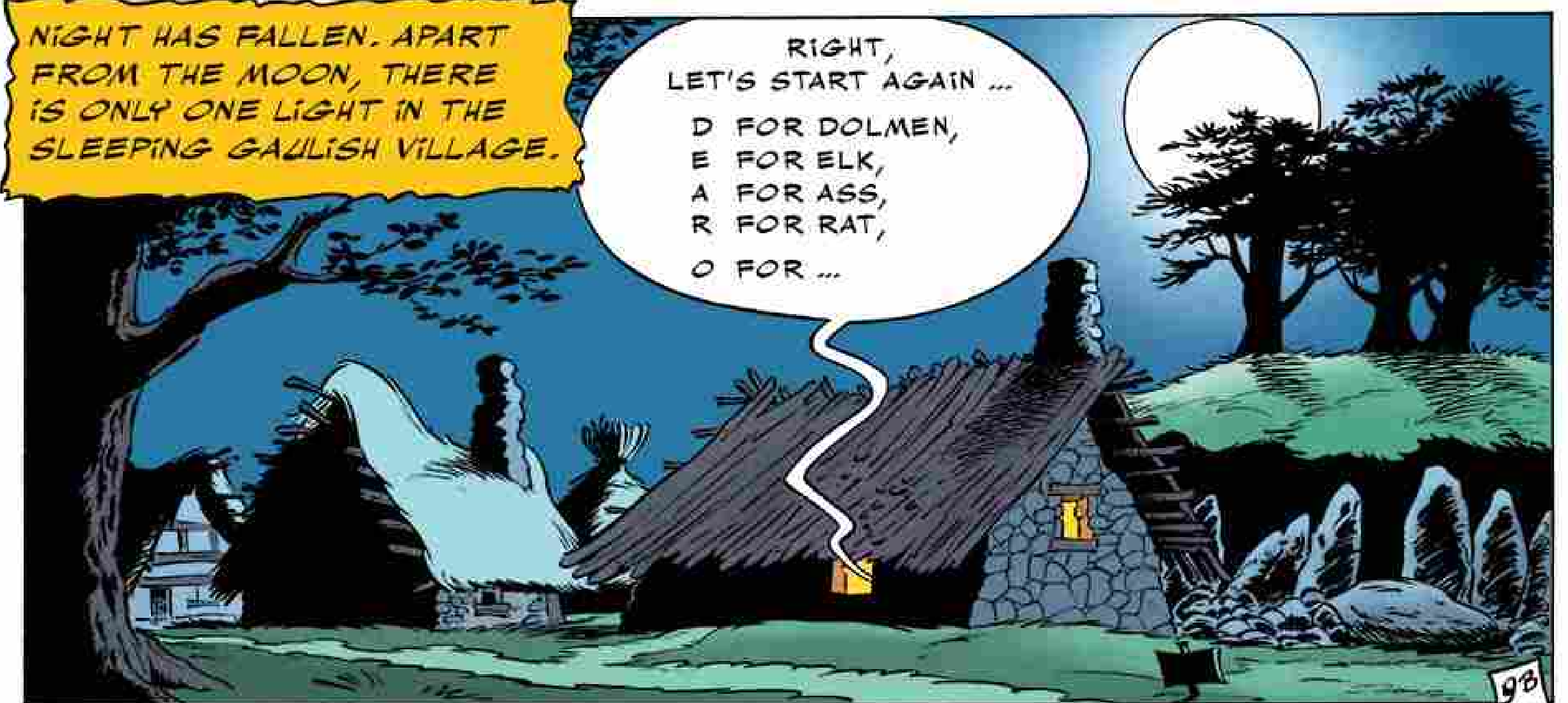
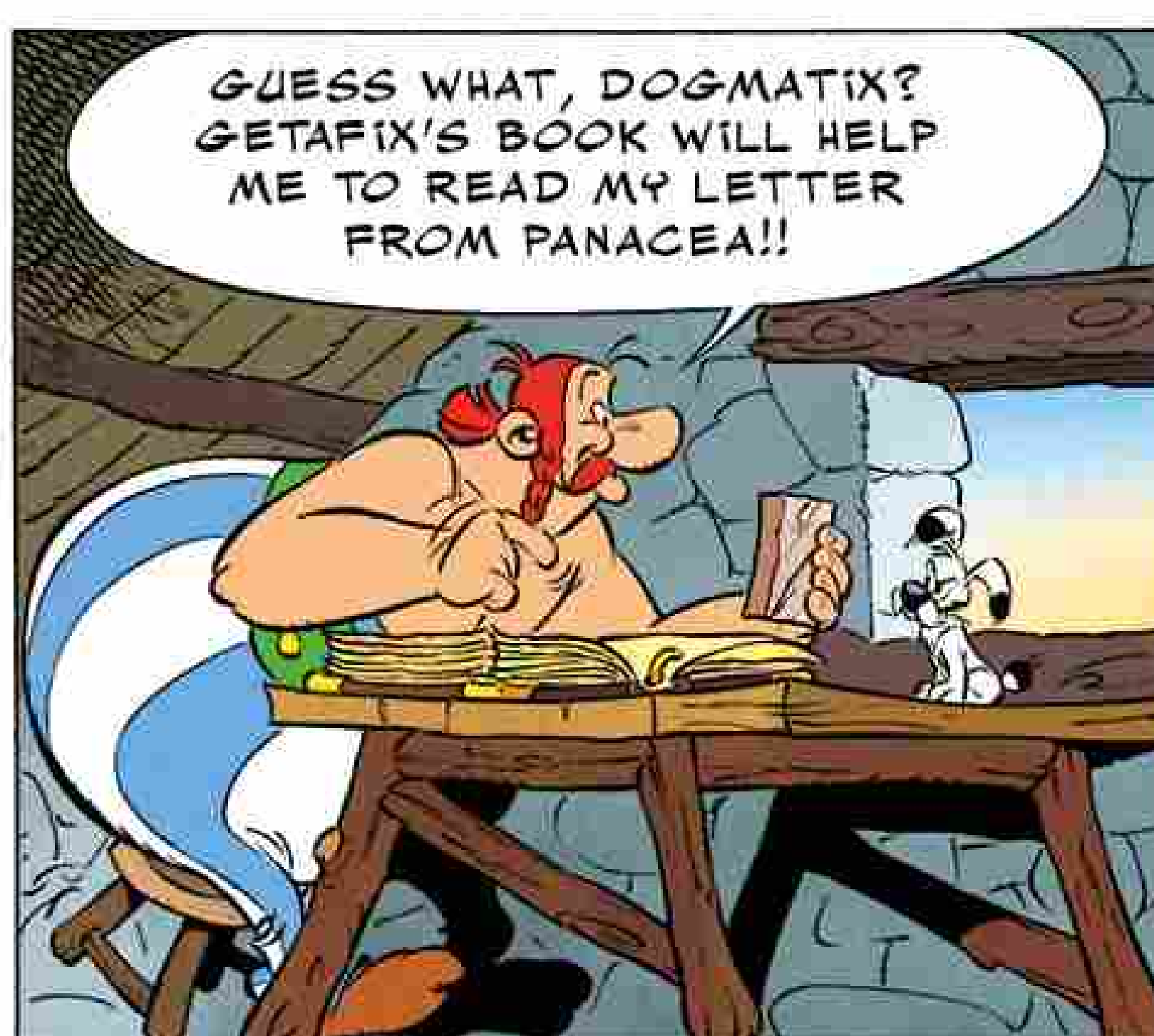
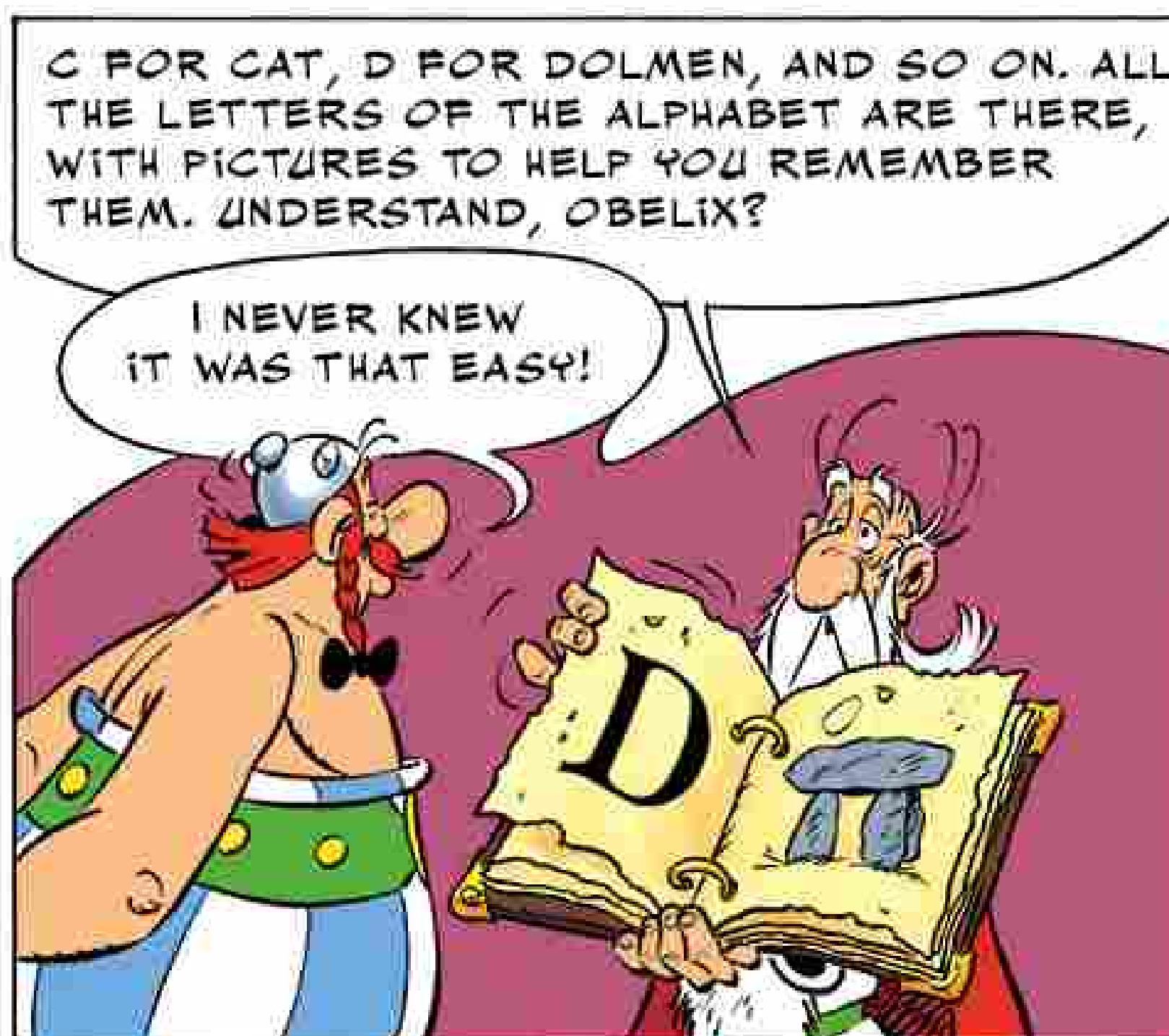
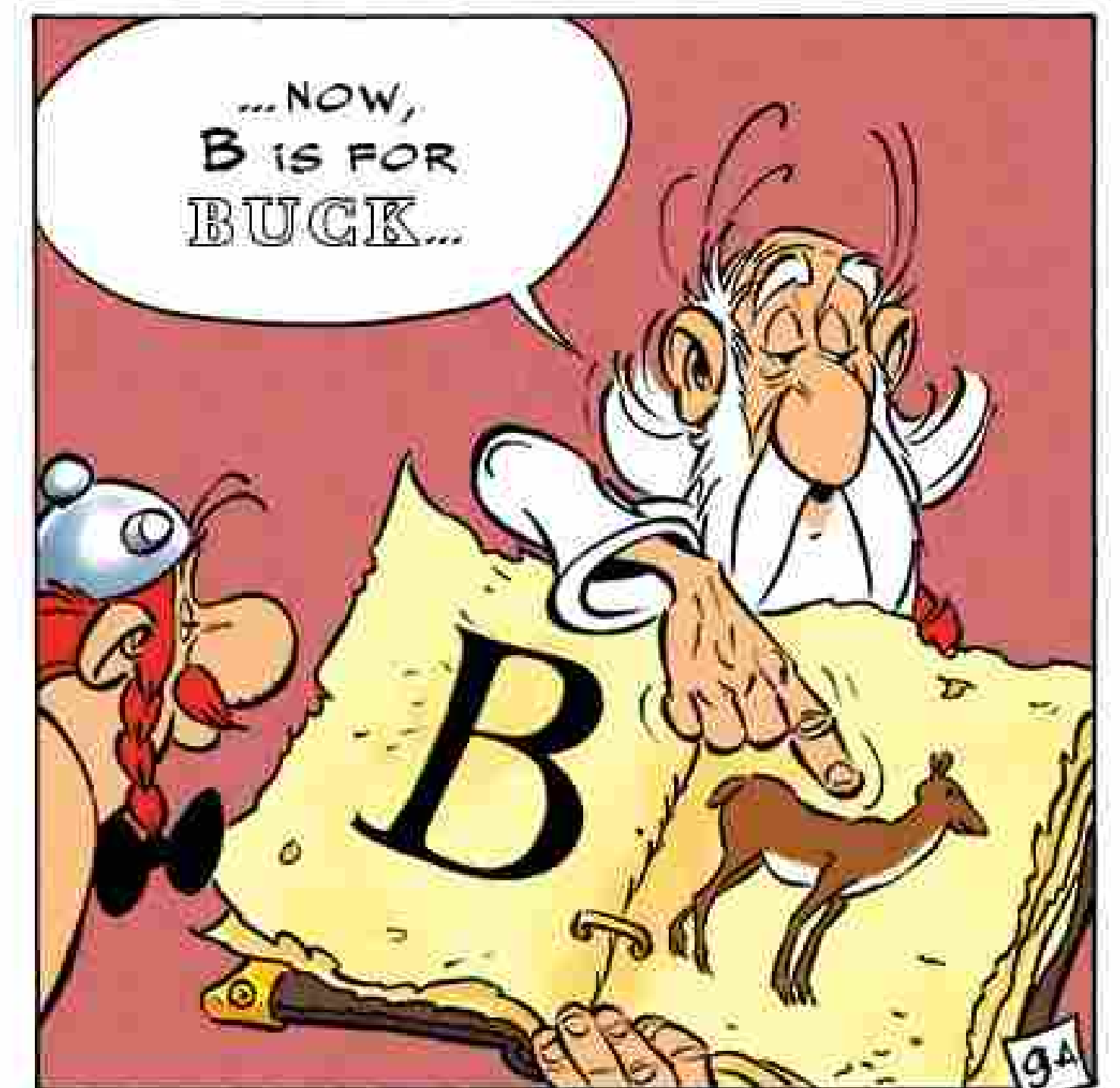
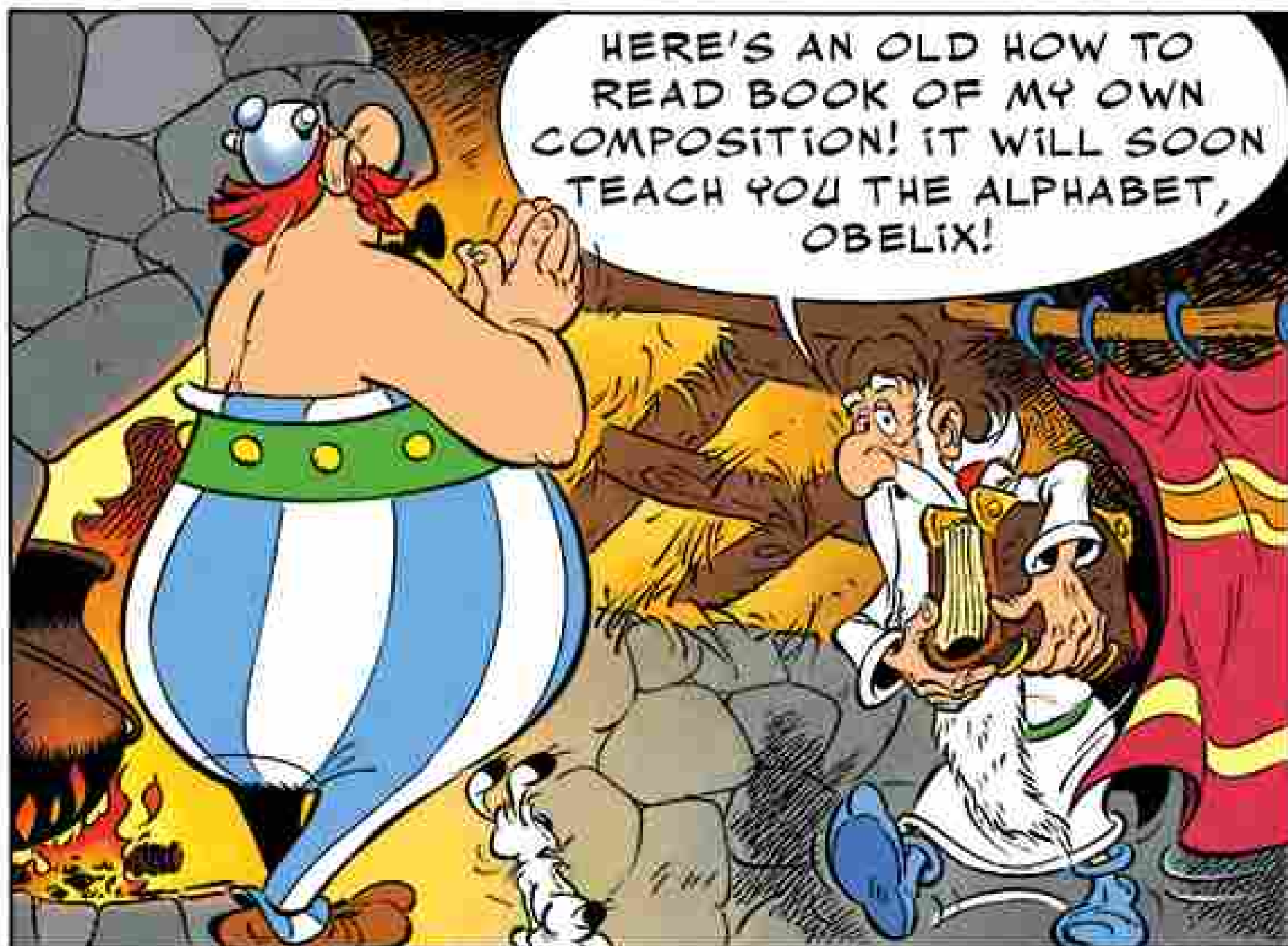
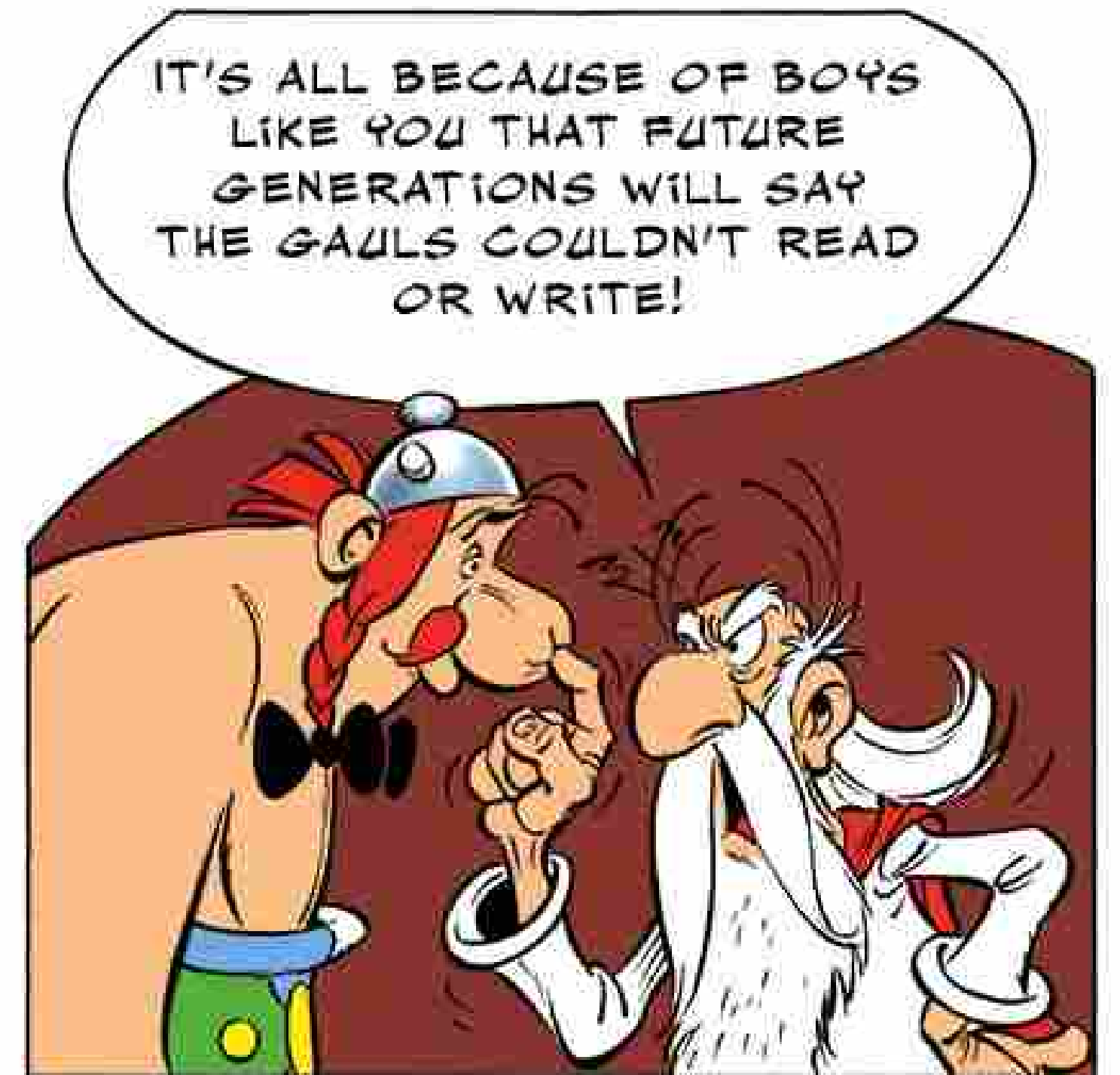
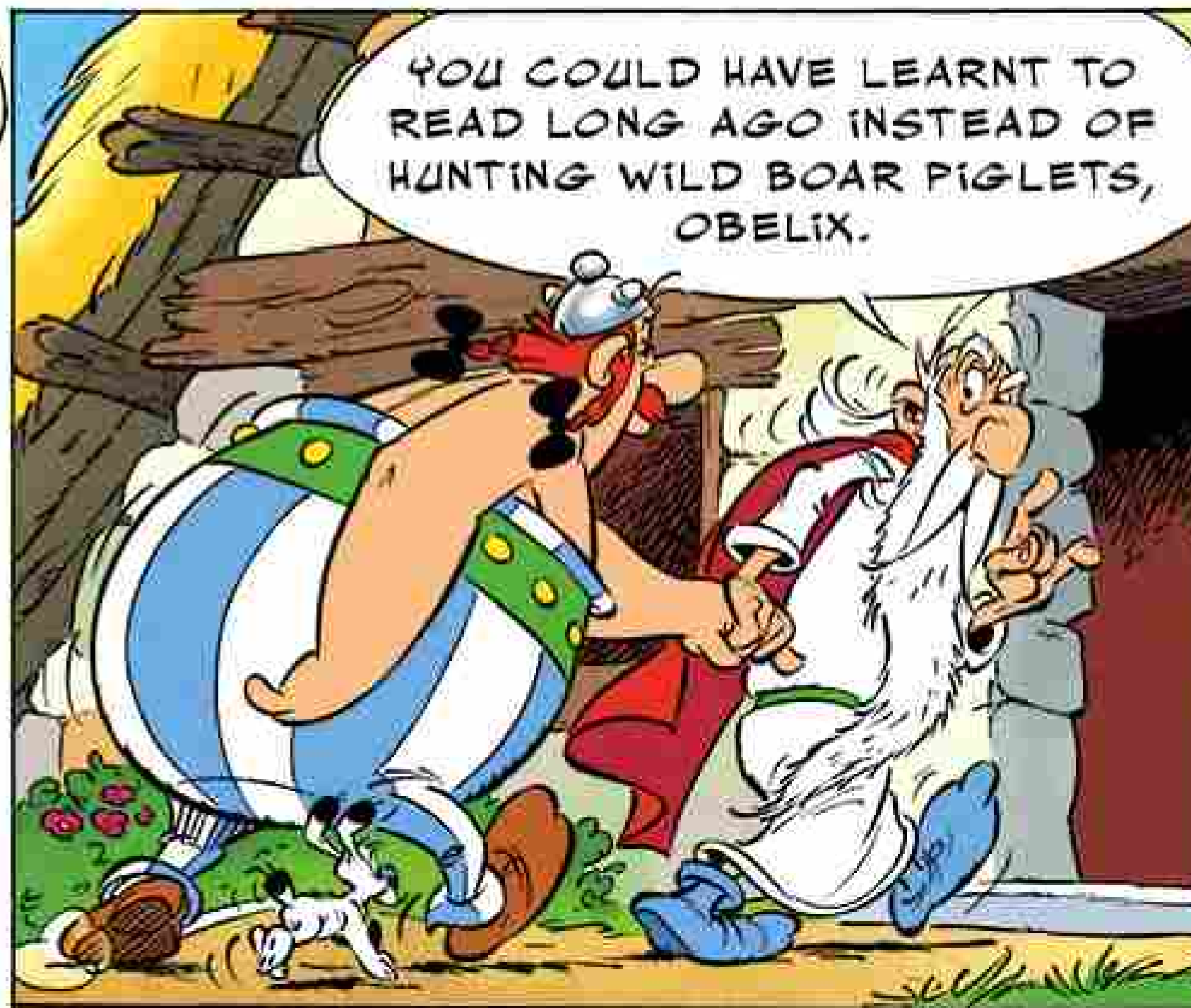
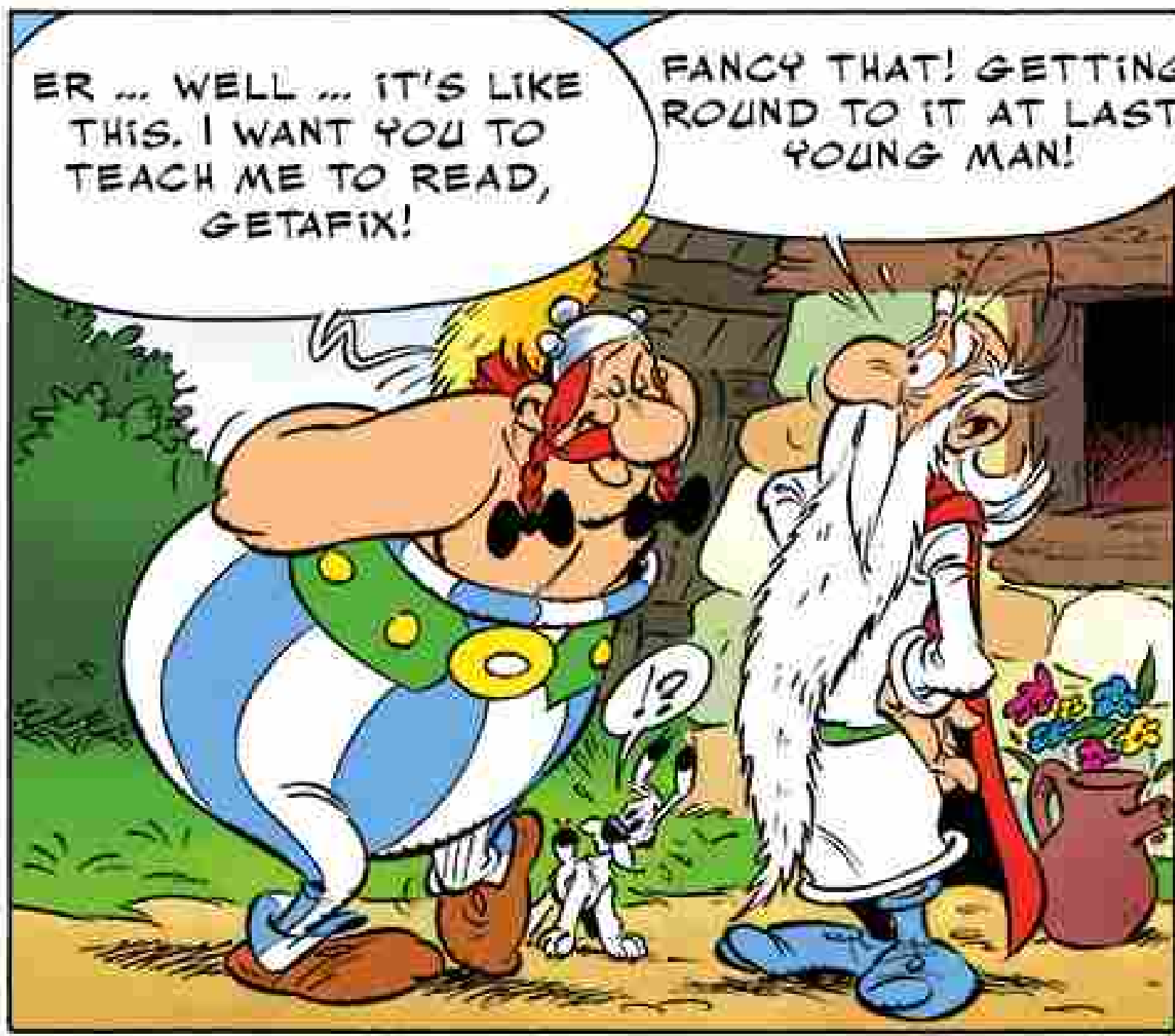


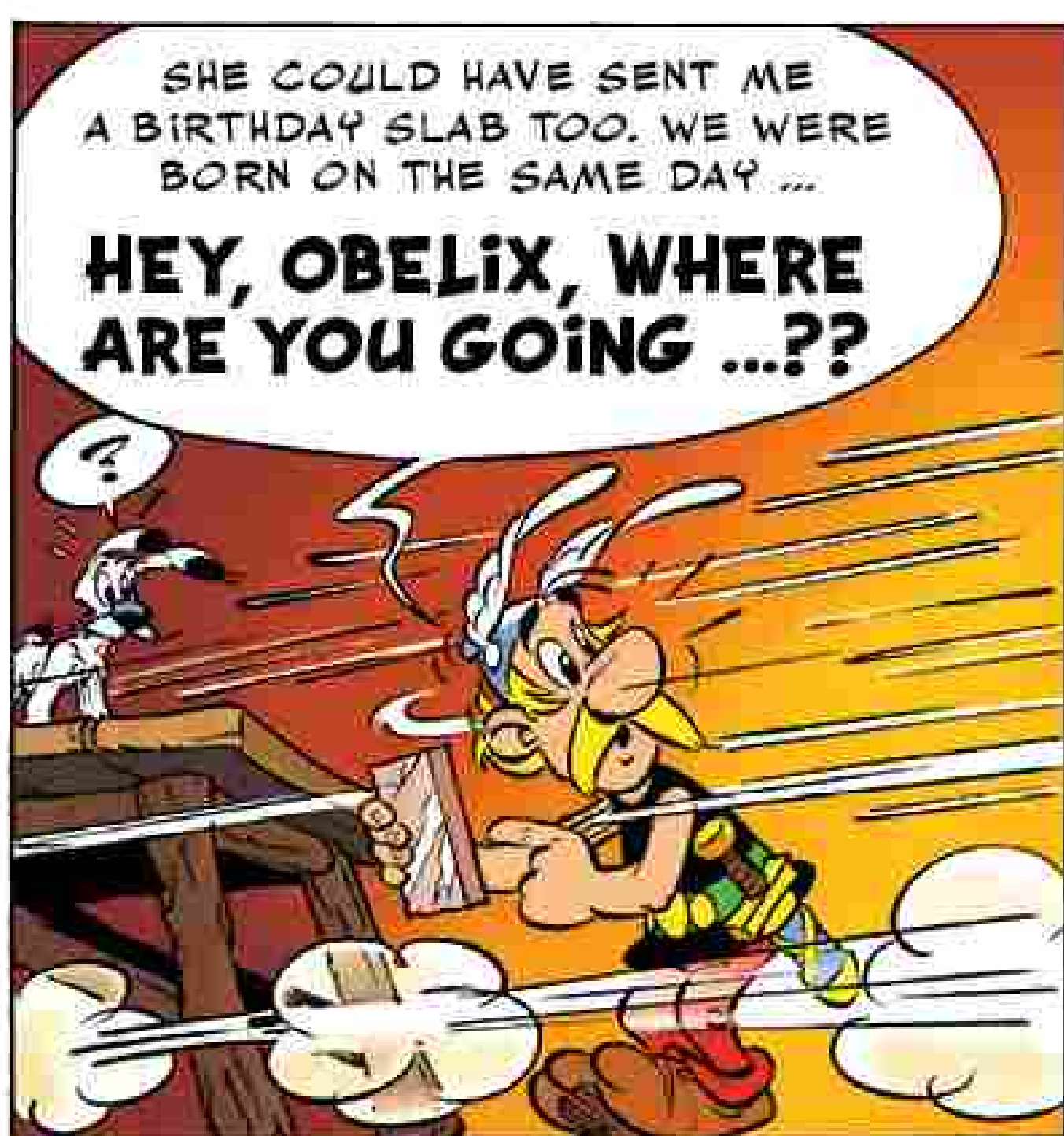
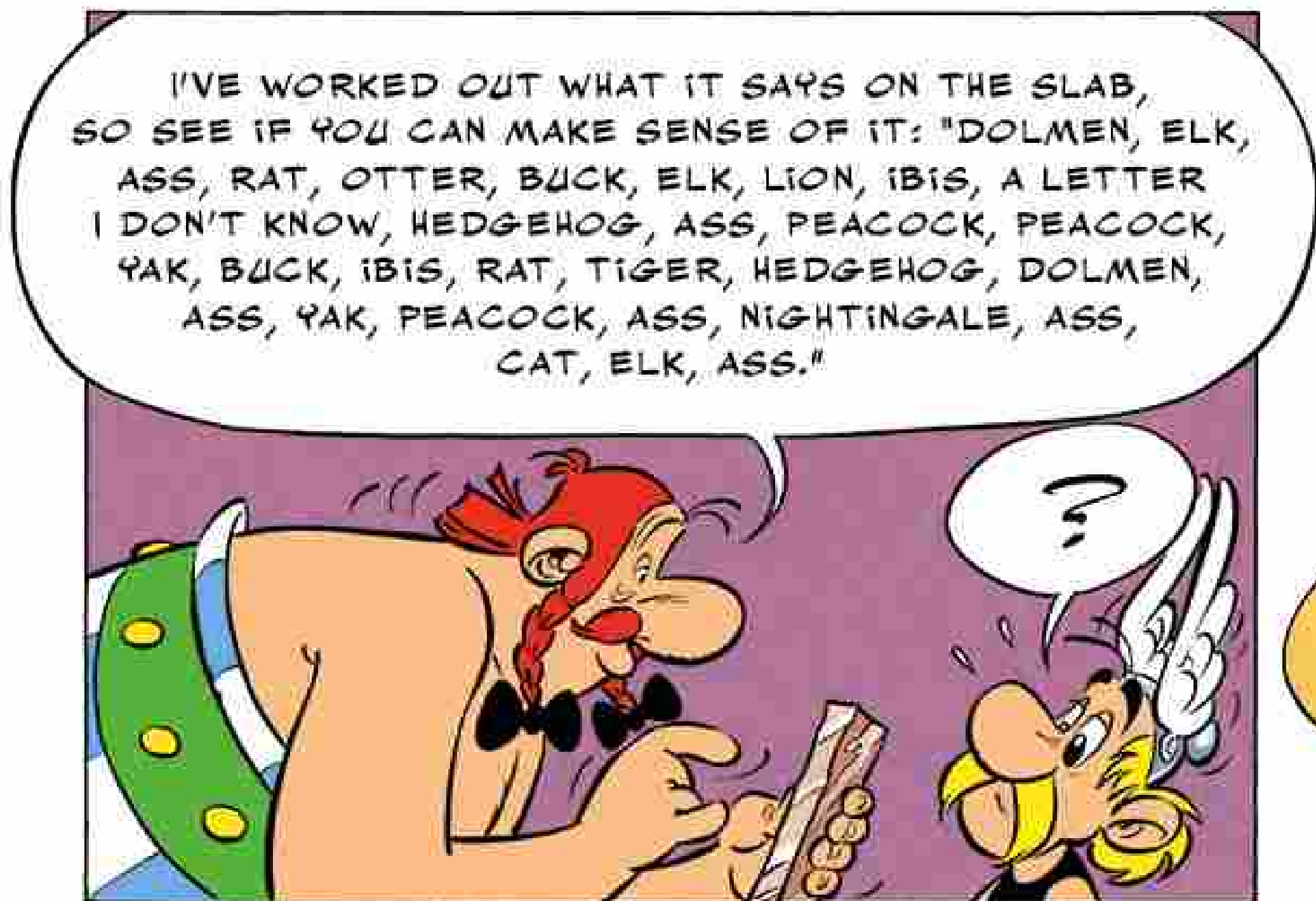
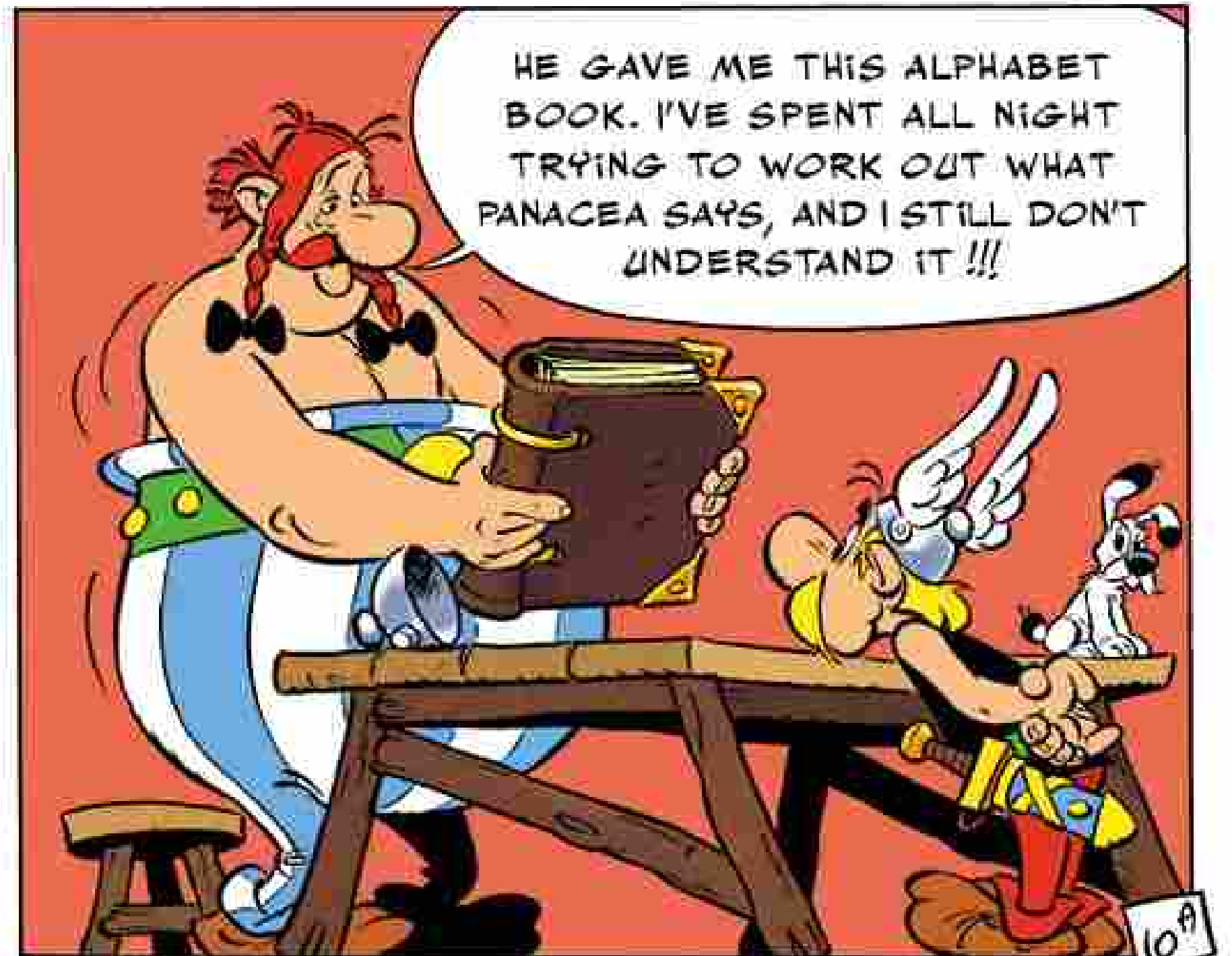
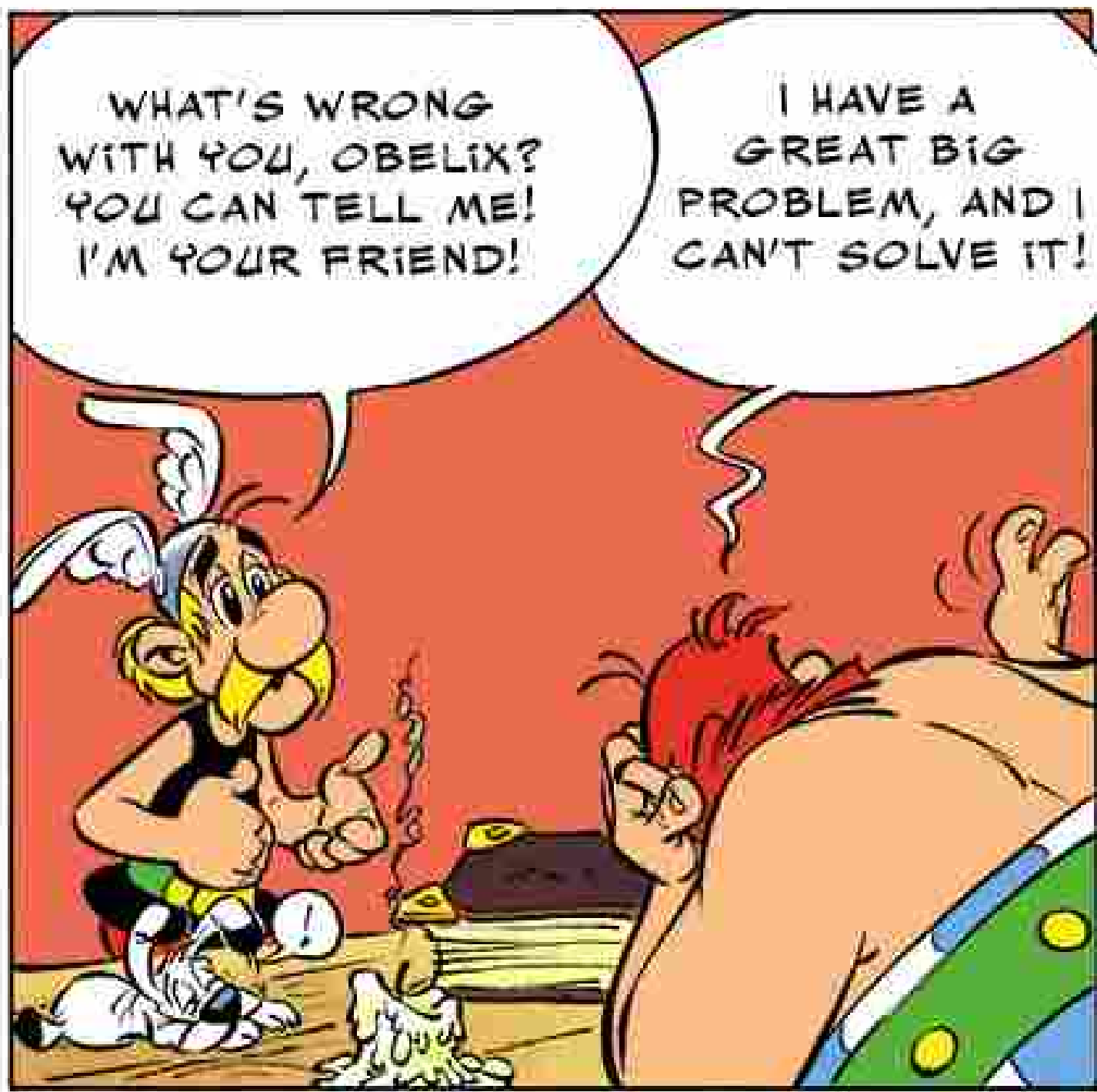
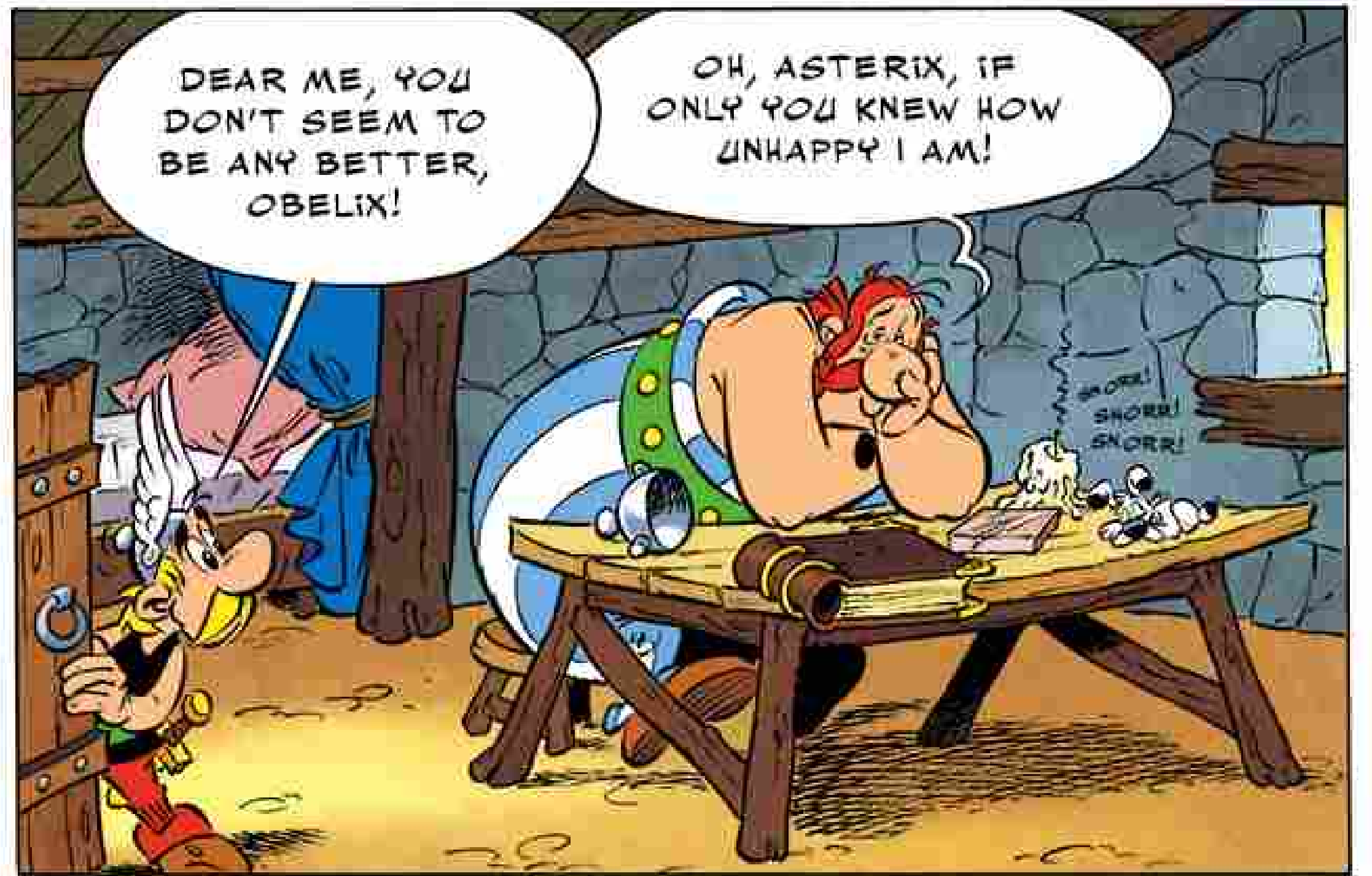
AND IN CASE ASTERIX WOULD LIKE TO CHANGE HIS SPOTS, I'M PLANNING AN EXOTIC OUTFIT FOR HIM ... IT REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING.

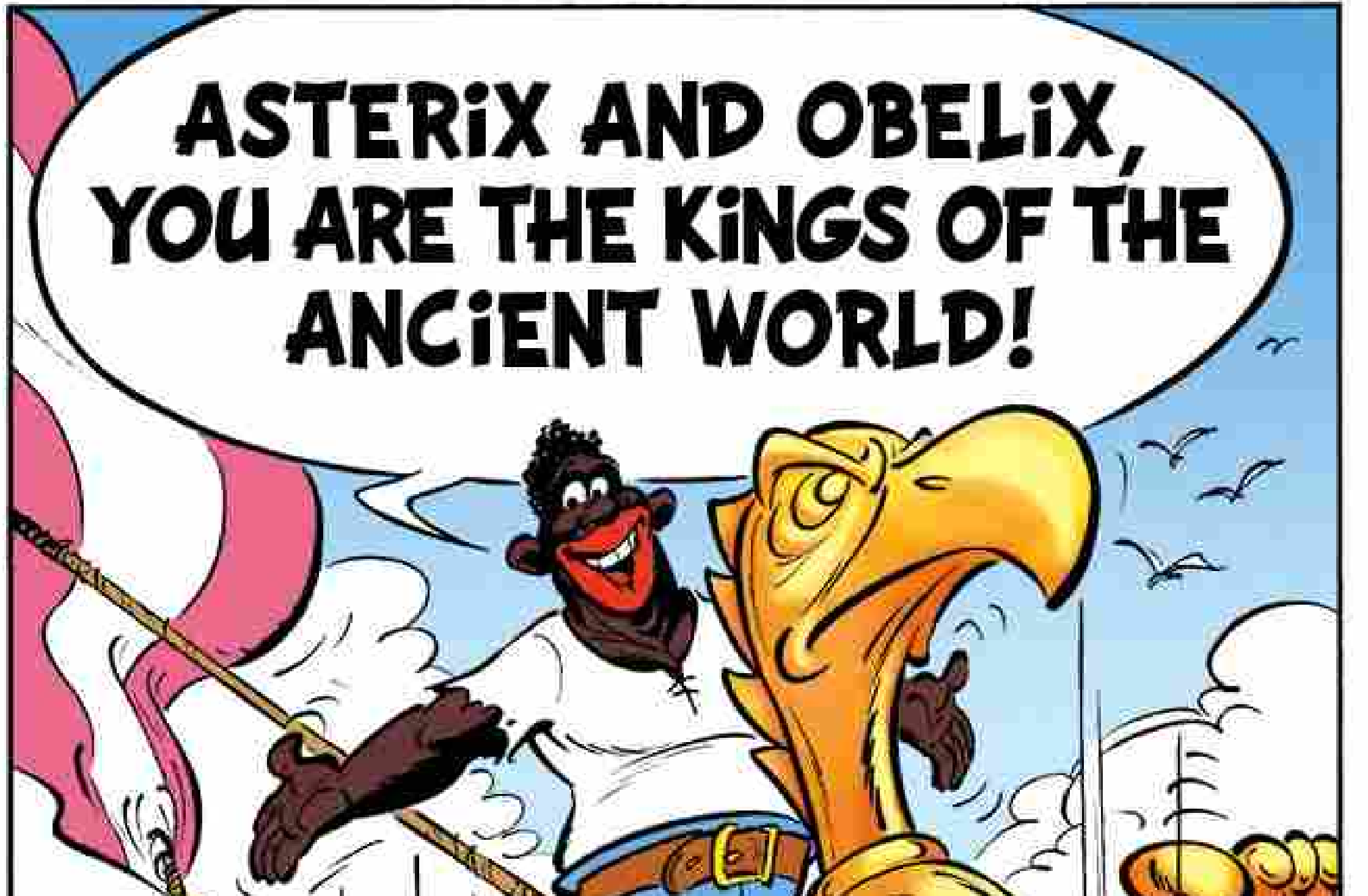
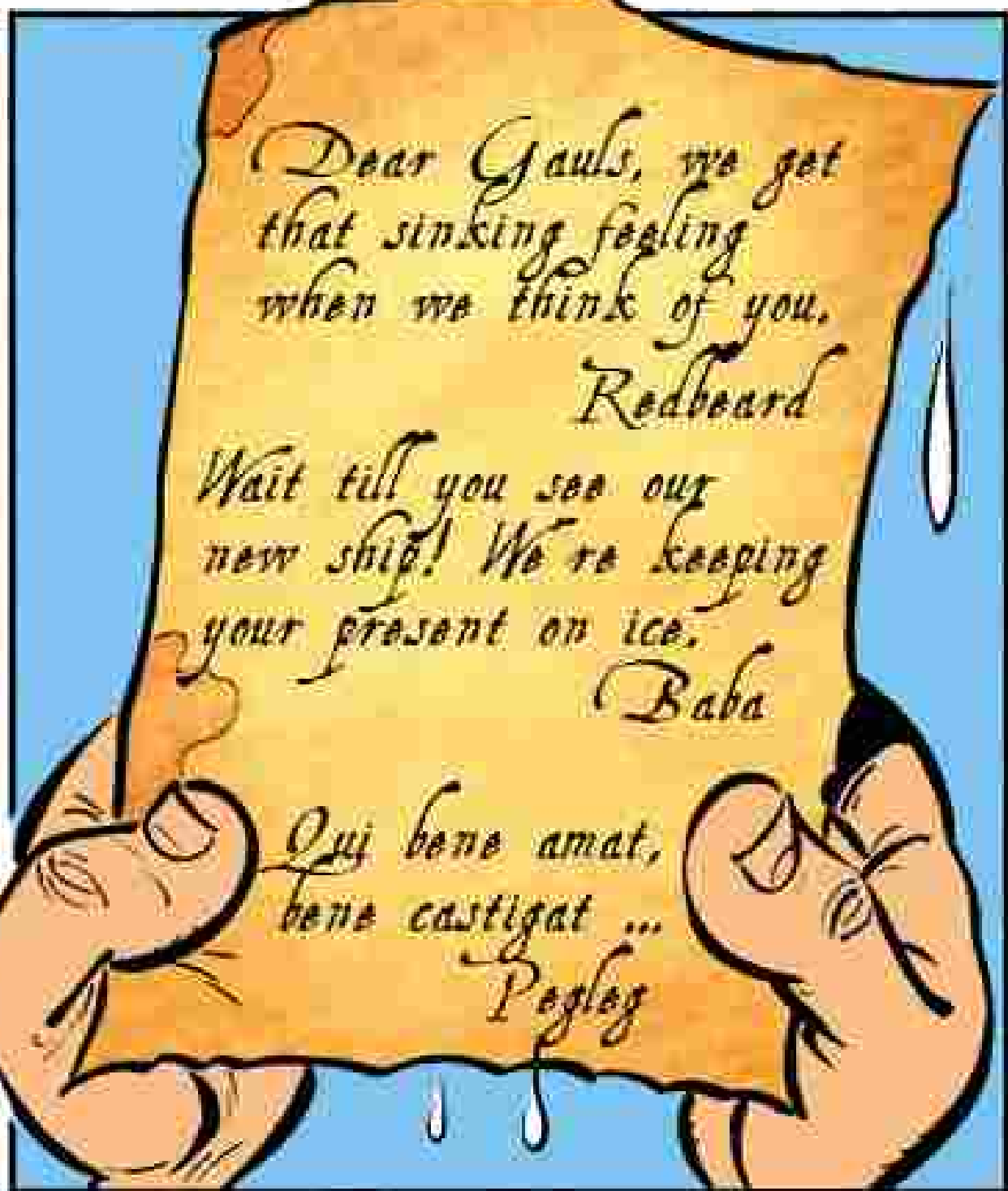
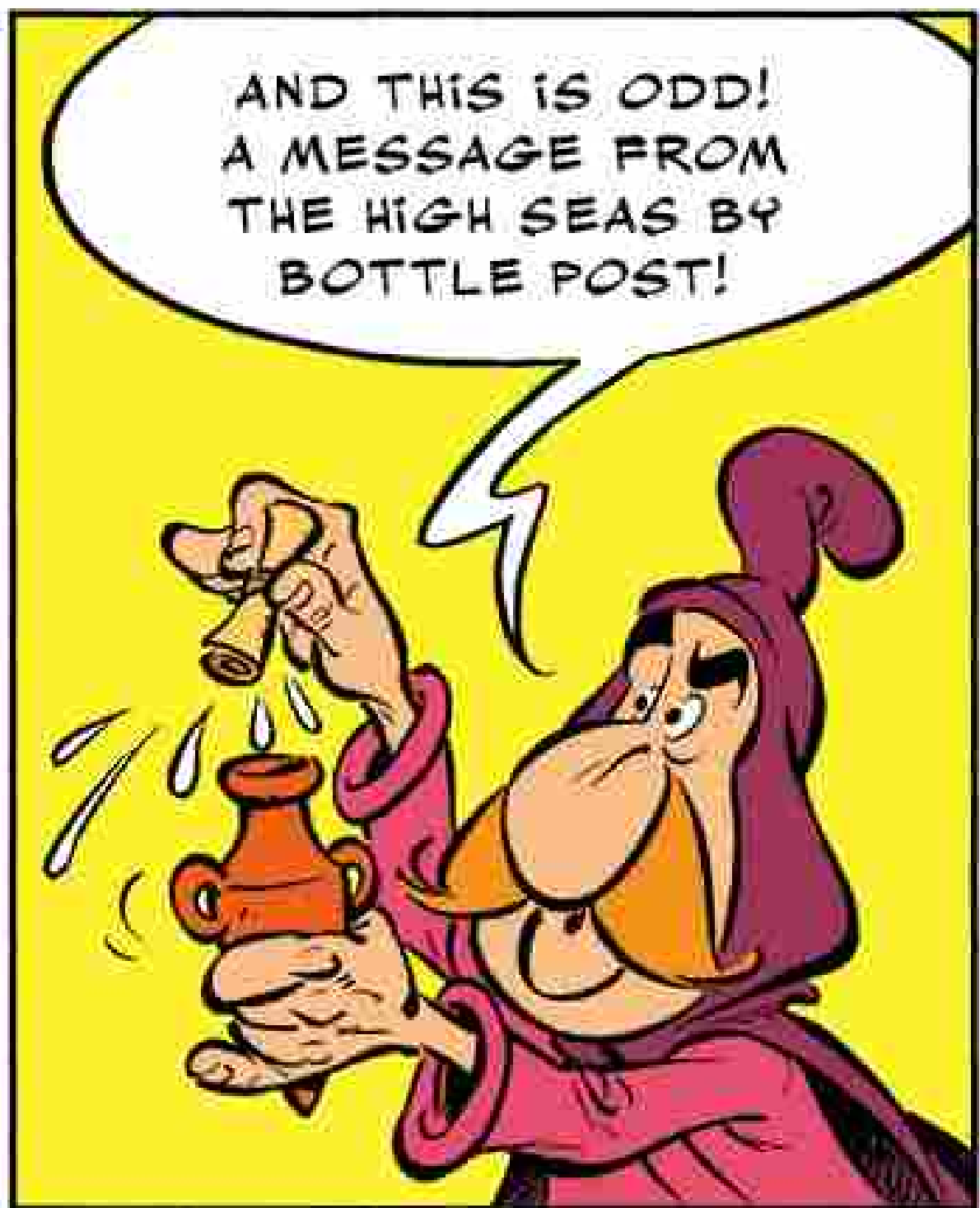
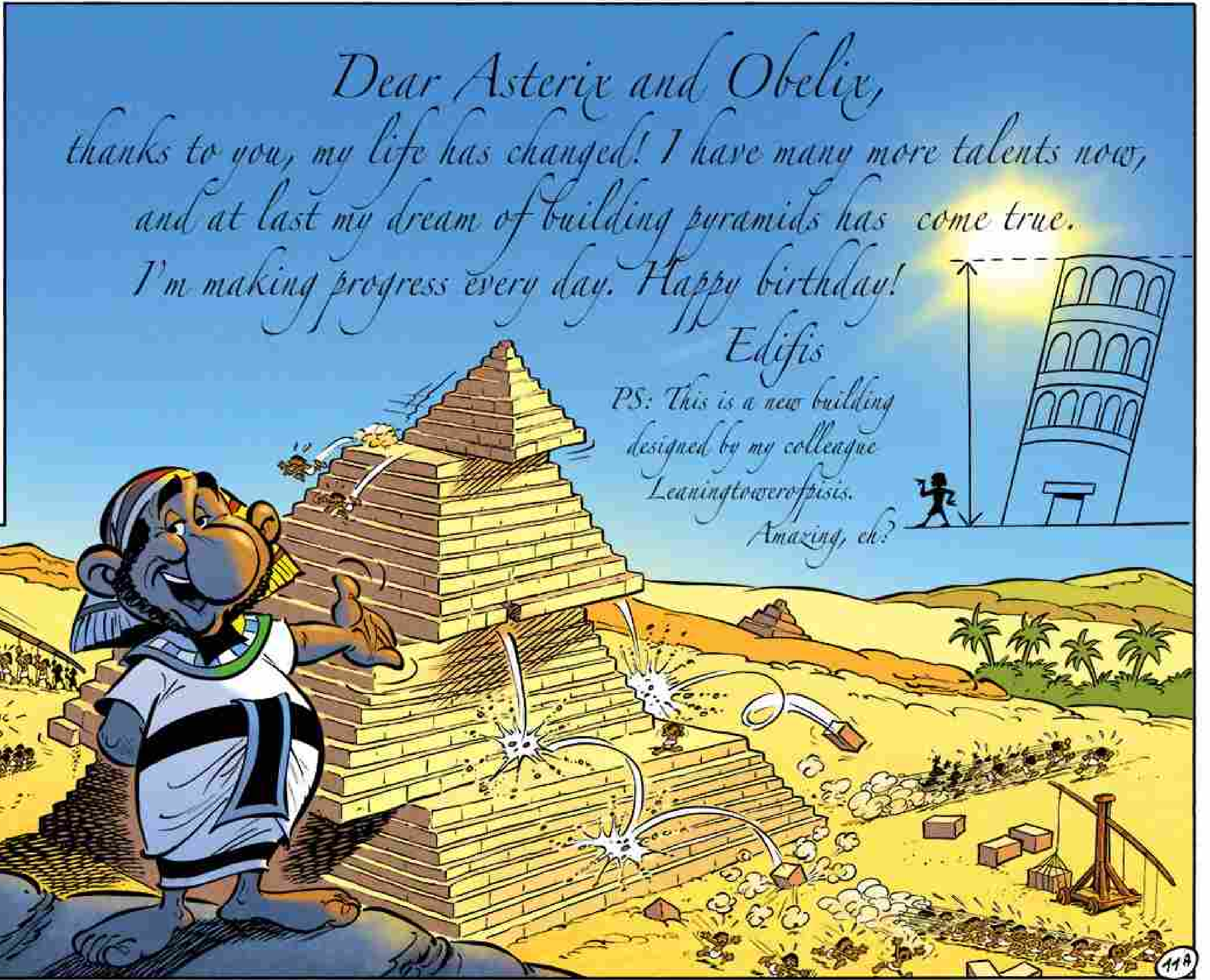
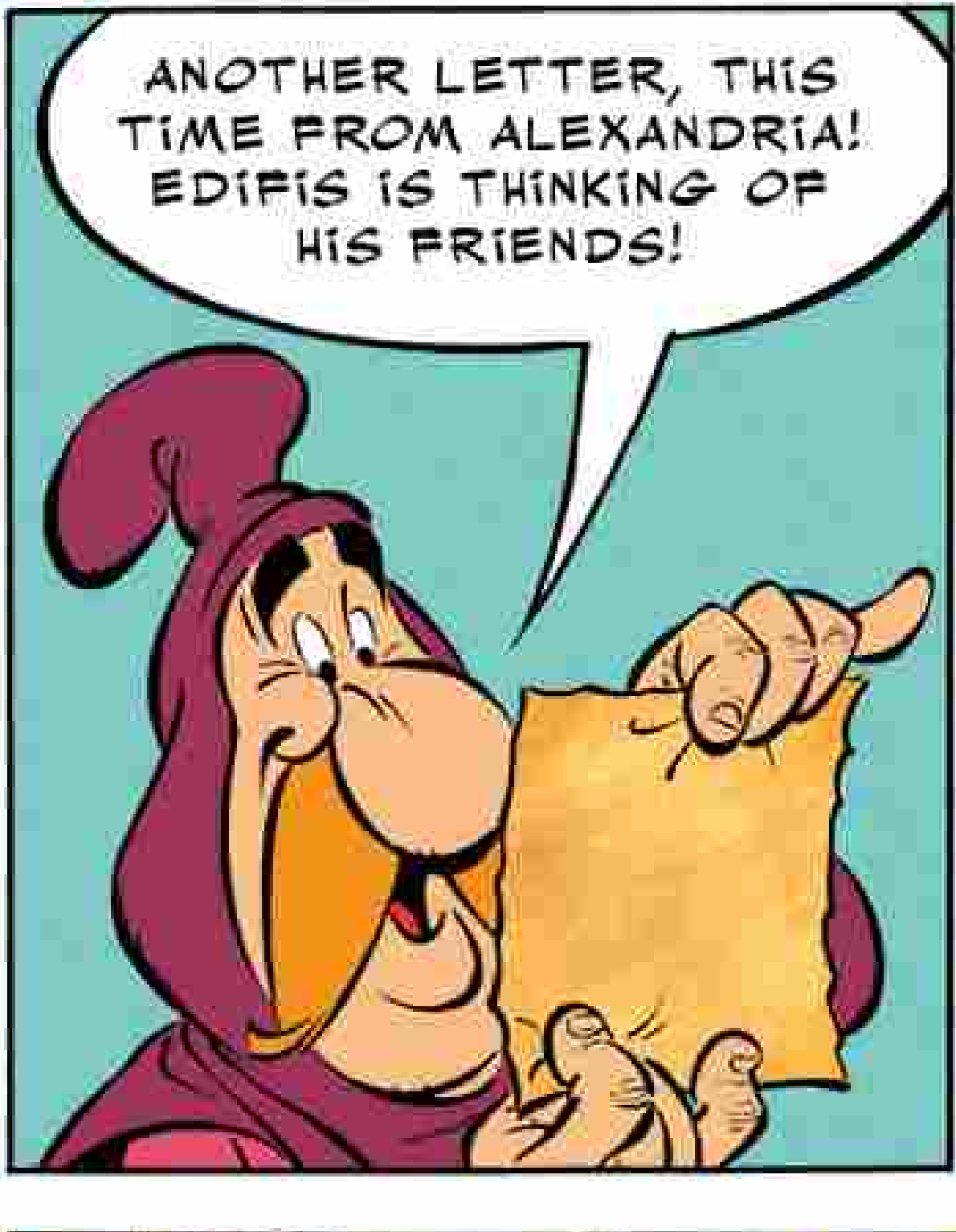


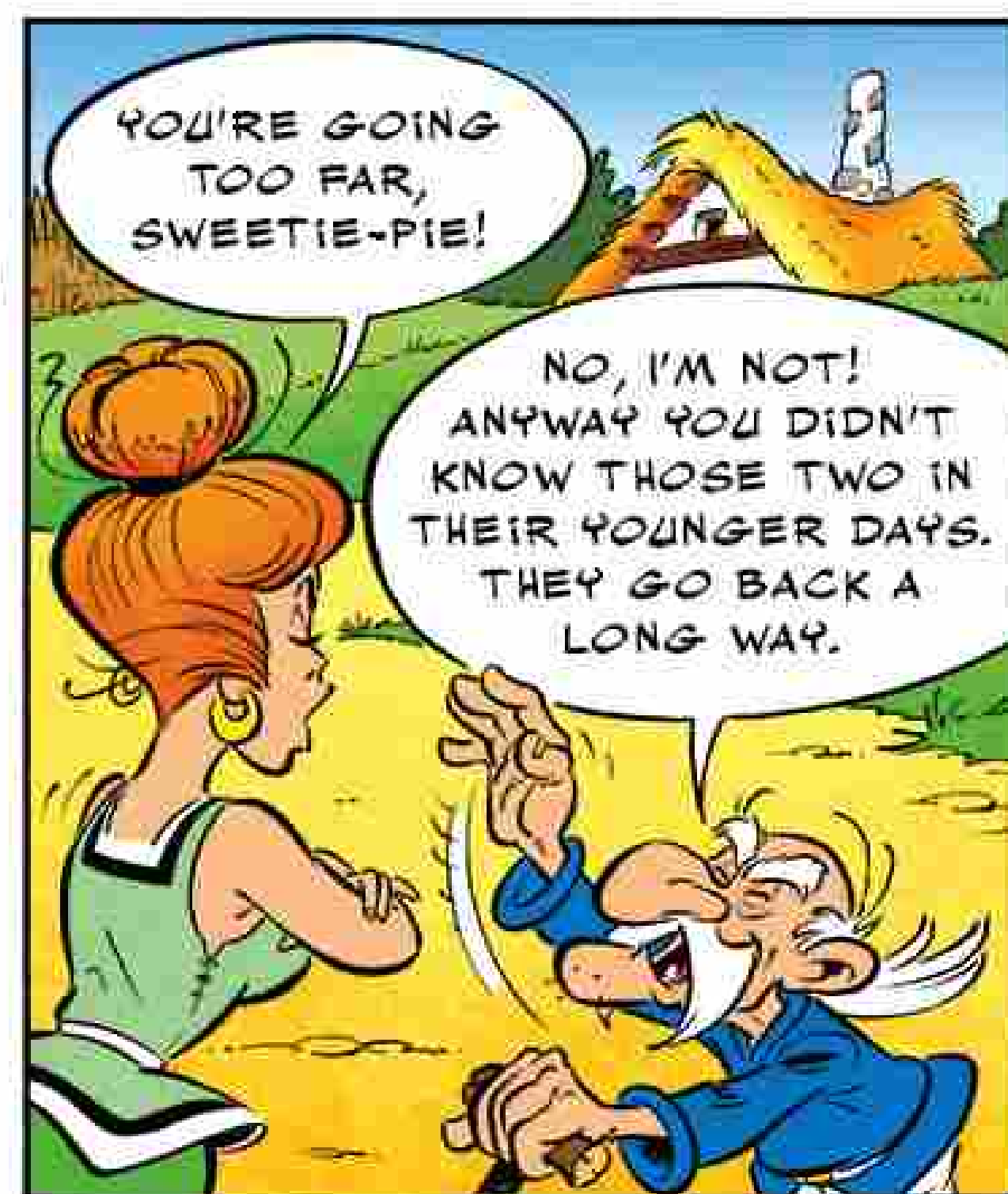
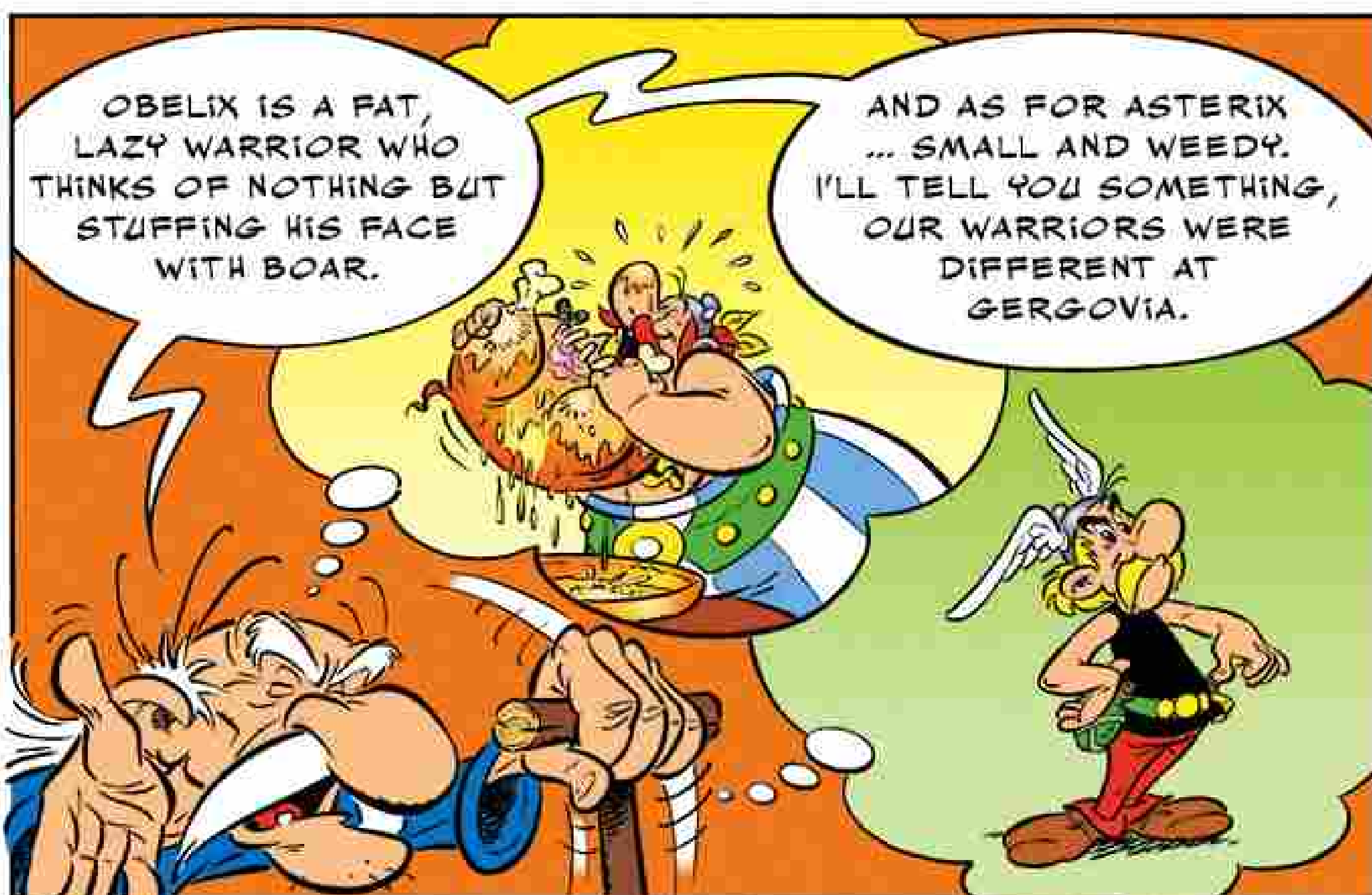
A TRIBUTE TO ANDRÉ FRANQUIN AND HIS MARSUPI-LANT



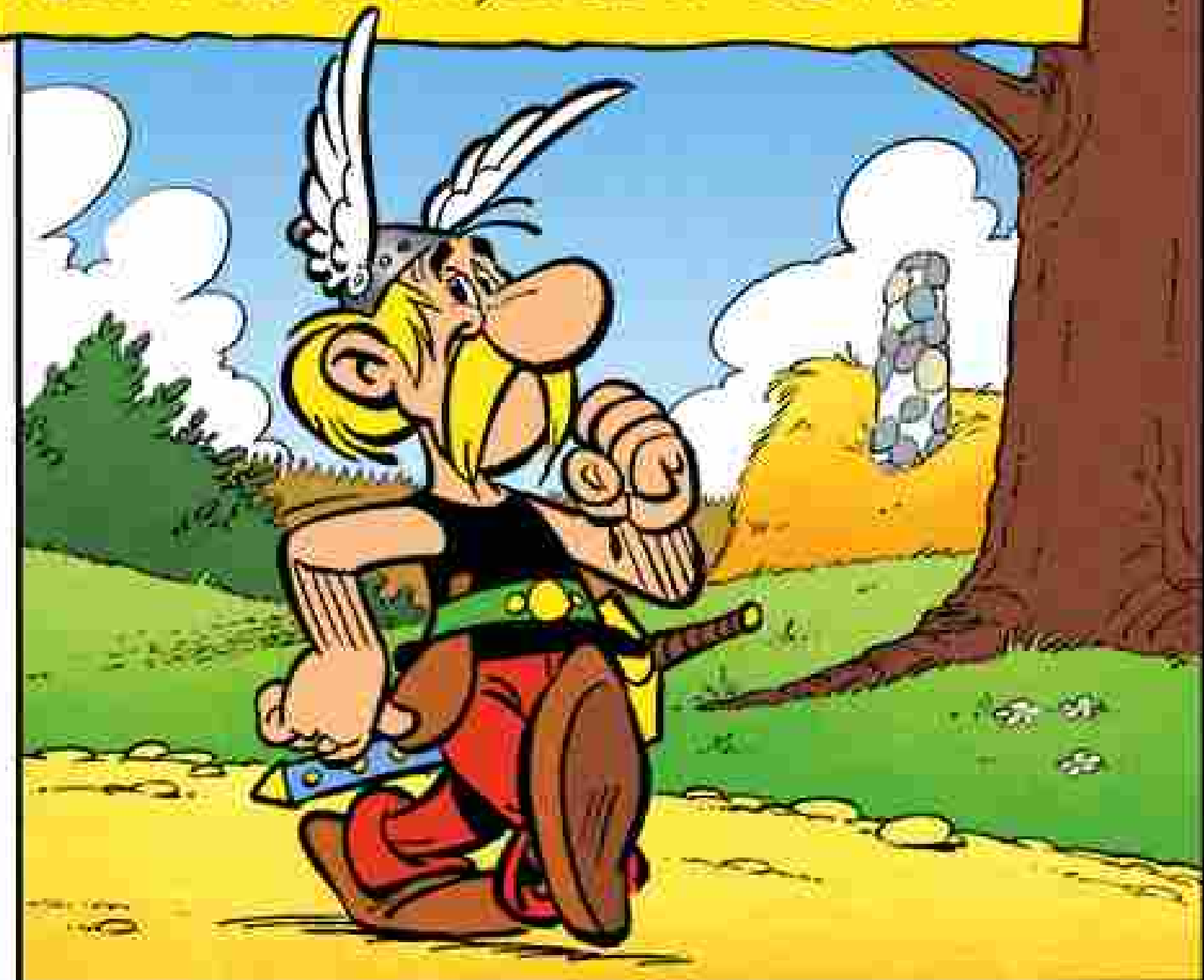




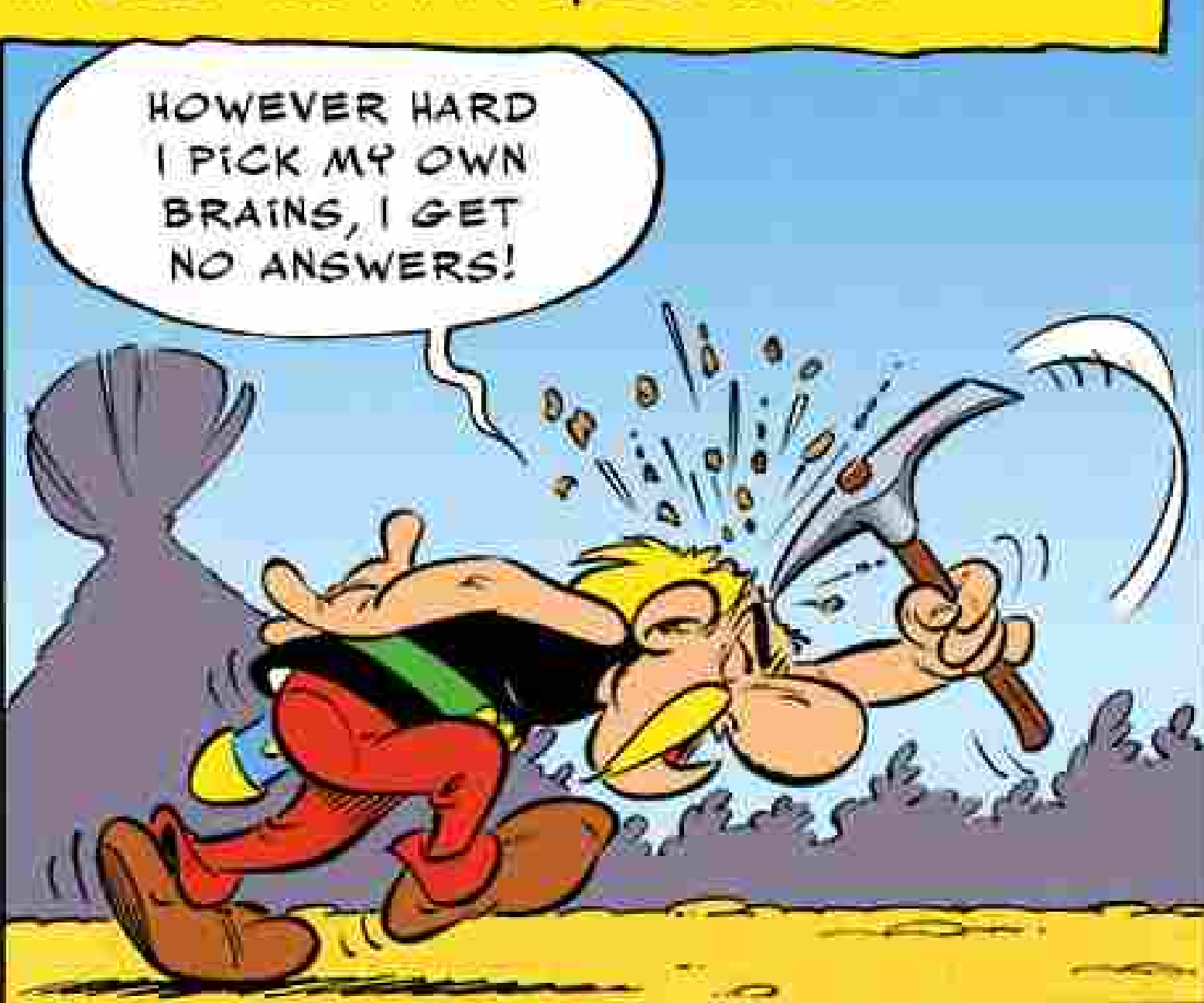




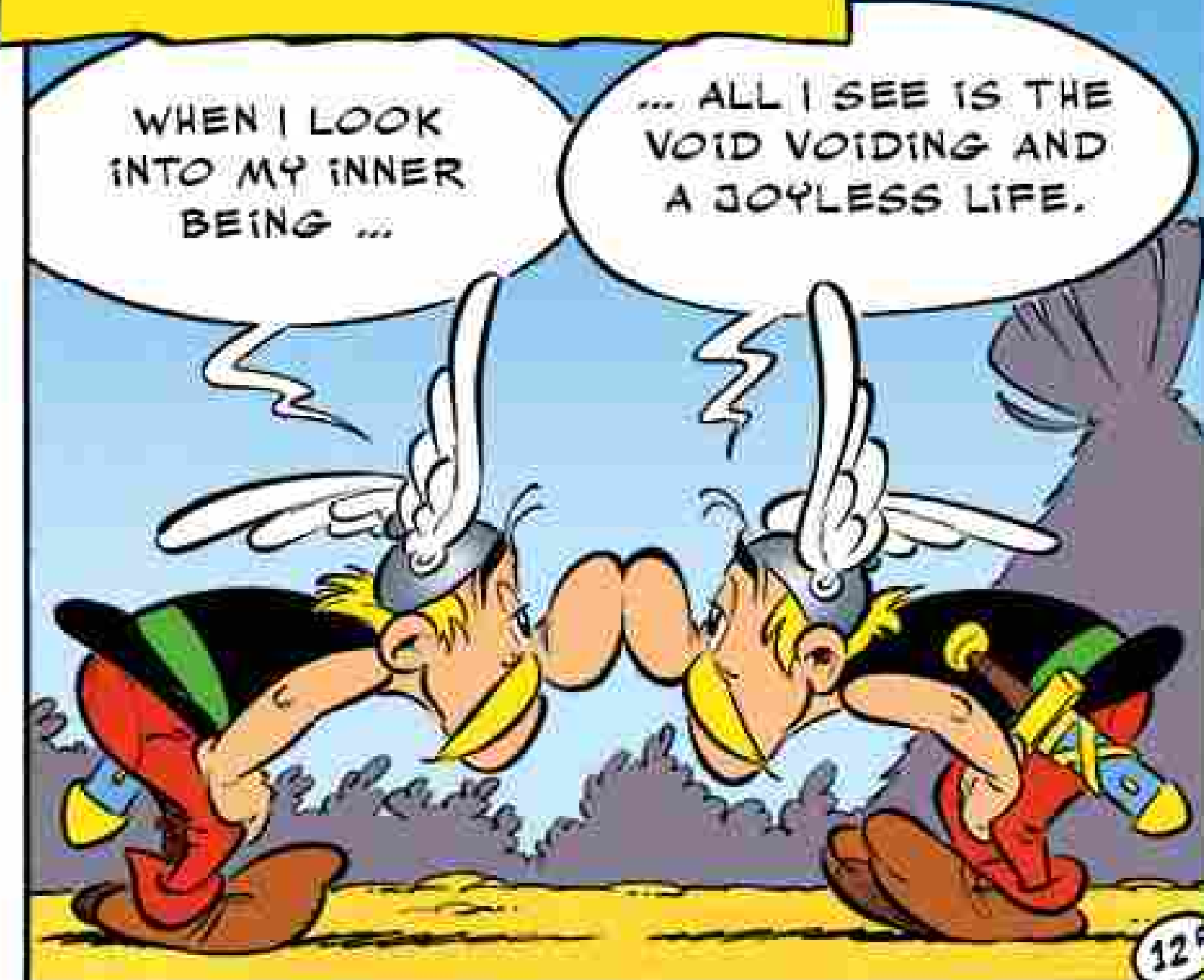
ASTERIX HAS CHANGED. HE WAS NOTHING MUCH IN HIS YOUTH, BELIEVE YOU ME.



AND AN INTELLECTUAL TOO. HE ASKED HIMSELF TOO MANY QUESTIONS.



HE'D GET DEPRESSED AT THE LEAST LITTLE SETBACK ...



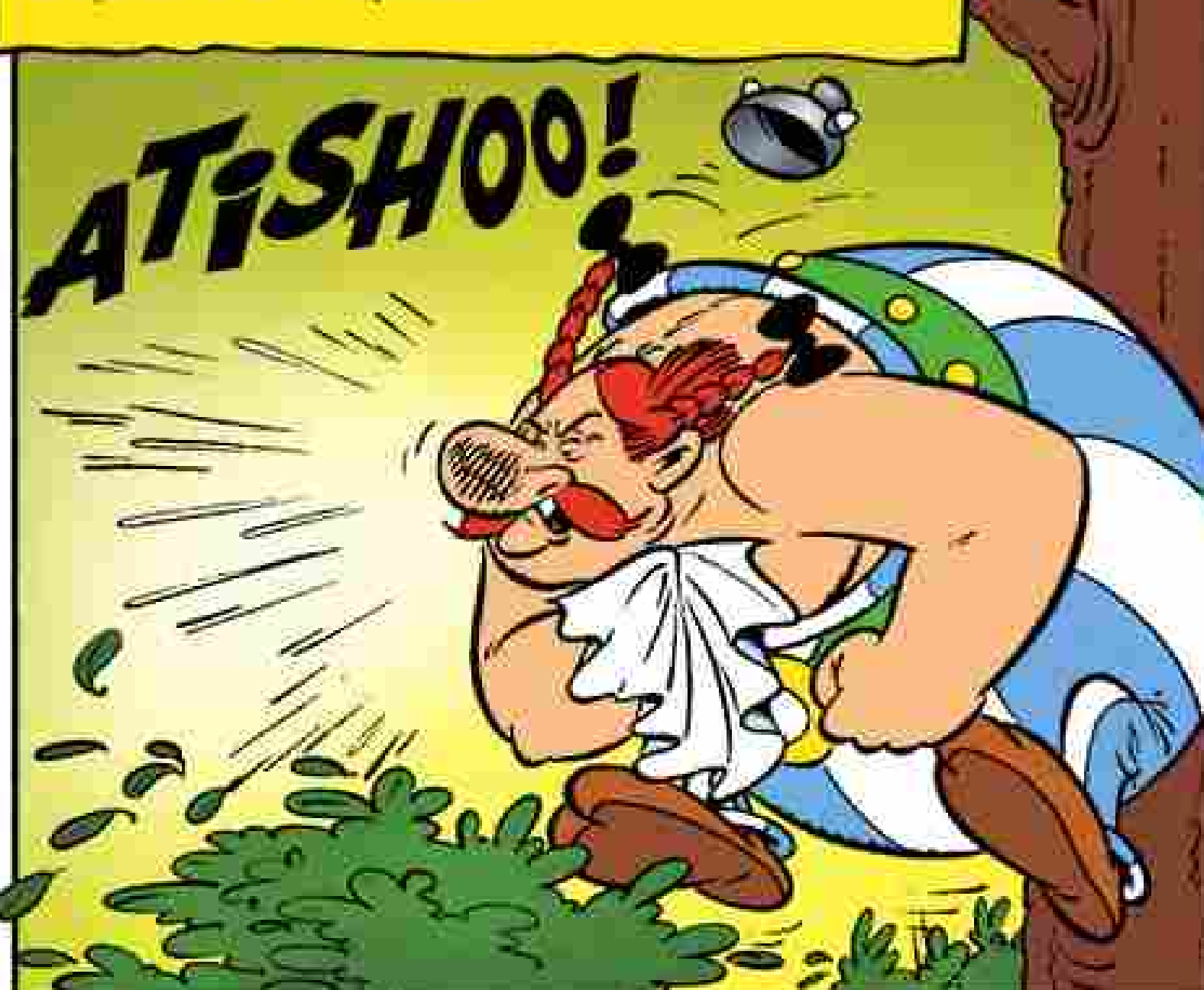
HE FELT CRUSHED BY THE WEIGHT OF RESPONSIBILITY!



AND OBELIX DOESN'T HAVE MY VITALITY. YOU SHOULD SEE HIM FIRST THING IN THE MORNING...



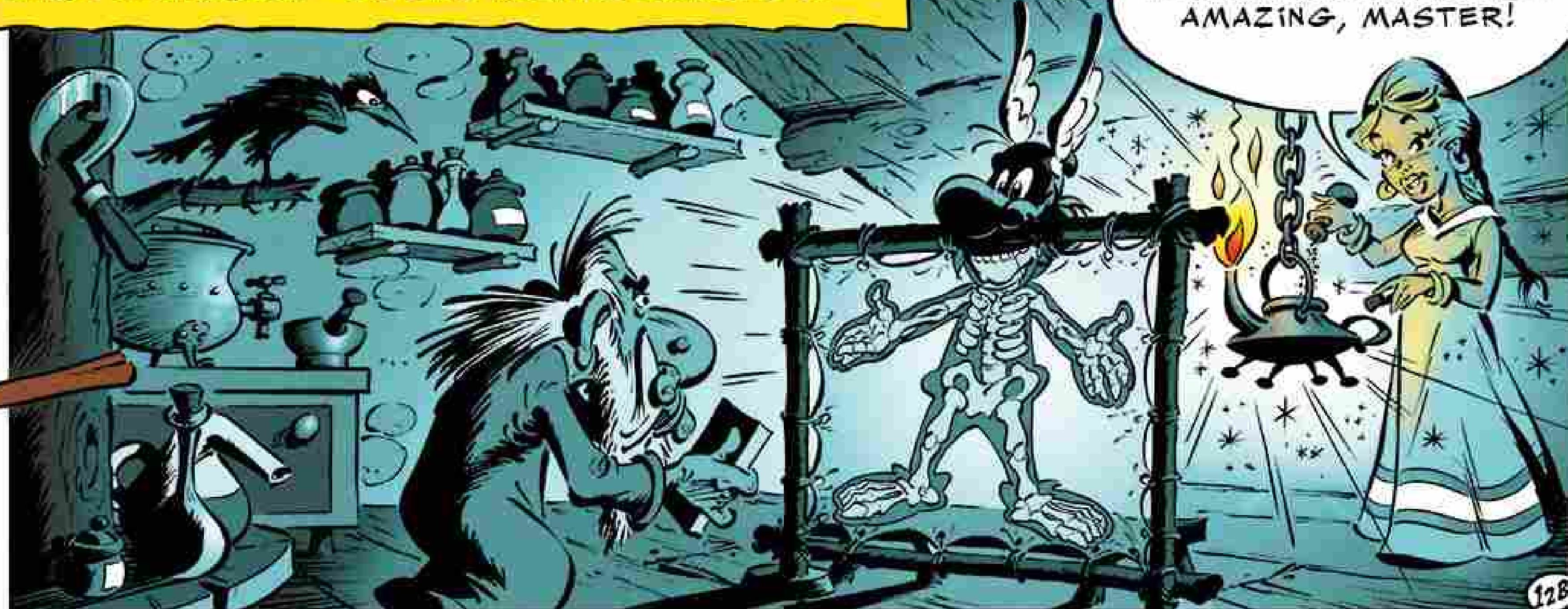
HE CATCHES COLD AT THE LEAST BREATH OF WIND.



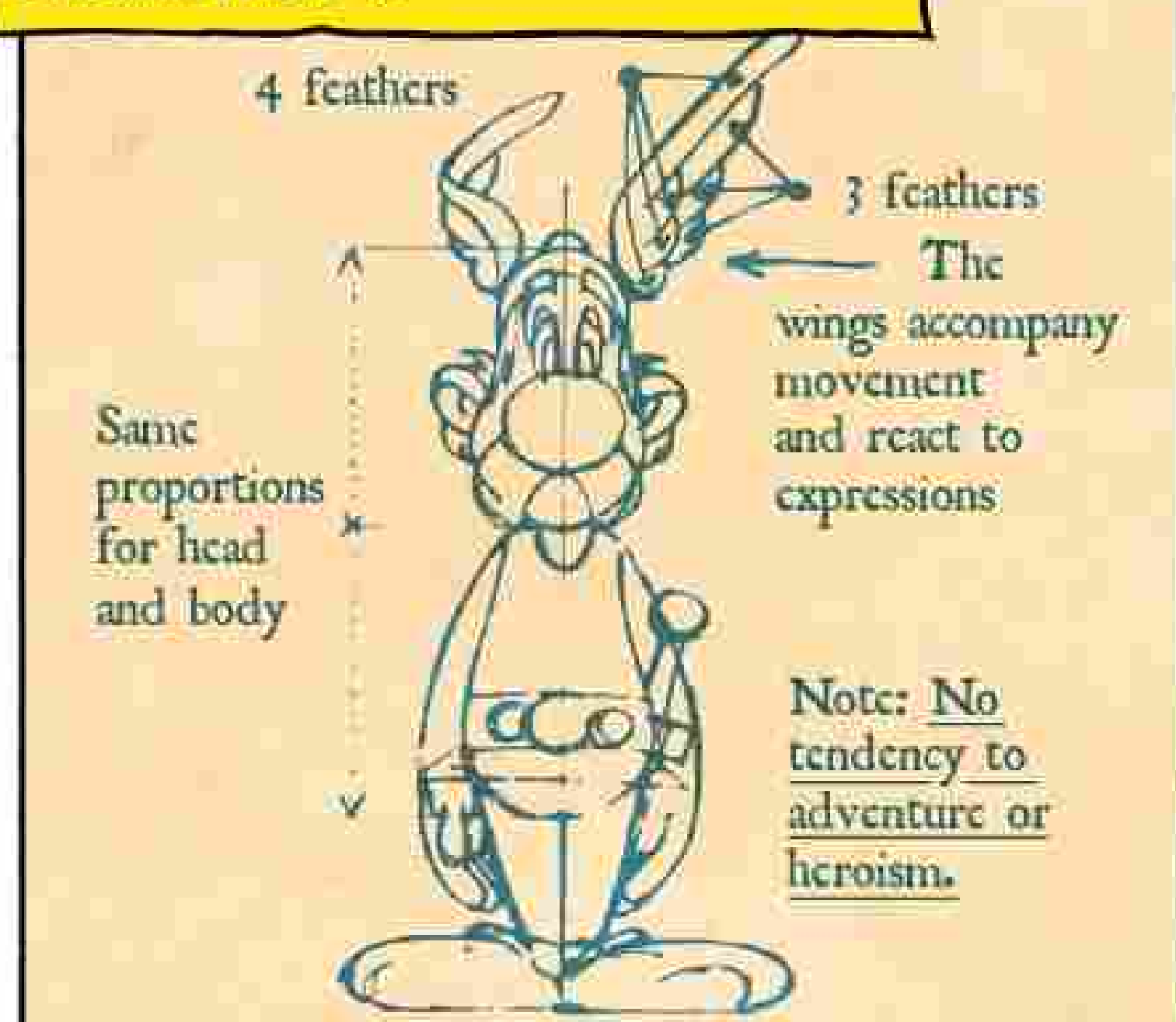
THEY WERE NOTHING SPECIAL. SO THE DRUID PSYCHOANALYTIX STEPPED IN.



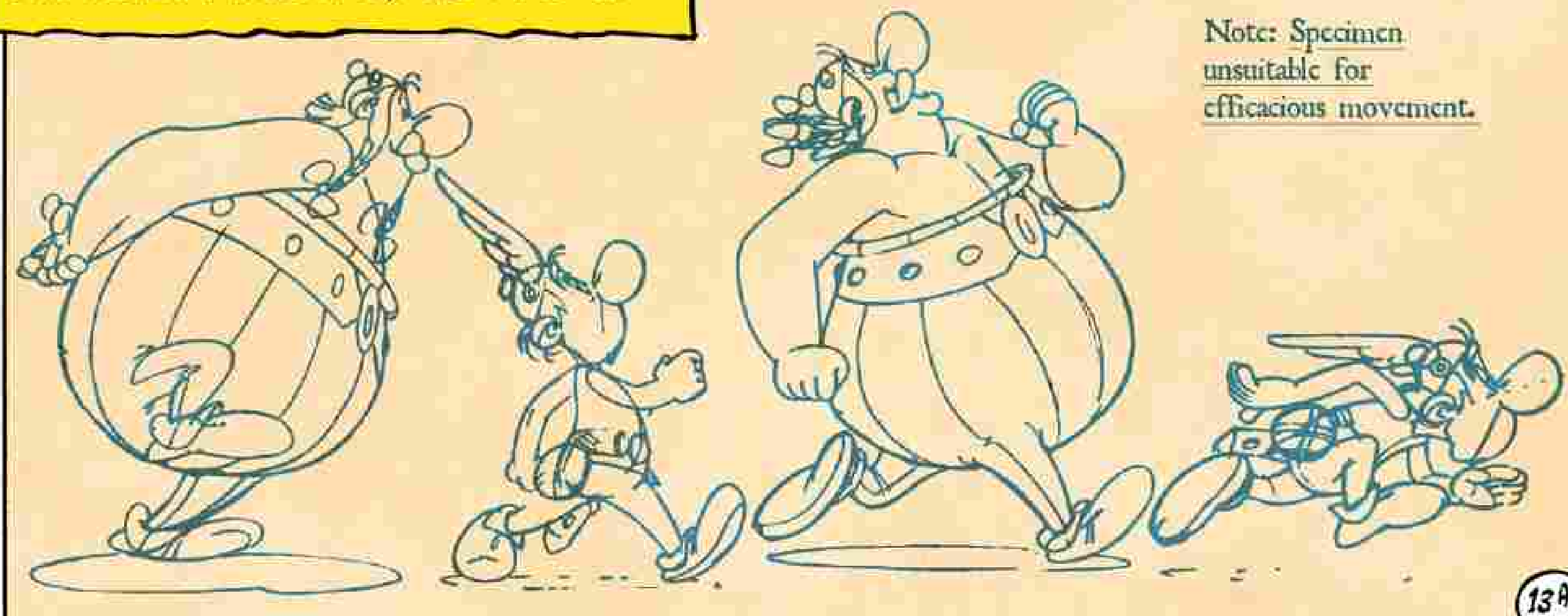
FIRST AN MRI SCAN - MIXTURE RADIATION IMAGING ...



THEN A PRECISE MORPHOLOGICAL EXAMINATION ...



THEN STRENUOUS PHYSICAL EXERCISE: WALKING, RUNNING ...



JUMPING ...



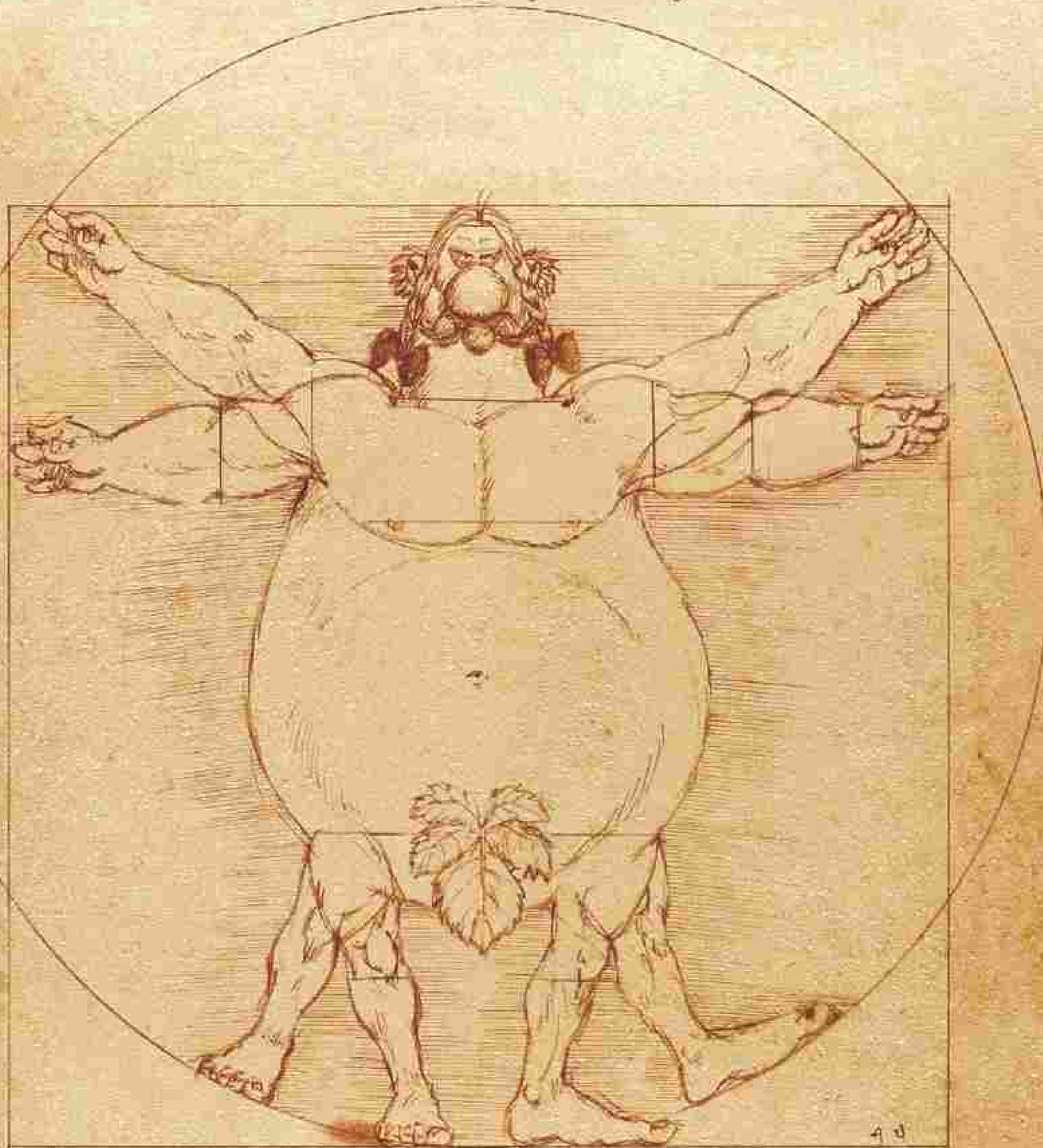
WELL, ALMOST PERFECT ... !

Powerful arms, thick neck, wide shoulders: arduous exercise out hunting, daily deliveries of manures, and fun and games with the Romans (his favourite playmates) have given Obelix a perfectly balanced body.

GYMNASTICS ...



AFTER WHICH, OF COURSE, WE HAD WARRIORS WITH PERFECT PROPORTIONS.



Ecco homo

Measure the height of Obelix from his feet to the top of his head, and if we relate that to the line defined by his outstretched hands, the breadth will be equal to the height, inscribed in a perfect square, at the centre of which is Obelix's tummy-button. In medio stat virtus, say the greatest druids of our time appreciatively. We may notice a nose of generous proportions and a curve unrelated to the classic profile of Hellenic statues, but after Obelix tested the aerodynamic style in flight of a colleague who suggested that his round tummy lacked a little of the ideal of Greek beauty, no one has ventured to say ...

After Leonardo da Vinci



YEAR 1 BC EDITION

THE CIRCUMBENDIBUS TRAVEL GUIDE¹

Gauls, do you like to travel? If so our guide, written by an Armorican adventurer, is just the book for you!

Of course the Gauls like to travel, by Toutatis! Here in the village, of course, we don't have far to go. The beach is very close, and there's the forest just inland. All the pleasures of a good holiday can be found here: the seaside with its pirates, mushroom-picking, boar-hunting, and a good laugh with Roman patrols. Not to mention that here in Armorica we have a very invigorating climate. In short, it's rather like being on holiday all the year round for the Romans and us.

THE PLEASURES OF THE SEASIDE PIRATES



To avoid inconvenience, follow the advice in the *Cicumbendibus Guide* when booking your holiday.

Frames from Asterix at the Olympic Games

LEISURE ACTIVITIES ON HOLIDAY

A RELAXING MOMENT ON AN ARMORICAN BEACH

A bracing climate, lovely blue skies ... and lifeguards on the watch!



FUN AND GAMES WITH FRIENDS



Don't leave those you love! Take advantage of our group travel rates.

¹ – Lucius Circumbendibus, a big wheel in wheel manufacturing (see *Asterix and the Chieftain's Shield*), published this famous guide to the best Gaulish inns.

Those of our countrymen who aren't so lucky, meaning everyone else, start thinking about their holidays in the month of Januarius¹ onwards. If you want to go away in Quintilis² or Sextilis³ you have to plan in advance. After the month of Aprilis⁴ there are no seaside villas left to be booked along the coast, and the only subject of conversation is what the weather will be like in summer. ("Mind you, there's a lot of climate change these days. All those Roman war machines will make the sky fall on our heads one of these days!")

Some people disapprove of this attitude. "What's Gaul coming to?" they ask. "In the good old days people thought of work and nothing but work!" But even these sensible souls are not the last to set out for the southern provinces. It's the beaches of the Middle Sea that attract most tourists: Nicae, Antipolis, Forum Julii, Citharista, Olbia, Heraclea Caccabaria, Carsicis⁵ and Athenopolis⁶ are full of teeming crowds looking for pleasure all summer. (Particularly Athenopolis, frequented by people from the ancient world, the high society of Lutetia, and the beatnix, those strange barbarians who don't plait or wash their long hair. Some say they're like that after getting nicely stoned at Nicae.)



1 – January

2 – Soon to be called Julius in honour of Caesar, and later July

3 – To be renamed Augustus and then August

4 – April

5 – Respectively: Nice, Antibes, Fréjus, La Ciotat, Hyères, Cavalaire, Cassis

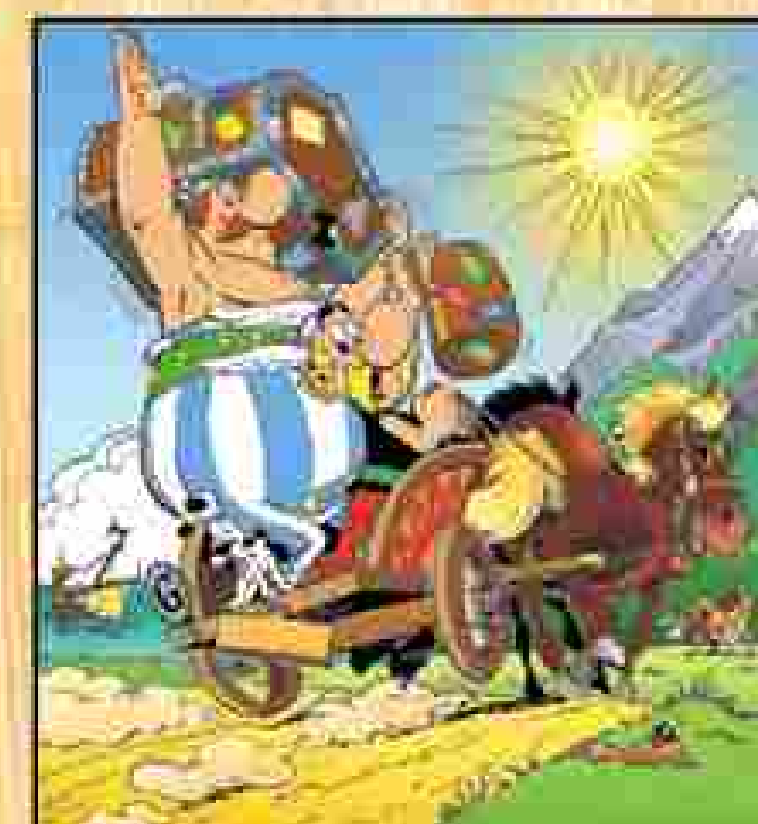
6 – Small Massilian place near present-day Saint-Tropez

GETTING ORGANIZED

*How to pack.
Try to take only the
essentials.*



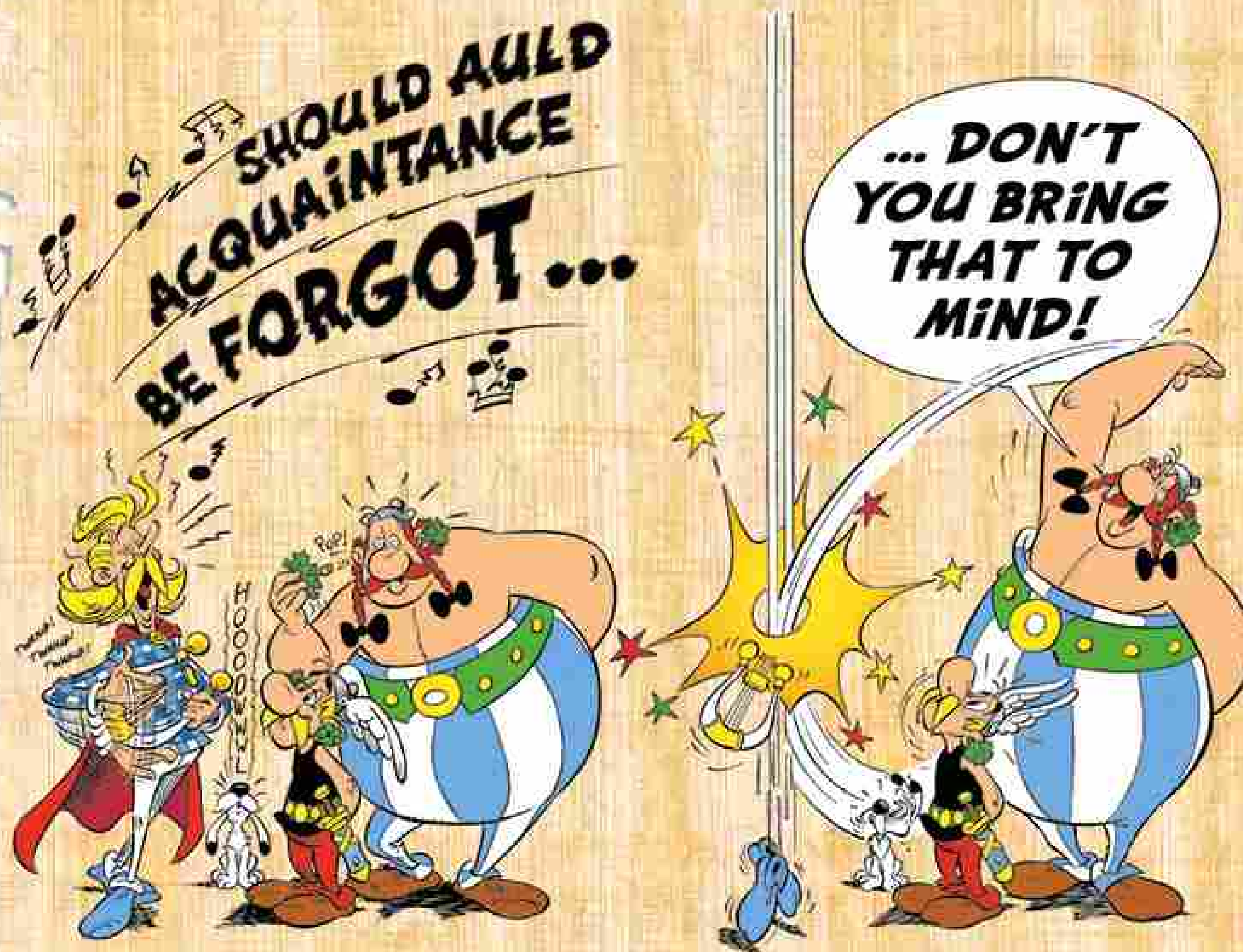
*For getting around, opt
for a Gaulish-registered
chariot*



*To avoid ending up in a
shady sort of inn, reserve
in advance!*

A SUCCESSFUL DEPARTURE

*The moment comes to part and say goodbye.
Sensitive souls look away!*



THE PLEASURES OF THE MIDDLE SEA

A little relaxation on the beach at Nicae ...nothing like it for making new friends!

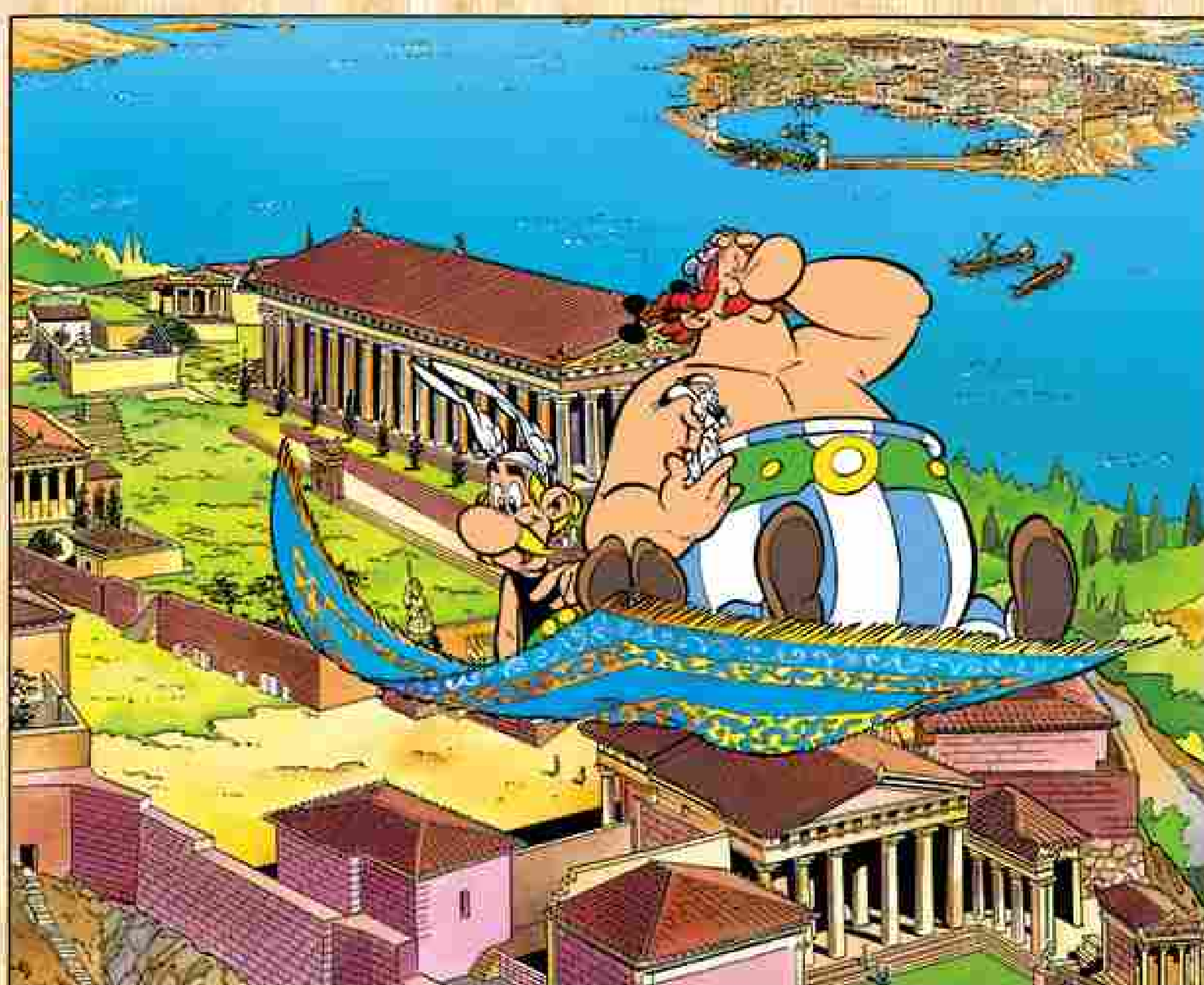


Of course, the trouble is that, with everyone leaving at the same time and going the same way, the roads are crowded and, sadly, there are many accidents. Some of those are due to careless drivers hell-bent on high speed, never mind the risk to life and limb. You hear idiots saying: "Yes, old boy, Lutetia to Nicae in only three weeks non-stop!" As if two weeks more or less meant anything in a man's life!

Roman patrols do their best to enforce the Pax Romana on the roads. The laws are being tightened up, and there's talk of throwing those careless drivers who are the worst offenders to the lions, but so far that has come to nothing, and the RPOF (Roman Policing Operations Forum) is trying to impose some semblance of discipline as best it can.



Frame from Astérix and the Banquet



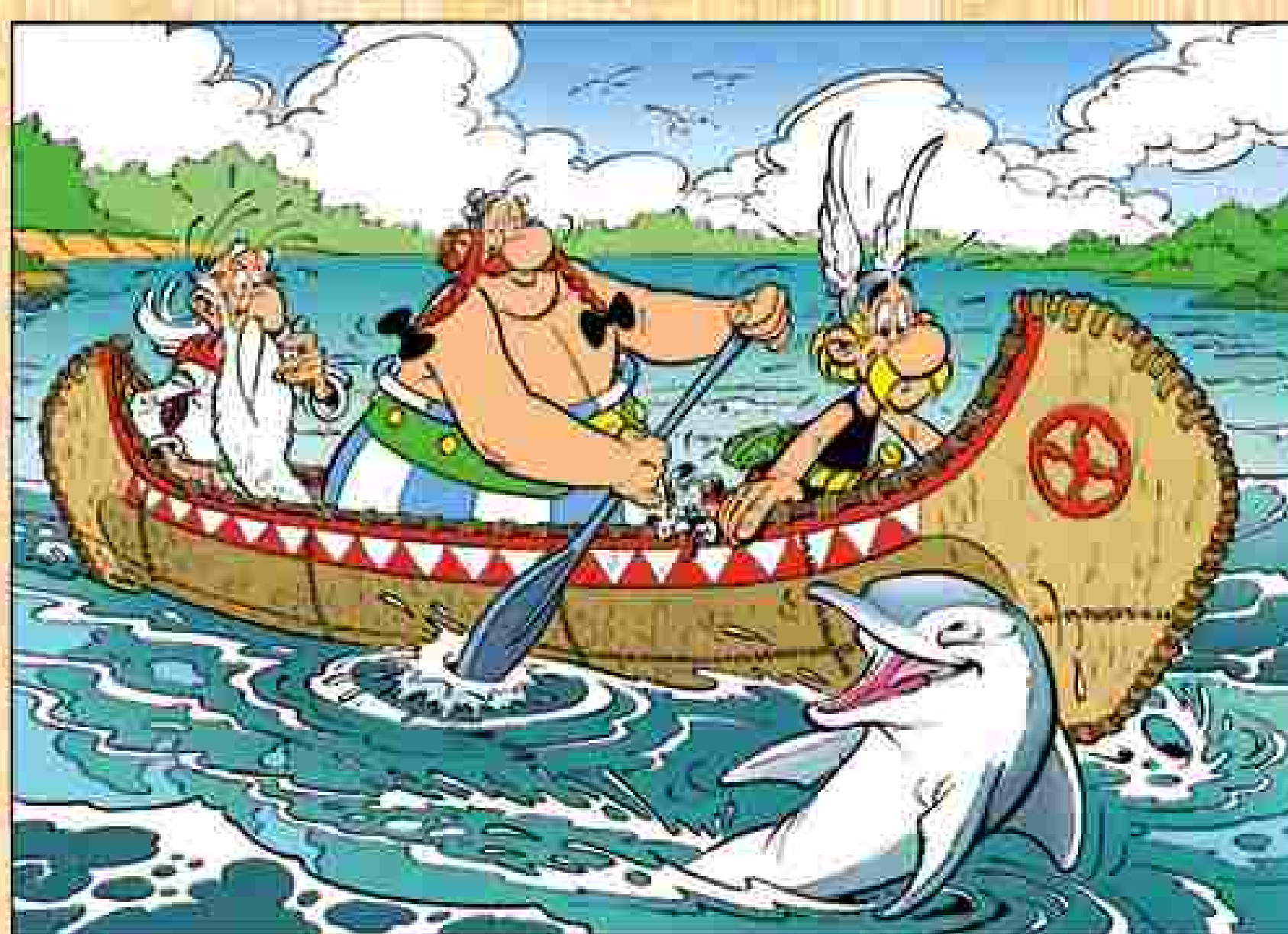
Take to the air to avoid the holiday crowds. Travel by magic carpet!

HOW TO AVOID CROWDED ROADS

IT'S NOT IMPOSSIBLE TO AVOID CROWDED ROADS FULL OF HOLIDAY TRAFFIC AND TAILBACKS. HERE'S OUR ADVICE FOR TRAVELLING MORE EASILY.



Travel with Obelix to avoid amphora-necks!



Enjoy the peace and calm of the ocean. Travel by canoe and meet new friends.



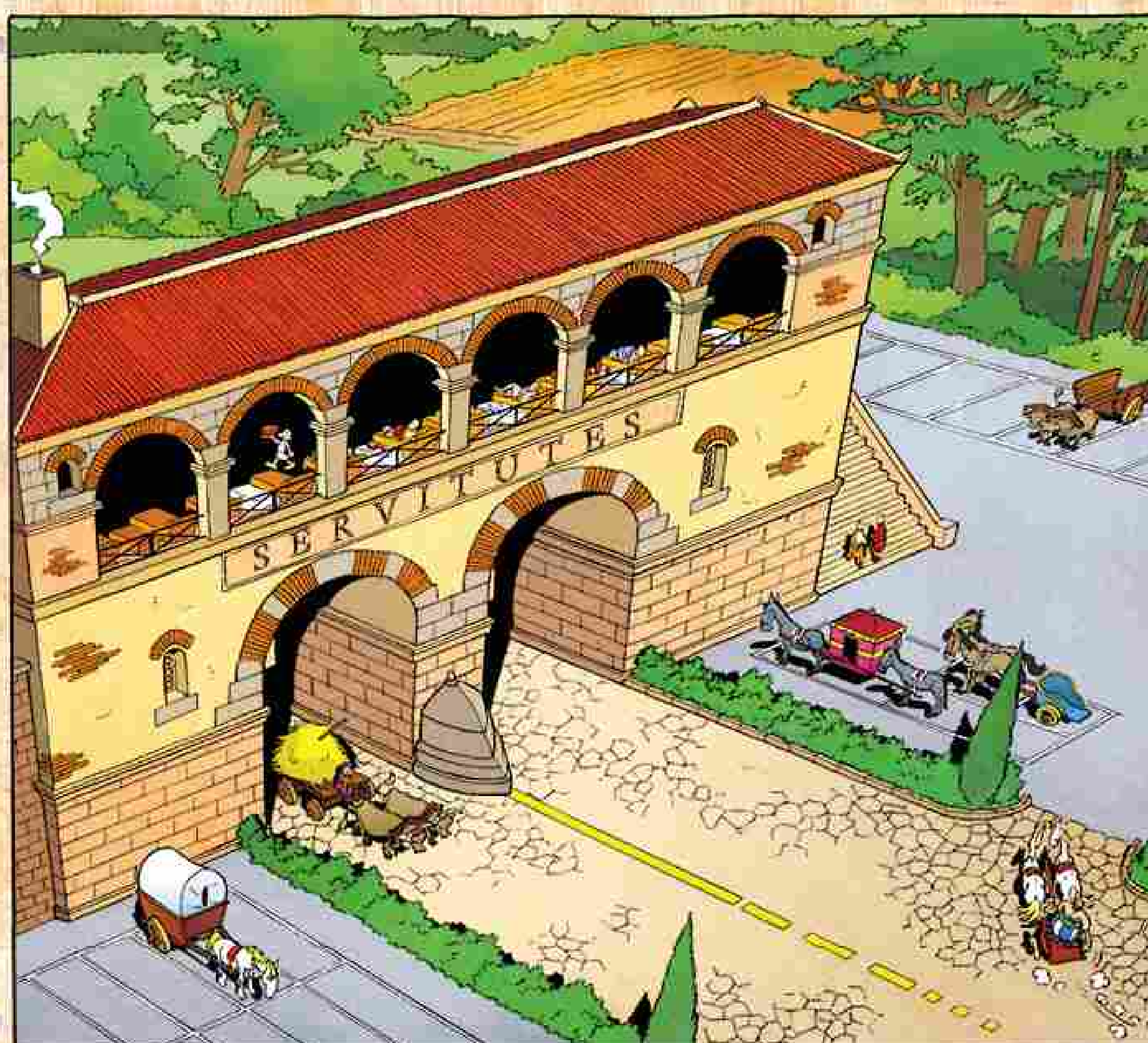
Fly above the clouds, and cure yourself for ever of fearing that the sky will fall on your head!

It has to be said, in defence of road users, that the design of the Roman road network is ancient. The authorities built roads paved with stone slabs which are no longer up to the pressure of modern traffic. They are cluttered up by ox-drawn haulage carts, and overtaking them is always dangerous. Nor do I think that imposing a speed limit of III millia passuum an hour¹ on all vehicles will solve the problem. And I doubt whether sending bad drivers to the Circus is a good idea, although the lions seem to think so. The roads must be widened and ring roads built around towns and villages. Anyone who has driven through Lugdunum will know what I mean.

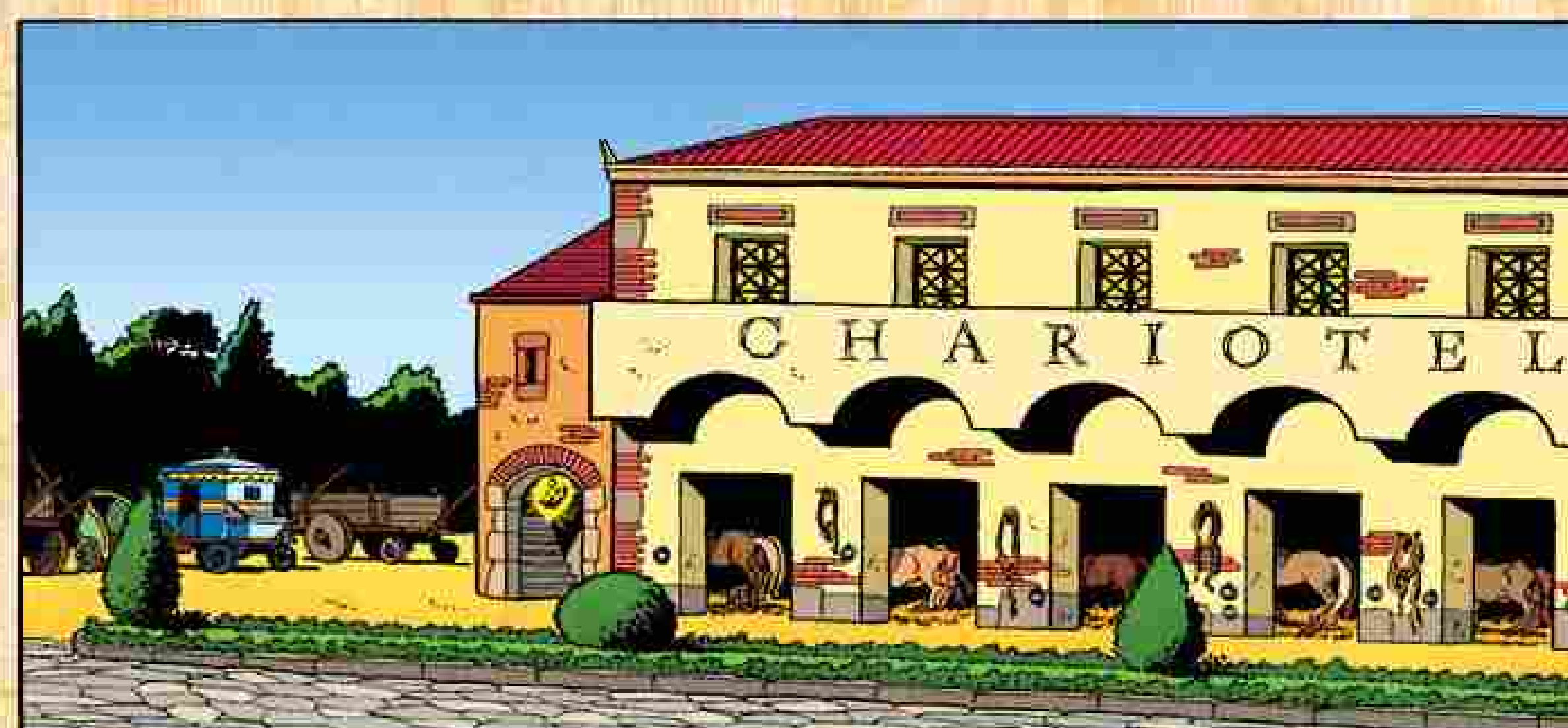
Meanwhile people go on taking risks and suffering from road rage as they hurl insults at each other. "I'm going to barbecue those oxen of yours!" "Get going, rapa²-face!" "I'm not tailgating you for ever, raeda lenta³! Let me by!" "I'm working! I'm a slave, I am! I'm not here for fun!" "You're a slave, eh? If I was your master I'd trade you in for a donkey. Donkeys work better, they're prettier and more intelligent!" "Want to know what the donkey says to you?" And so on.



It's not unusual to see what ought to have been a pleasant excursion degenerate into a pitched battle, leading to amphora-necks and tailbacks paralysing the traffic for millia and millia passuum.



ROMAN ROADS GUARANTEED C% FOR ALL MOD CONS



With servitutes, chariotels and service stations along the way, every effort has been made to provide for the comfort of chariot drivers!

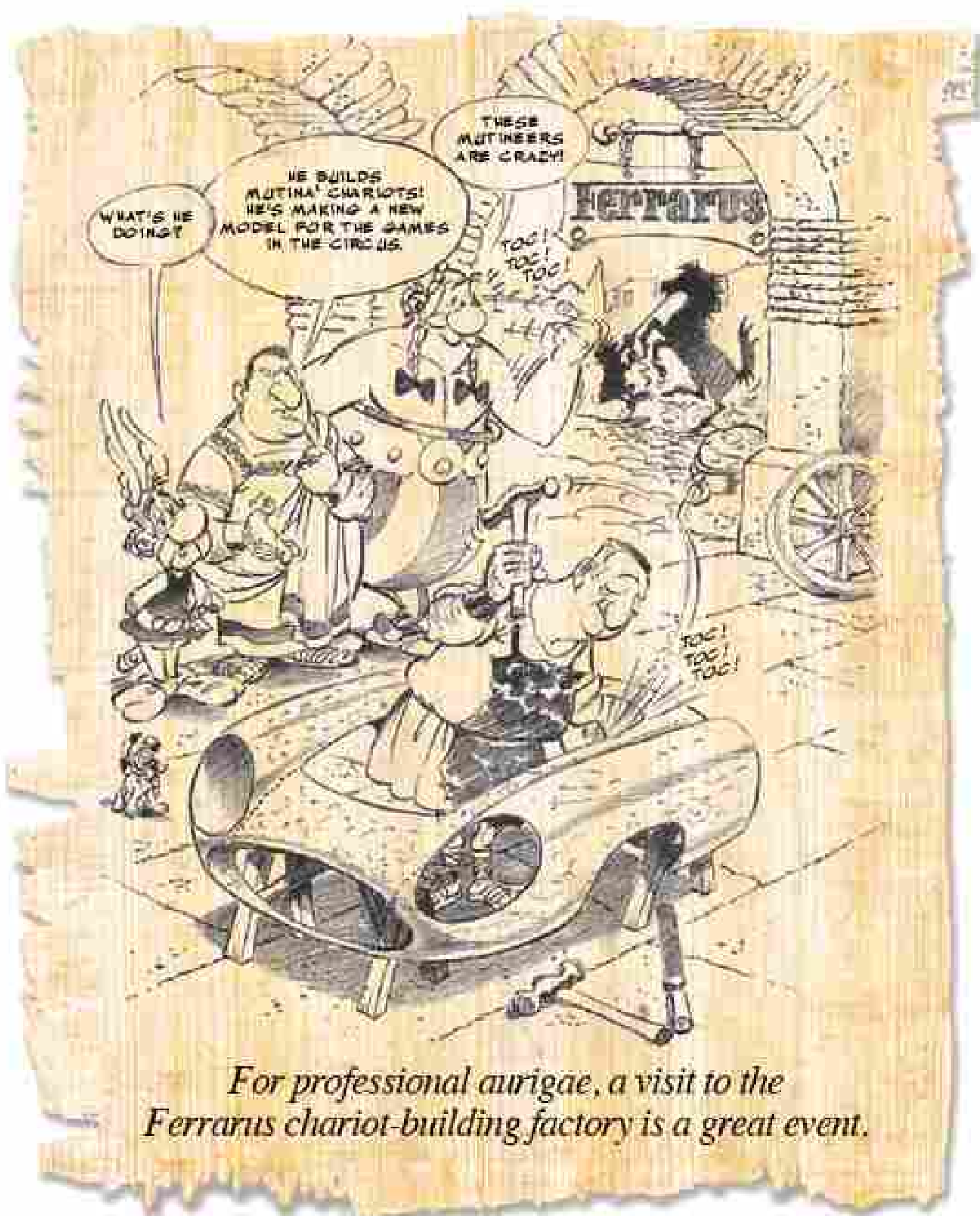
1 – About 4.5 kph 2 – Turnip eaten instead of potatoes 3 – Latin, slow coach

And there's one thing the Gauls will never understand: it's not a good idea to eat a heavy meal at lunchtime when you still have some way to travel. But we Gauls are greedy pigs, we feed our faces with wild boar, and we can't resist one last hornful of Aquitanian wine to wash it down! In spite of the marble slabs up beside the roads telling us not to drink and drive, we forget that the amphora can kill as easily as an enemy soldier's pilum. Remember:

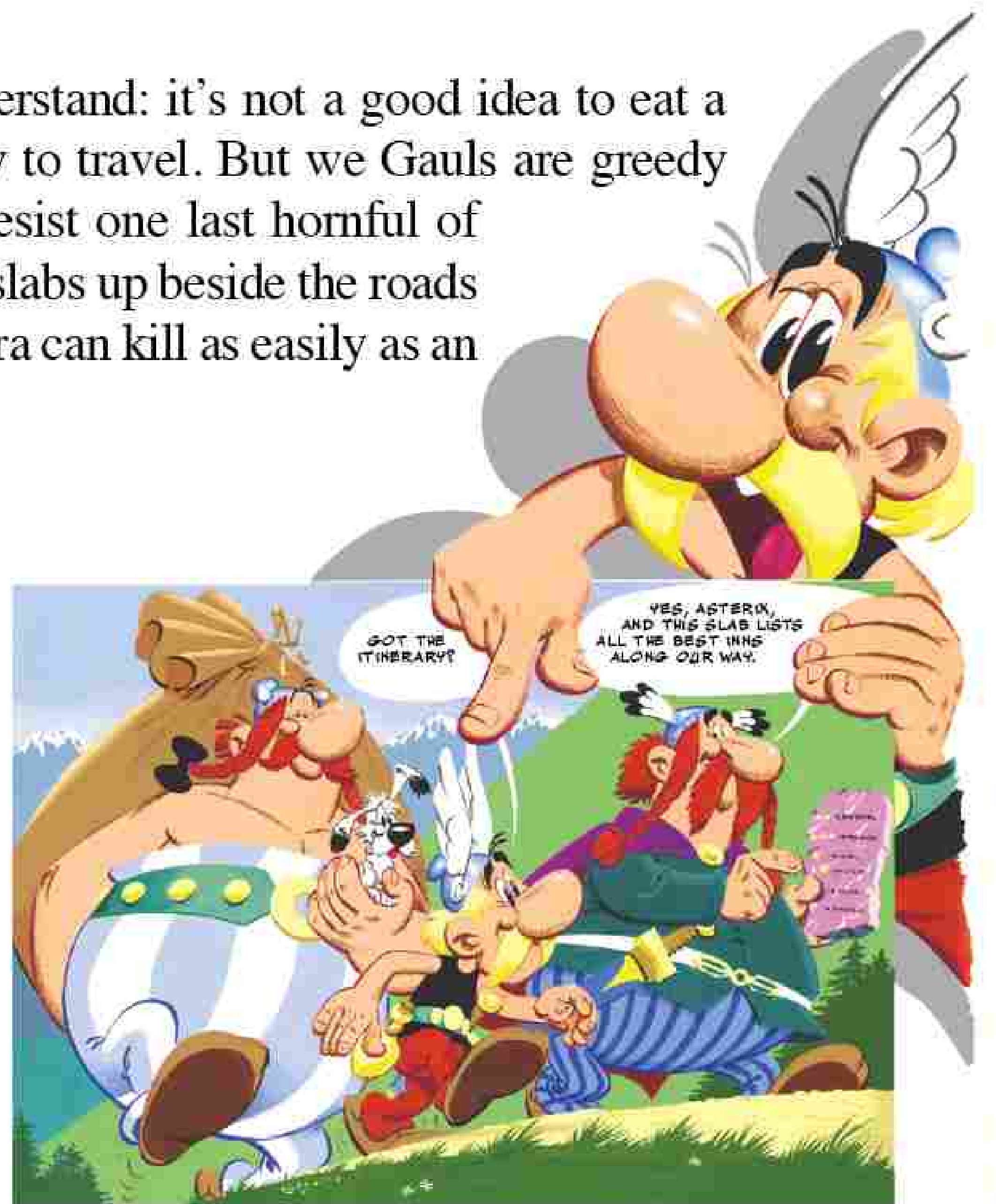
"One amphora, fine!
Two amphorae, watch out!"

Almost everyone has his own chariot these days, but how many people are really good drivers? How many of you know, for instance, what distance you need to stop a galloping horse? XX feet! A pair of oxen going full speed ahead will need XXX feet to come to a halt! And if you are travelling by litter, it takes X feet for slaves carrying you at full tilt to pull up.

Furthermore, whether you're in a Roman chariot, an ox cart or a litter, sports-chariot driving is best left to the professional aurigae. Allow me to offer a little advice: you're not Ben Hur. Controlled skids and sharp bends taken at the gallop are not for you. You have a good chariot, you're proud of the power under its yoke, but use that power only to keep yourself out of danger.



For professional aurigae, a visit to the Ferrarius chariot-building factory is a great event.

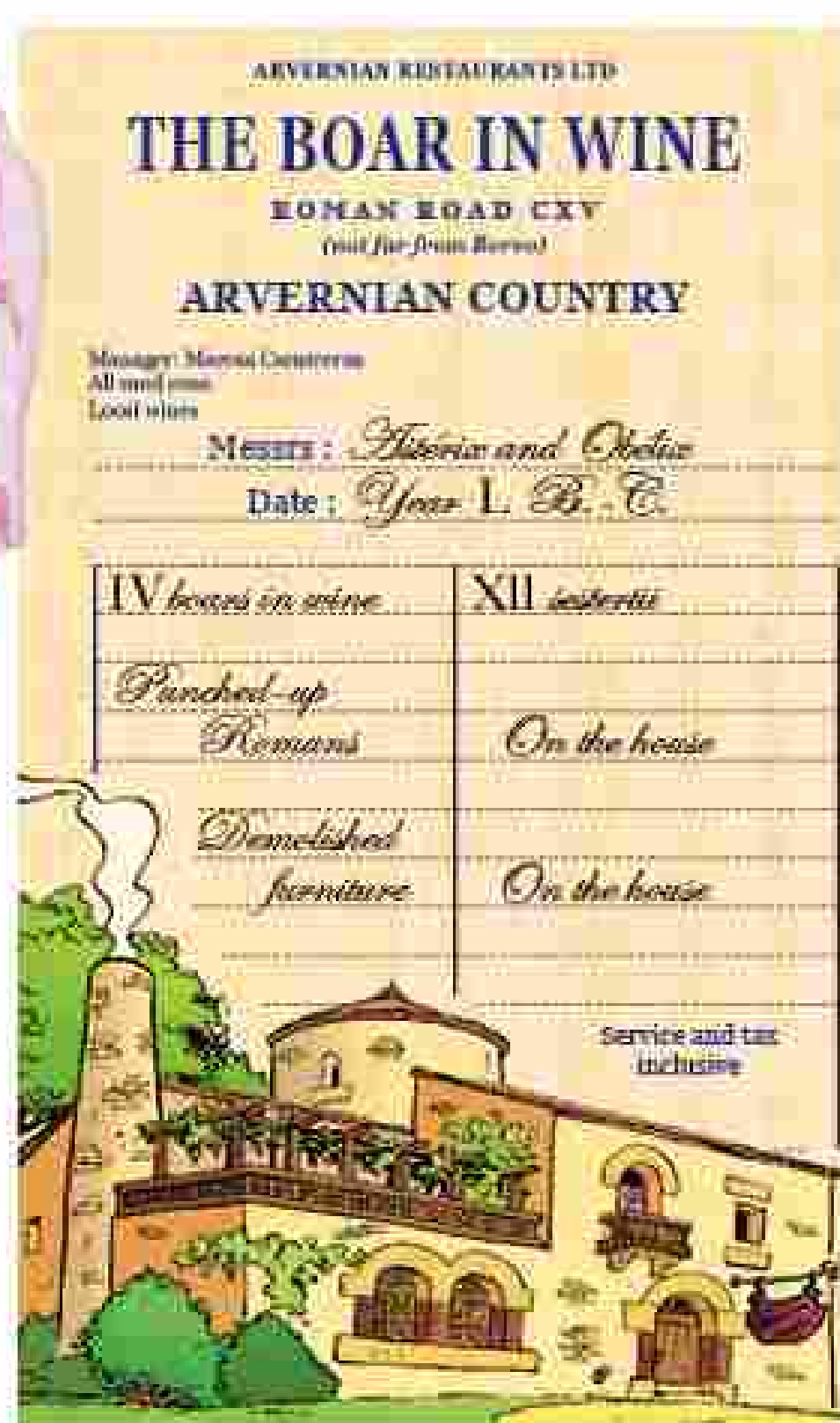


Another problem with our roads is that too few service stations are open at night. If you break down after sunset, I suppose you could always try looking for a veterinary surgeon, but you'll be told, "I'm here to sell hay, not doctor the draught animals." In addition, getting spare parts is difficult. If one of your team of oxen needs replacing, you'll be told that the spare part has to come from Charolais, and you may spend your whole holiday waiting for your ox to arrive. Because even when it gets into its stride an ox doesn't move fast!



To be sure of a warm welcome everywhere, take your travelling bard with you.

There are also the inns along your way. It's better not to stop on the off chance, because you may have a nasty surprise when the bill arrives, and your wallet could suffer a sizeable catapult-hole. Of course, if you like fancy cooking you'll find luxury establishments rated by golden sickles in the specialist guides, places where you can eat pâté of ants' thighs, stuffed nightingale tongues and candied trout-heads. But if you prefer simple fare, stop at one of the places with transport carts parked outside. You'll find a friendly atmosphere where they serve you good roast boar, chilled barley beer, and hydromel like Mater makes it.

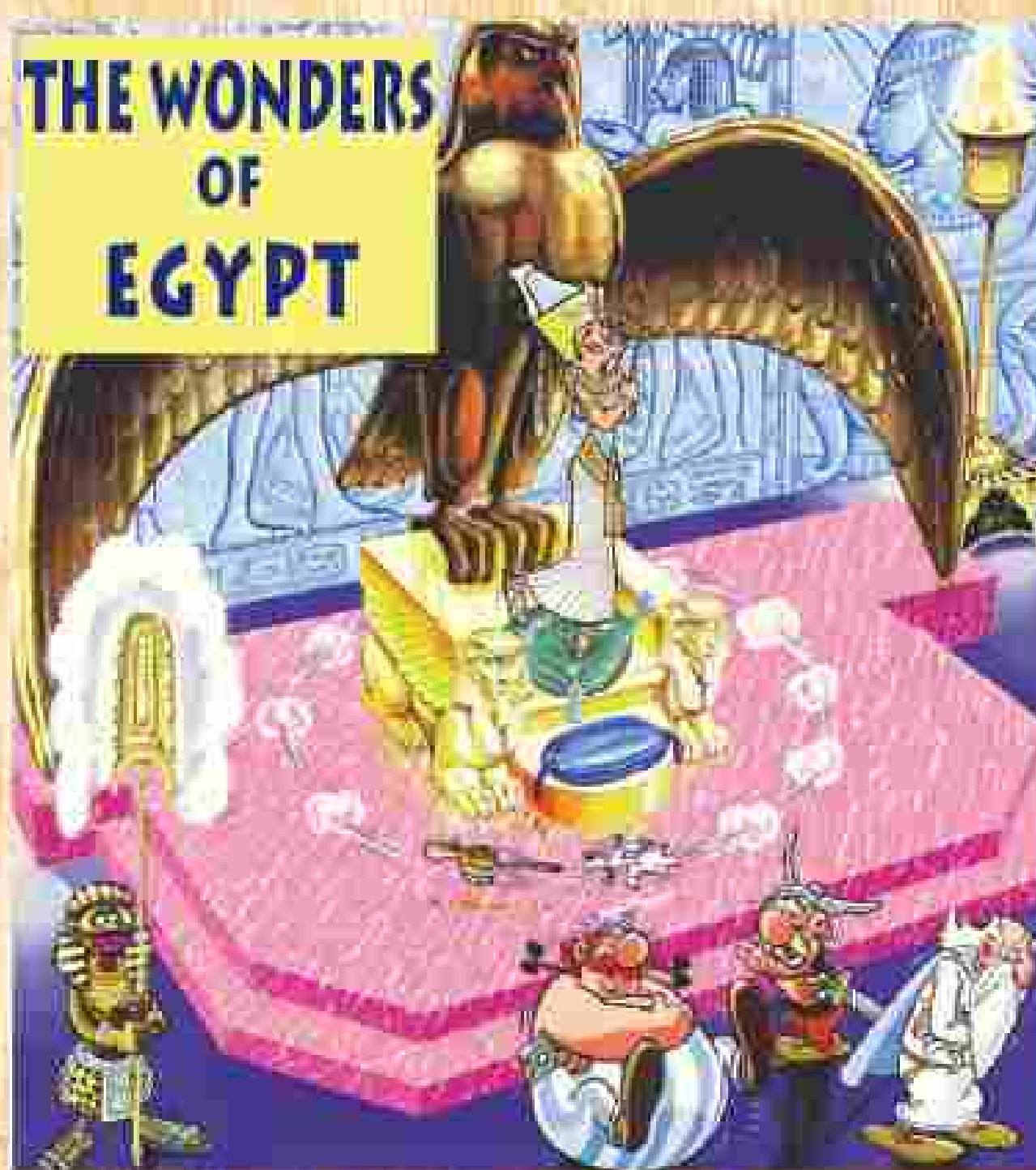


If you want a place to stay on your way, it's best to reserve in advance, or you may have to sleep the night in your chariot. Many like to go camping, but then you should follow the example of the Romans: never forget to dig a ditch and put up a fence around your tent. That will keep out attacking barbarians, who are sometimes a nuisance and spoil your good night's sleep.

Finally, I must add that only prudent Gauls enjoy their travels, but I wish all of you happy holidays!

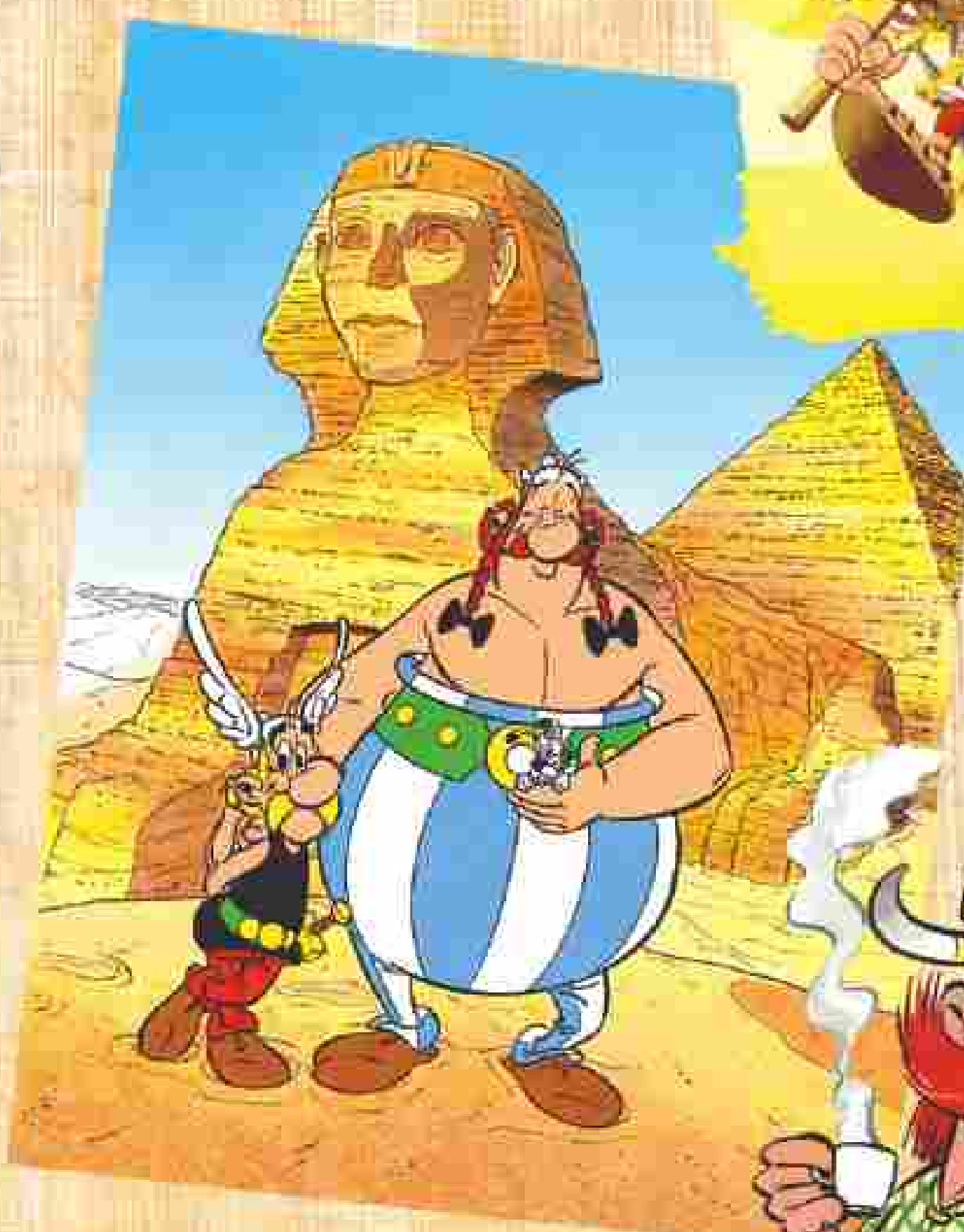
Text by René Goscinny published in *Pilote*, no. 347, 16 June 1966.

HOLIDAY IDEAS



Egypt and its queen of queens. Nothing but happy memories for the Gauls. We're not so sure about Cleopatra ...

Adventurers at heart will enjoy a stay in the middle of the desert. An unexpected encounter with your deepest longings!



To impress your friends, have souvenir pictures carved in front of historic monuments.



Britain, with its evergreen bard groups and legendary warm-water time. These Britons are crazy!

PUT YOUR TRAVELS ON THE MAP

Useful accessories to take, souvenirs from foreign lands: everything you need for going away in times of classical antiquity.

I.
Ticket for the Regional Eurostella Routes public chariot company.

II.
Set of Viking drinking skulls, great fun for merry evenings at home with friends!

III.
Postcard slabs.
To keep in touch with your loved ones.

IV.
Souvenir of the greatest city in the universe.

V.
Travel guide,
to make sure you don't miss anything!

VI.
Gourd of NSP.
Don't lose your bearings!
This gourd of North Star potion will help you find them again any time.
Exclusively brewed by Viking magicians.

VII.
Shipwrecked galley.
Do you enjoy sport?
Prepare to board a pirate ship (optional)

VIII.
A few sestertii.
Collectors: keep the loose change from every province.
Egyptian talents are the most sought after.

IX.
Club Middle Sea brochure slab.
Lots of leisure activities in idyllic surroundings.

X.
Pyramid paperweight.
The Great Pyramid in the snow.
You dream of it, the Egyptians make it!

XI.
Passport.
Issued by the Imperial authorities.
You will need one of these to move freely around all the countries that are part of the Pax Romana.







ROMAN ROAD, FOR ASTERIX ...

THESE ROMANS ARE CRAZY, ONE OF MY BIGGEST HITS, FOR OBELIX ...

AND FINALLY CHILLER, GUARANTEED TO MAKE EVEN THE VIKINGS KNOW THE THRILL OF FEAR!

ROMAN ROAD

To Asterix affectionately
Cacofonix



THESE ROMANS...

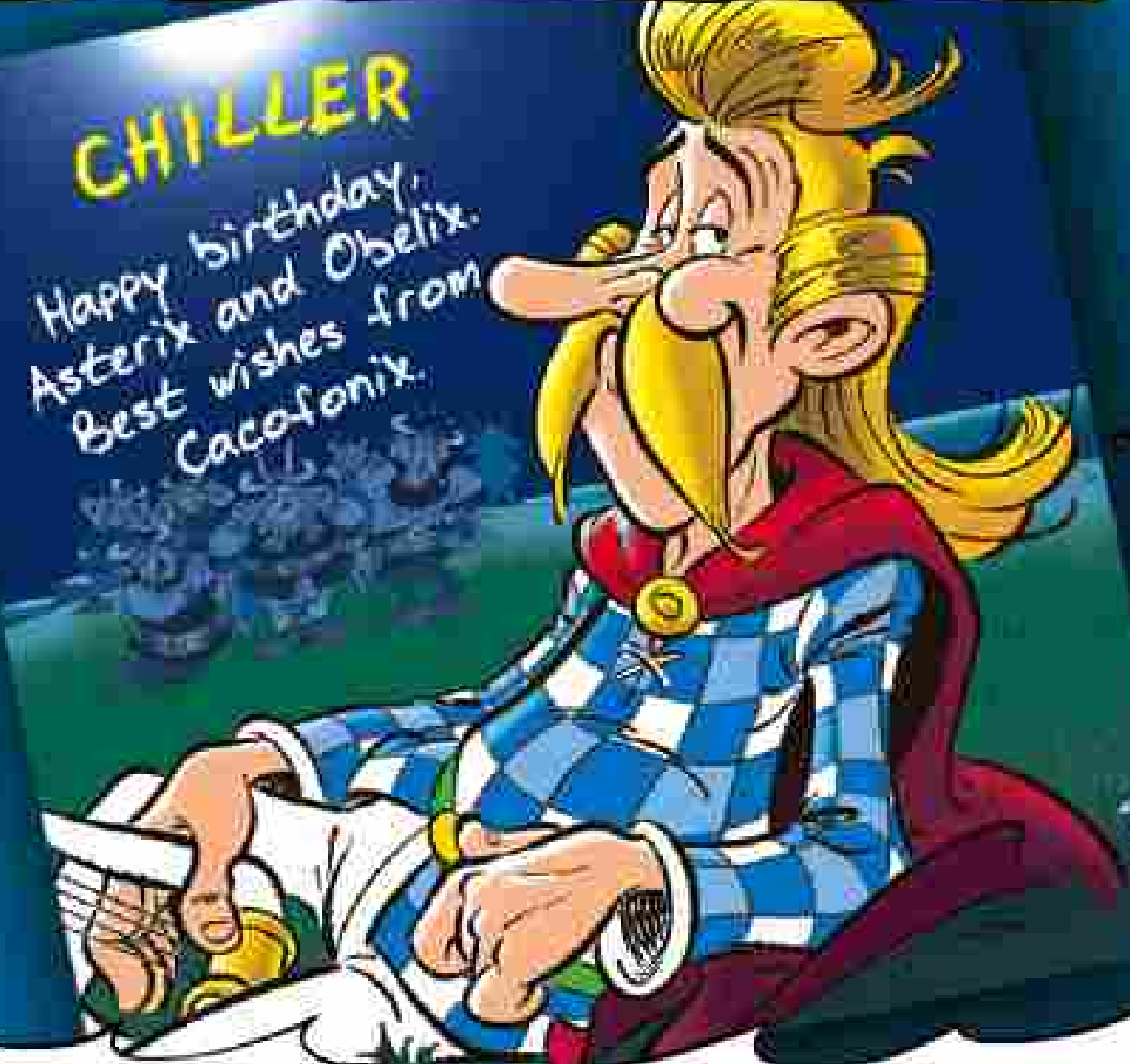
For you, my dear friend Obelix. Romans the way you like them, one step beyond madness.
Your friend
Cacofonix.



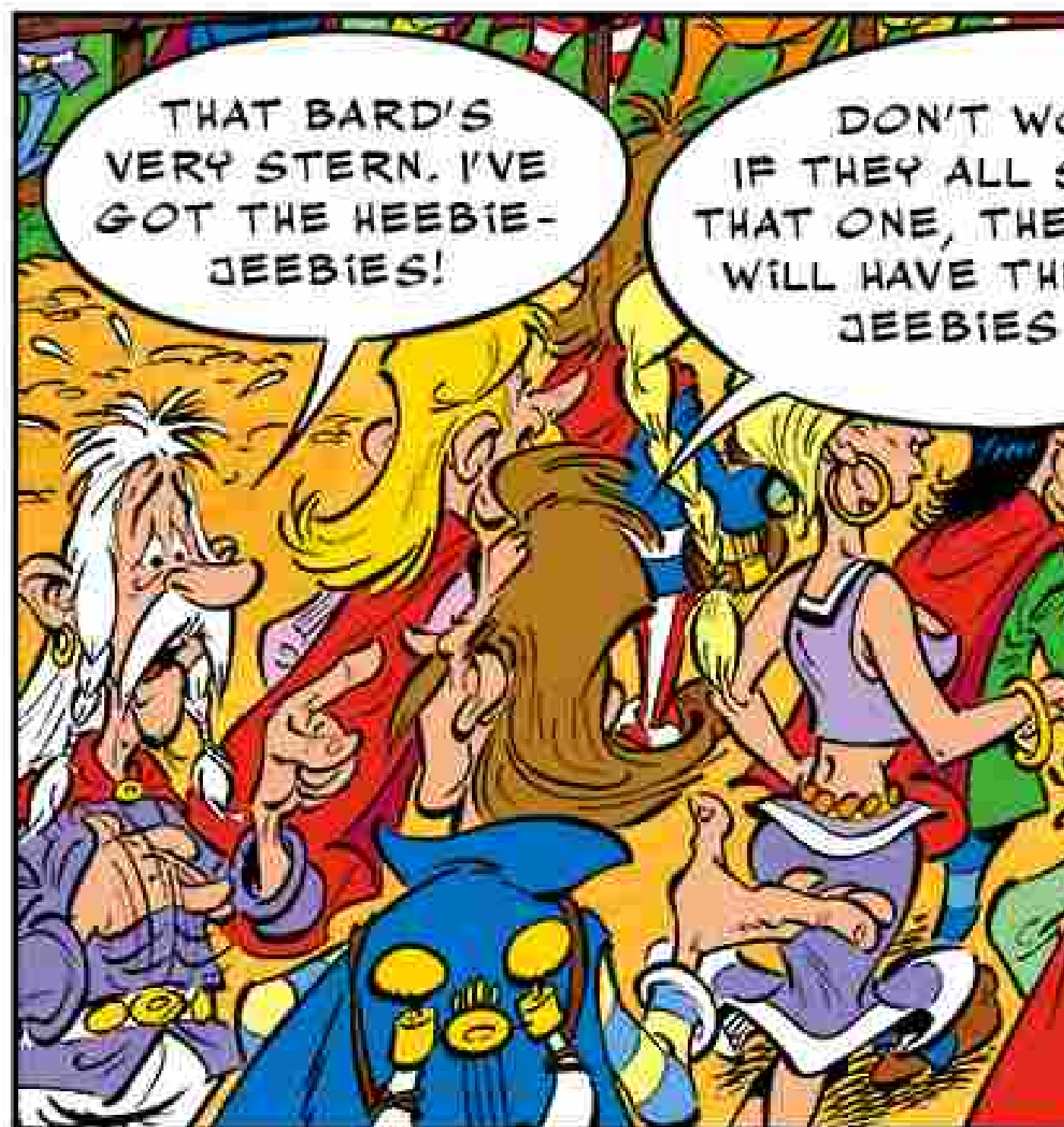
...ARE CRAZY

CHILLER

Happy birthday,
Asterix and Obelix.
Best wishes from
Cacofonix.

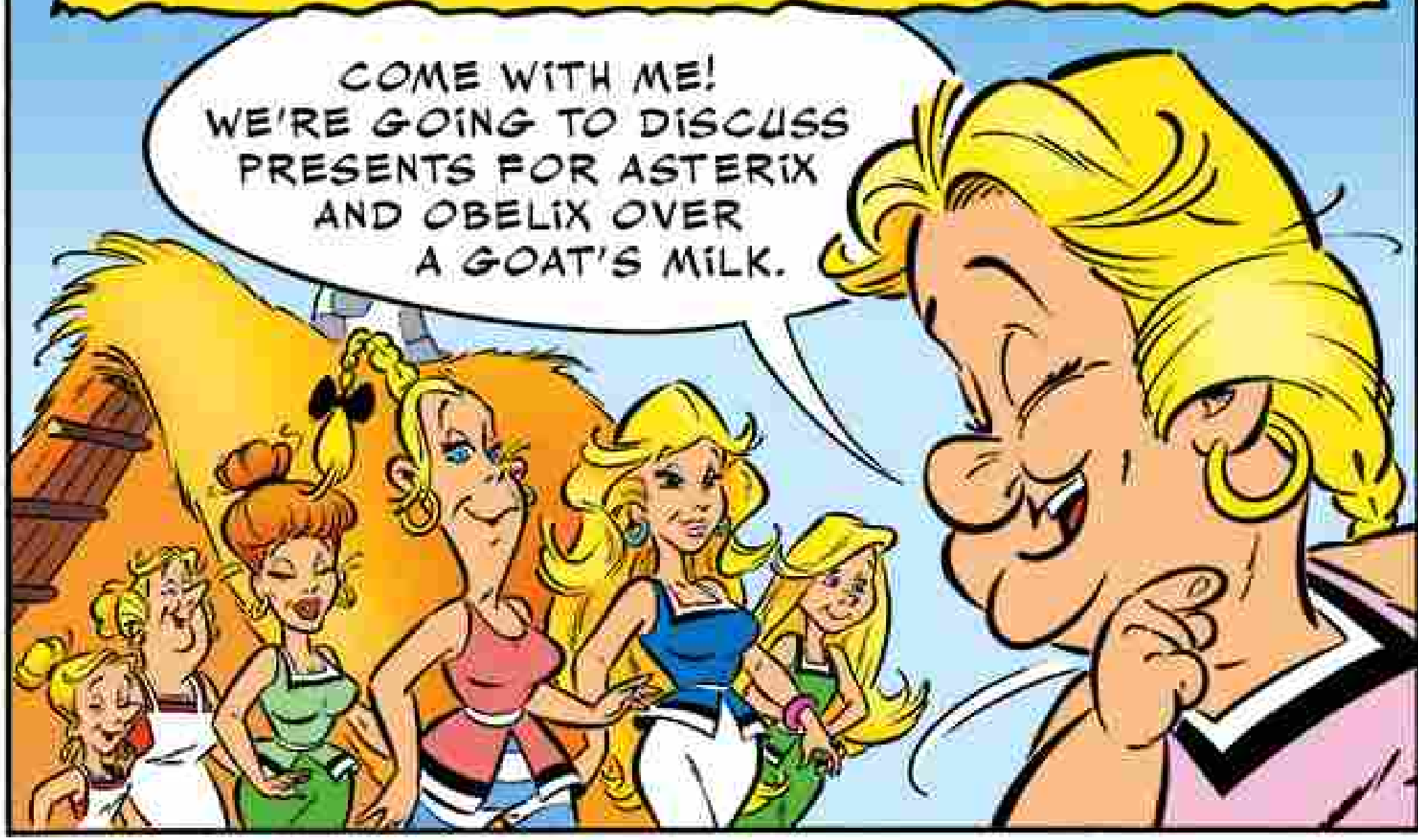


22A

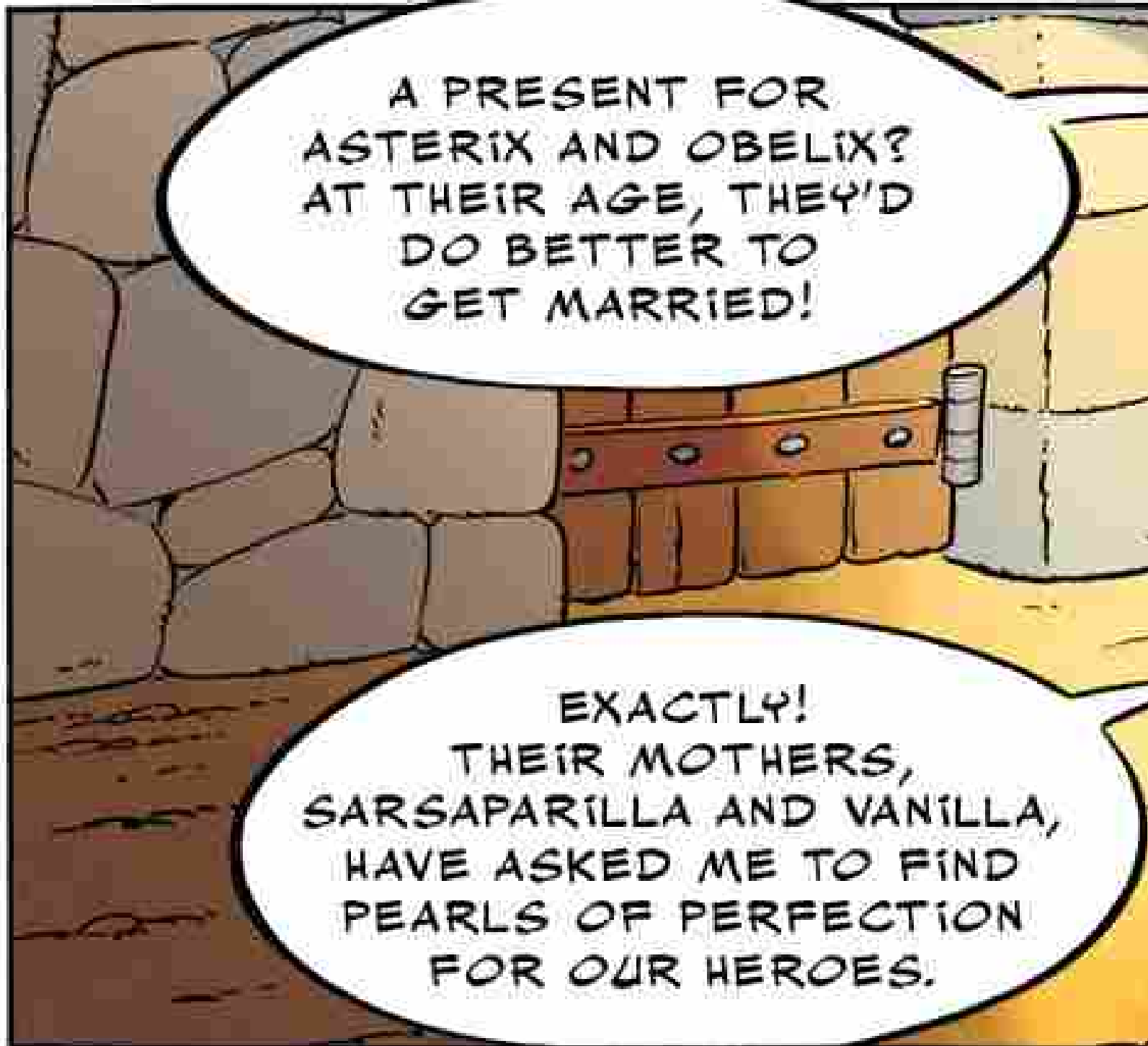


22B

UNIMPRESSED BY CACOFONIX'S IDEAS FOR PRESENTS, IMPEDIMENTA INVITES THE GAULISH LADIES IN FOR A NICE CUPPA.



COME WITH ME!
WE'RE GOING TO DISCUSS
PRESENTS FOR ASTERIX
AND OBELIX OVER
A GOAT'S MILK.



A PRESENT FOR
ASTERIX AND OBELIX?
AT THEIR AGE, THEY'D
DO BETTER TO
GET MARRIED!

EXACTLY!
THEIR MOTHERS,
SARSAPARILLA AND VANILLA,
HAVE ASKED ME TO FIND
PEARLS OF PERFECTION
FOR OUR HEROES.



ASTERIX IS A
HOPELESS CASE.
I DID WHAT I COULD,
BUT ...

I FEAR POOR
OBELIX HAS EYES
ONLY FOR ME.

OBELIX? HUH!
HE HAS EYES ONLY
FOR HIS ROMANS
AND HIS BOARS.



I'M AFRAID IT'S
A FACT THAT THOSE
TWO WARRIORS KNOW
NOTHING ABOUT TENDER
AFFECTION.



AND AMOROUS
PASSION HAS
THEM BAFFLED.



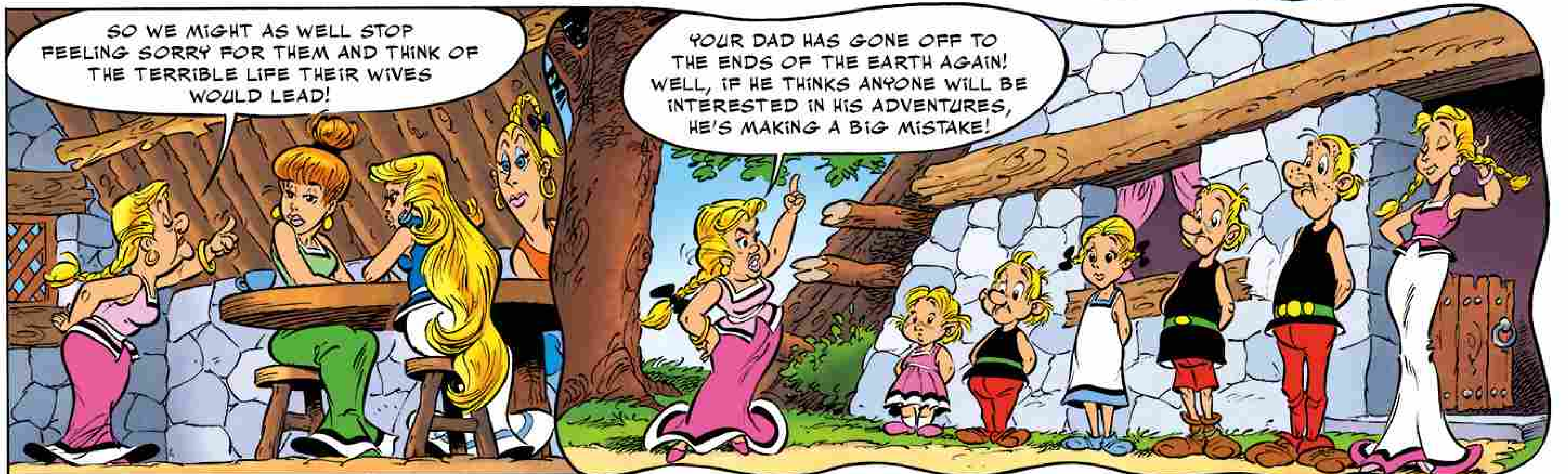
THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH
DEFEATIST TALK! THEY NEED
WOMEN OF CHARACTER TO
BRING A LITTLE ORDER INTO
THEIR LIVES.



EXCEPTIONAL
WOMEN WHOM THEY
CAN LOOK UP TO!





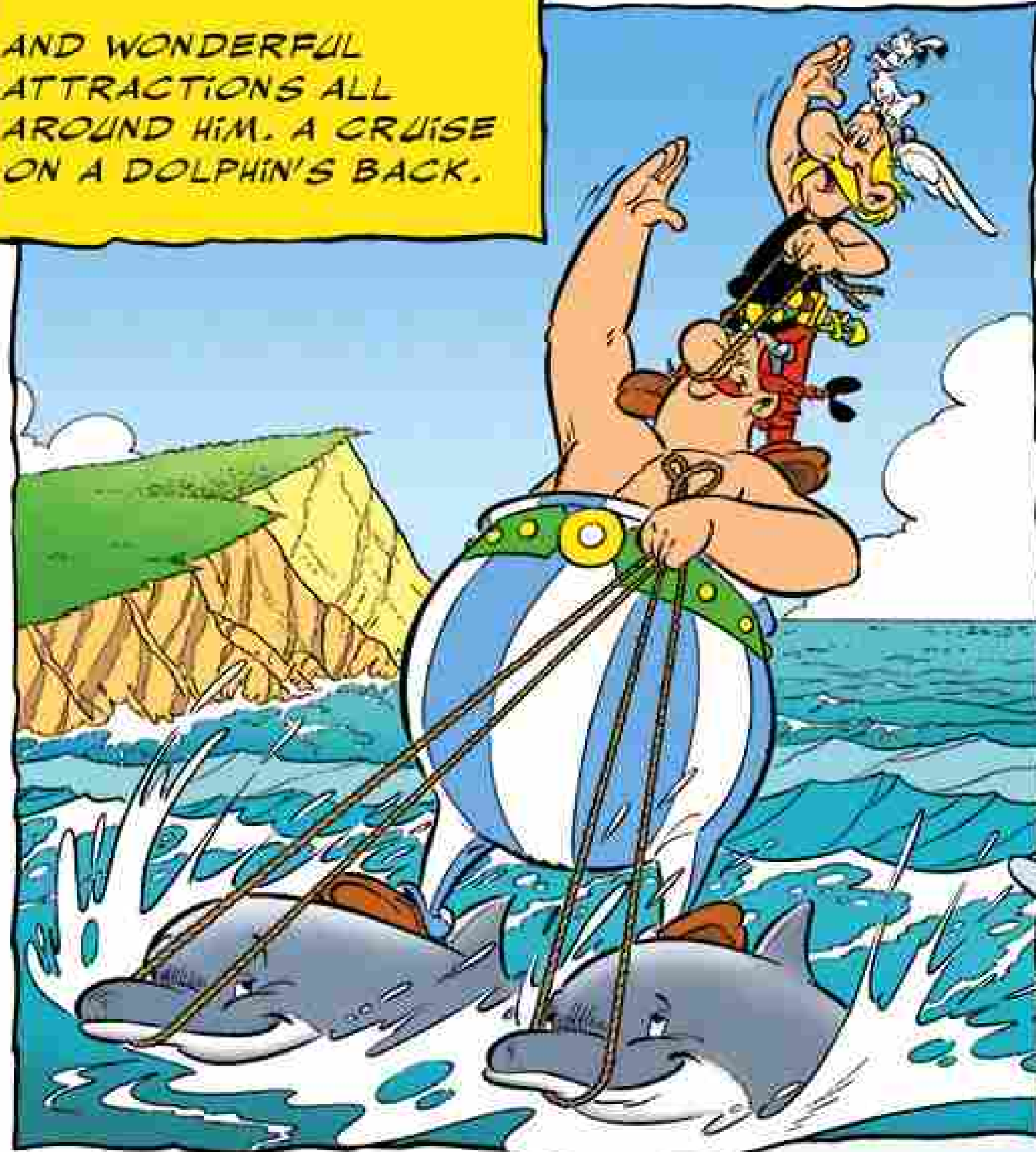




MEANWHILE, IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE, THERE ARE MANY IDEAS IN THE AIR ...



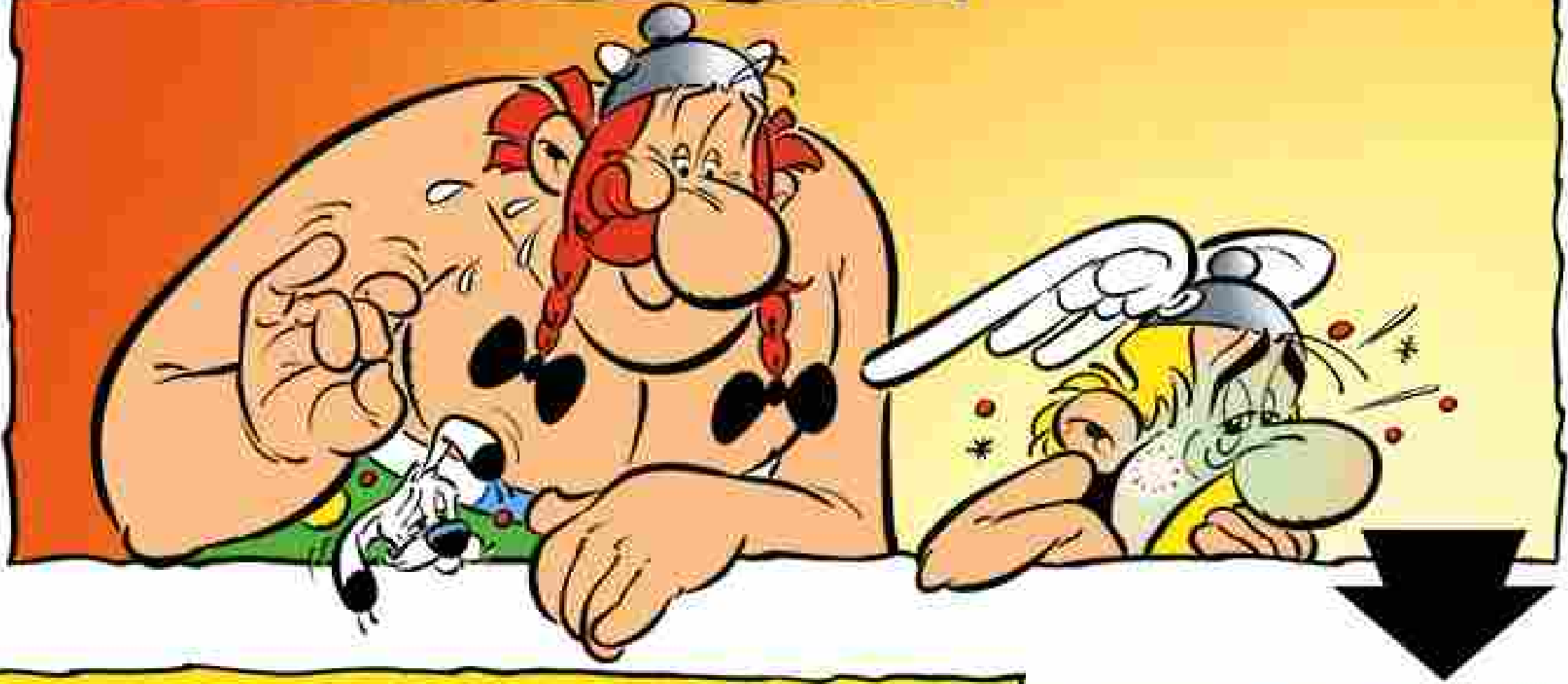
AND WONDERFUL ATTRACTIONS ALL AROUND HIM. A CRUISE ON A DOLPHIN'S BACK.



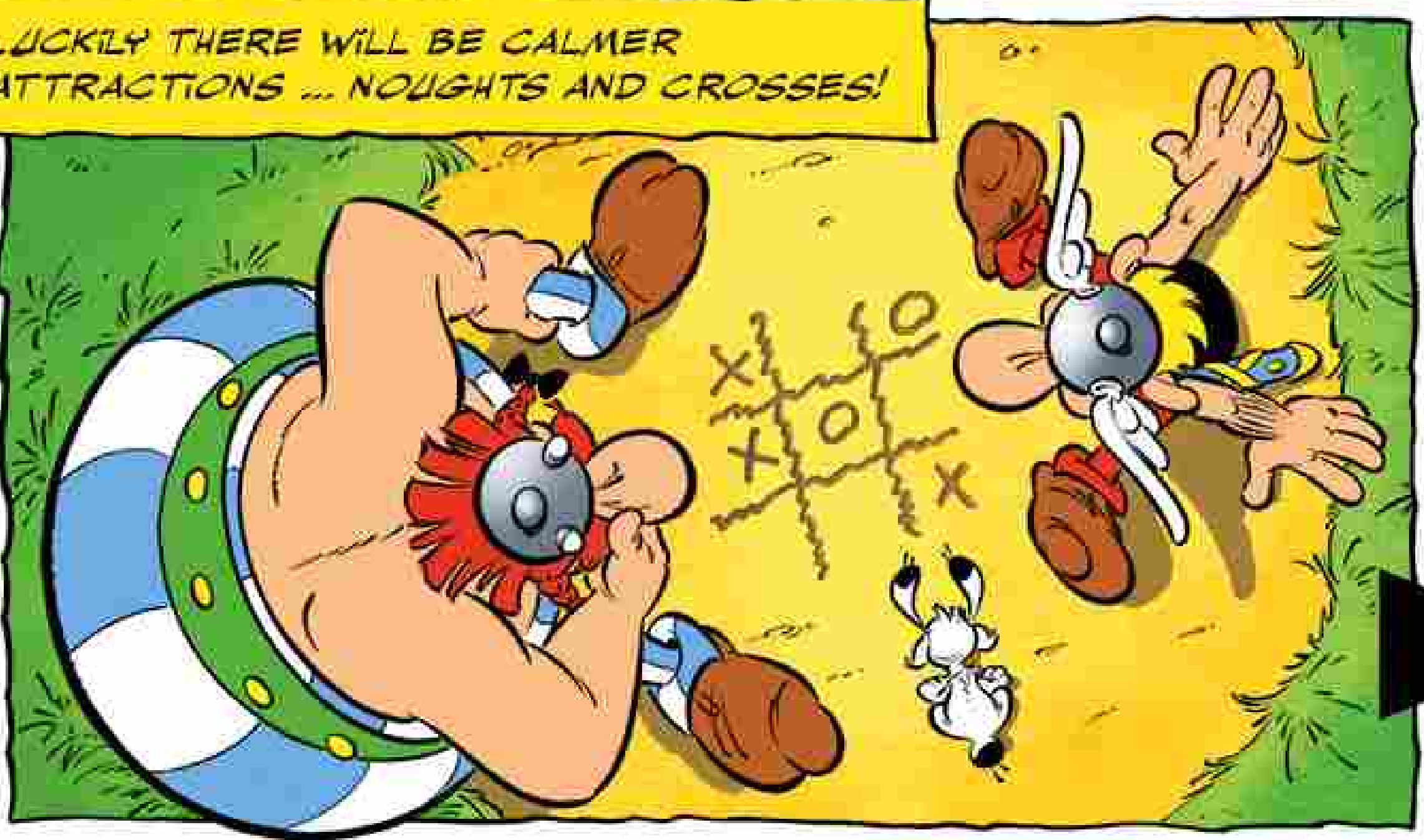
AN AQUATIC BIG DIPPER.



OBELIX WILL LOVE IT! I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT ASTERIX AND DOGMATIX.

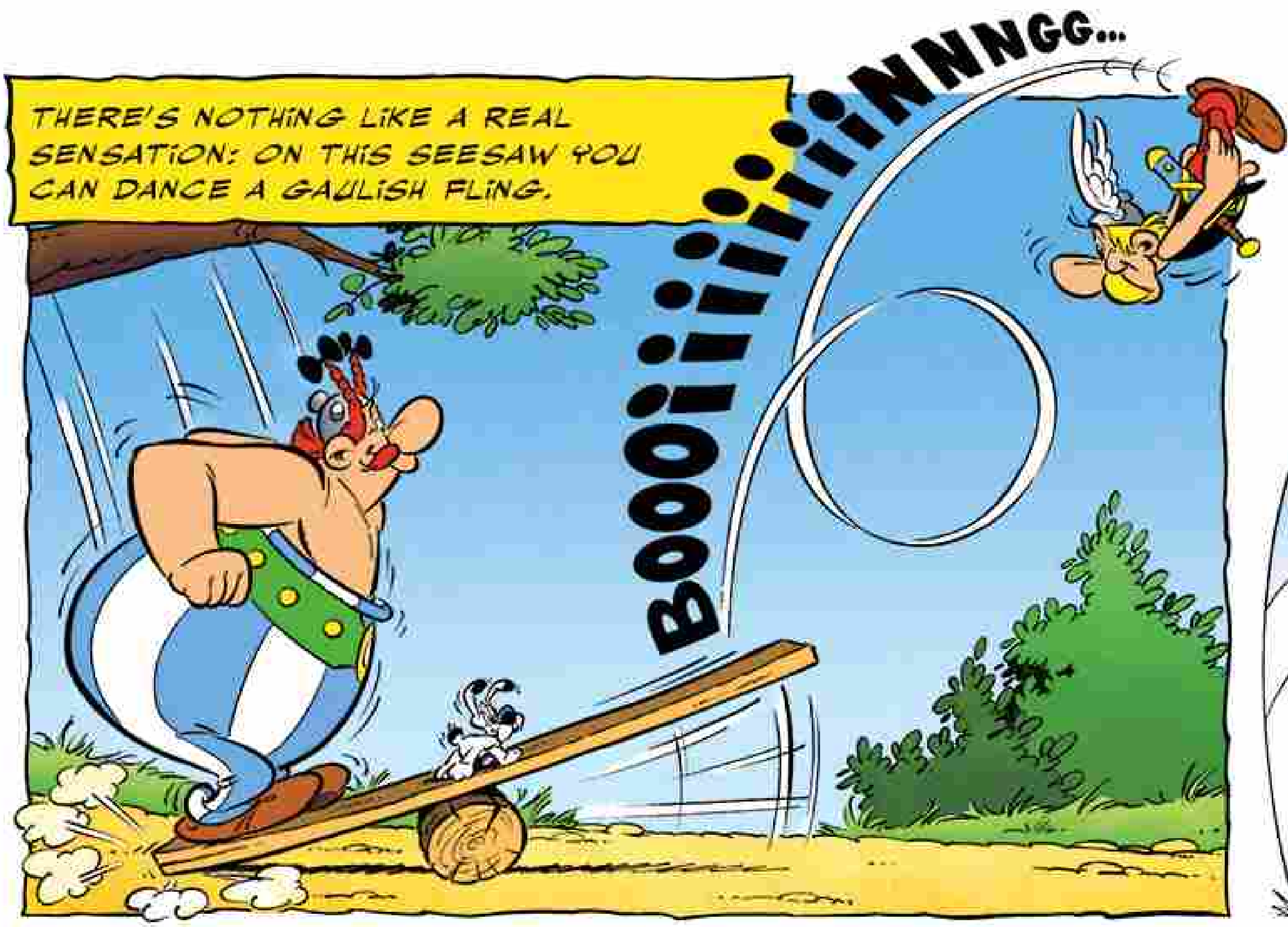


LUCKILY THERE WILL BE CALMER ATTRACTIONS ... NOUGHTS AND CROSSES!



AND PUZZLES FOR OBELIX. HE CARVES LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS!

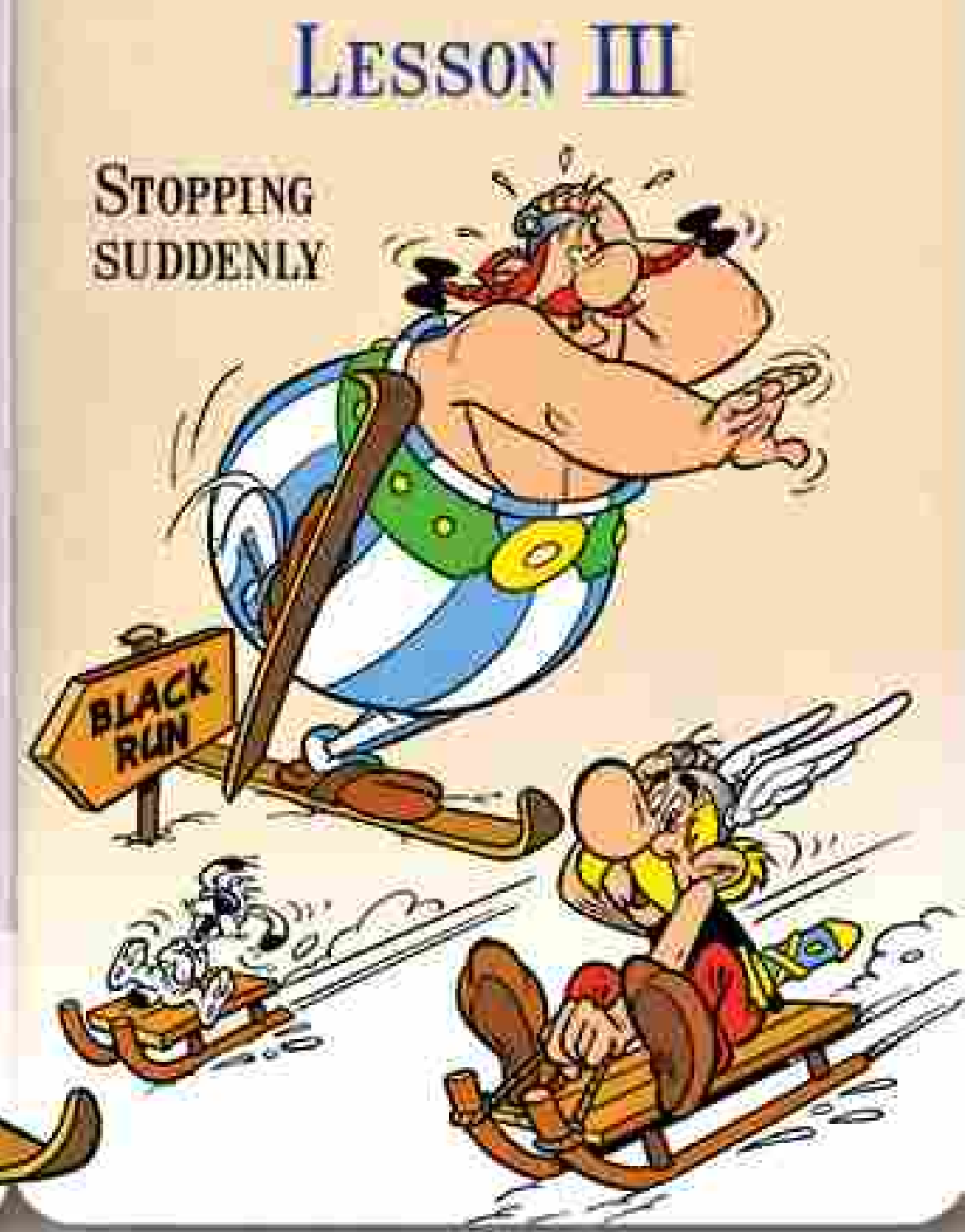
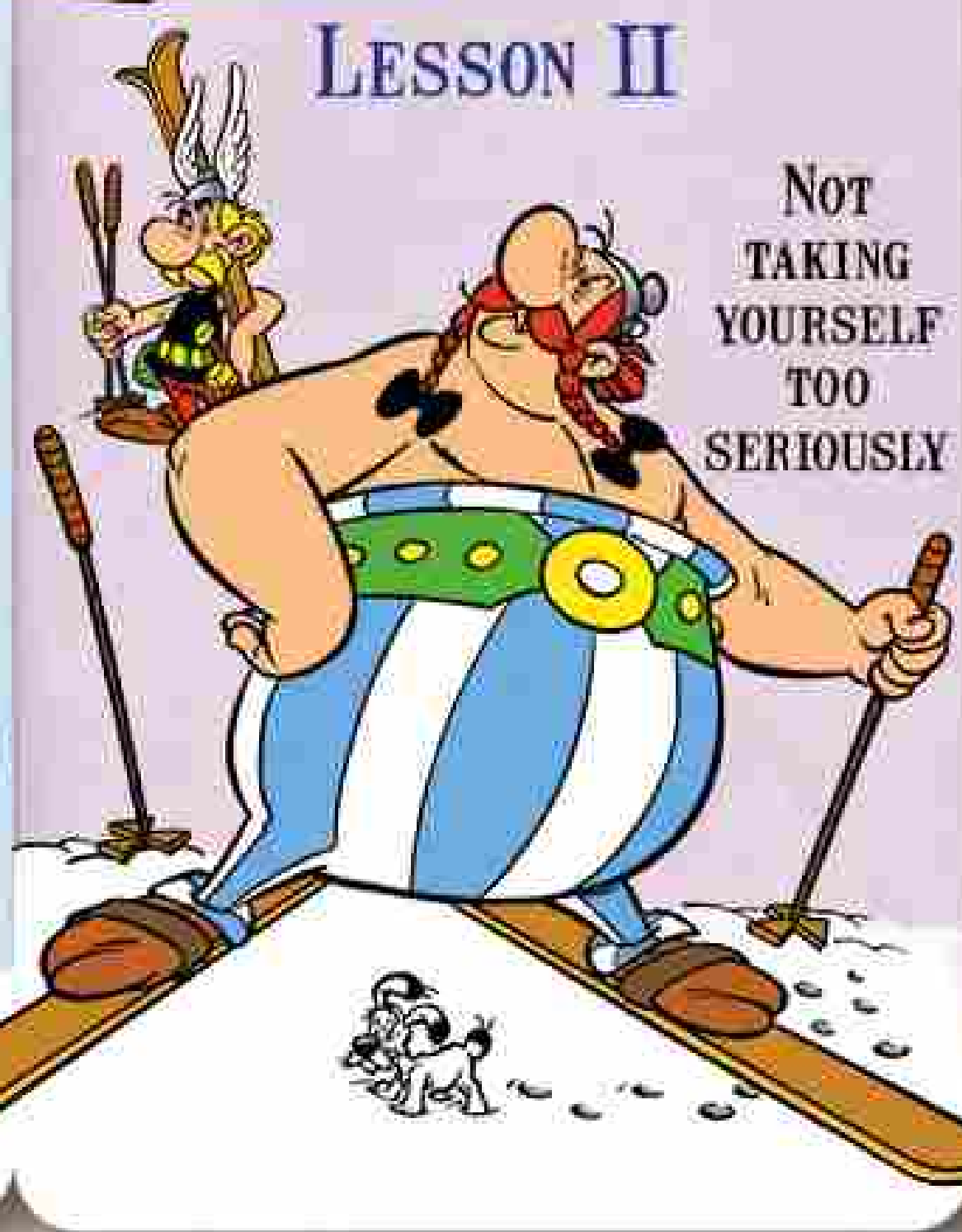
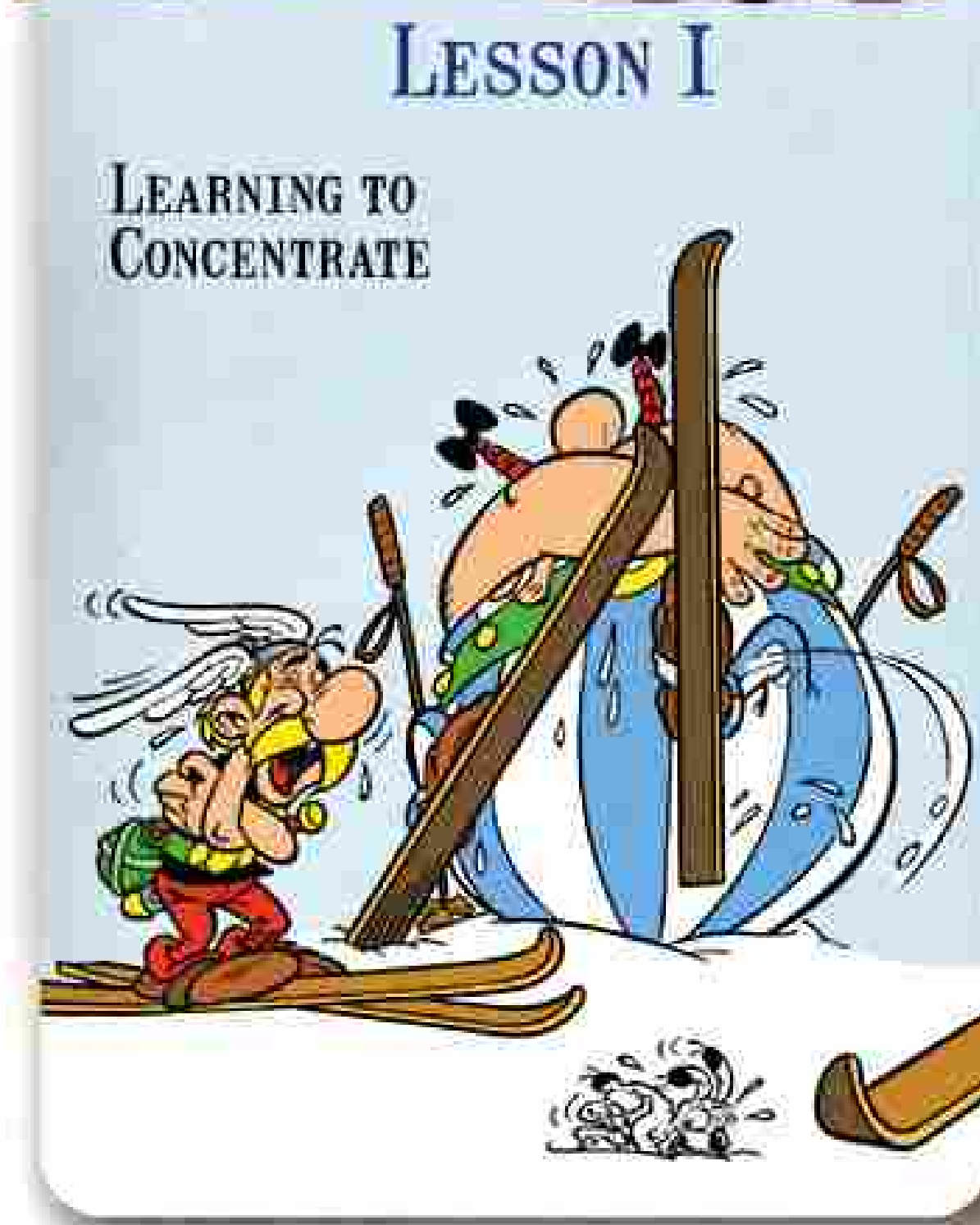




MY DISTORTING MIRRORS ARE AN INVENTION WHICH WILL LEAVE ASTERIX AND OBELIX FLABBERGASTED.



THERE'LL BE SPORTS IN THE PARK TOO. YOU CAN LEARN HOW TO SLIDE ON THE SNOW ...



AND A GAME GOOD FOR A LAUGH. TEST OBELIX'S FLEXIBILITY!



FINALLY, ROMAN PELOTA, A PASTIME MUCH ENJOYED BY THE INDOMITABLE GAULS!



THE PARK WILL BE A GREAT
ATTRACTION! THIS WILL GIVE YOU
SOME IDEA OF ITS SUCCESS.

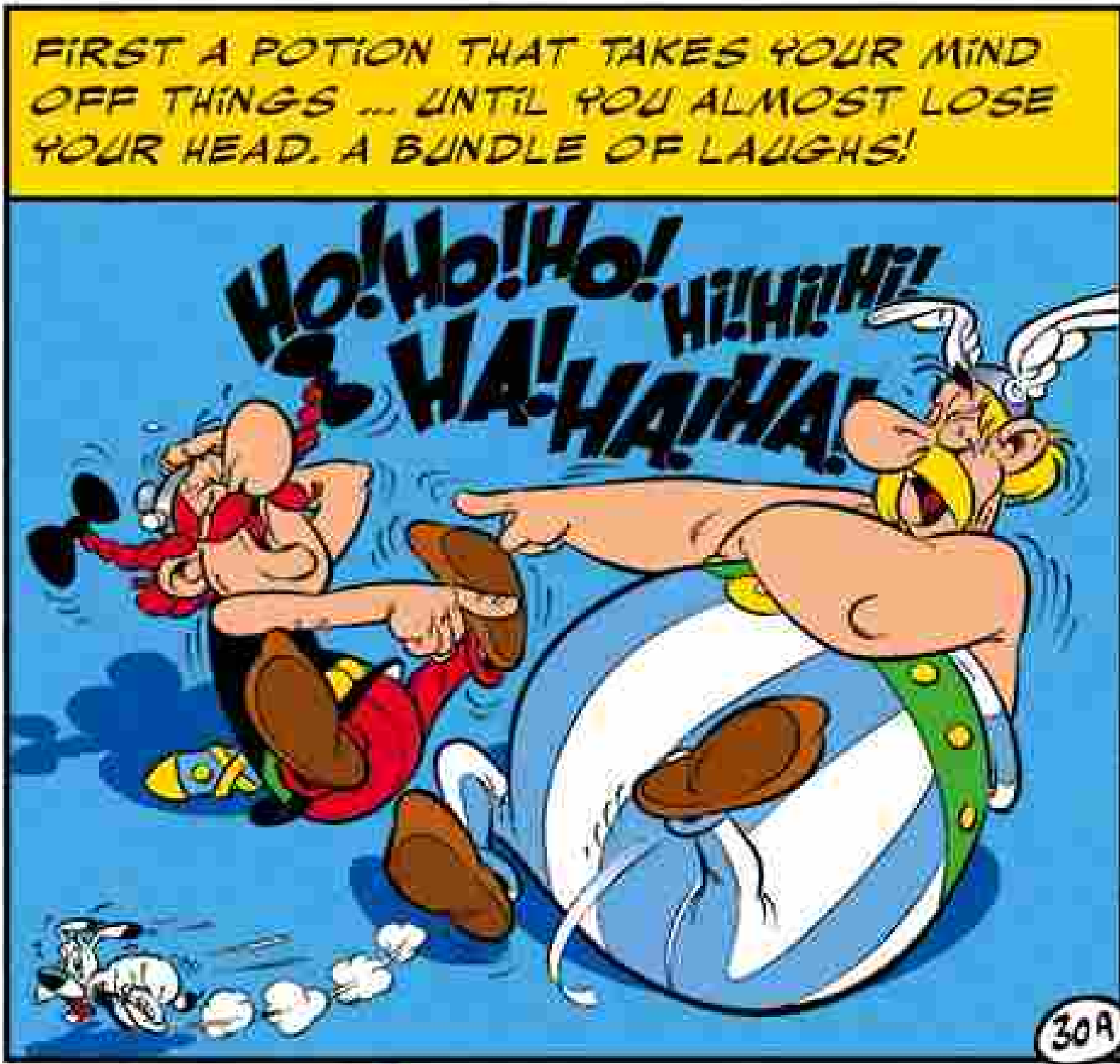
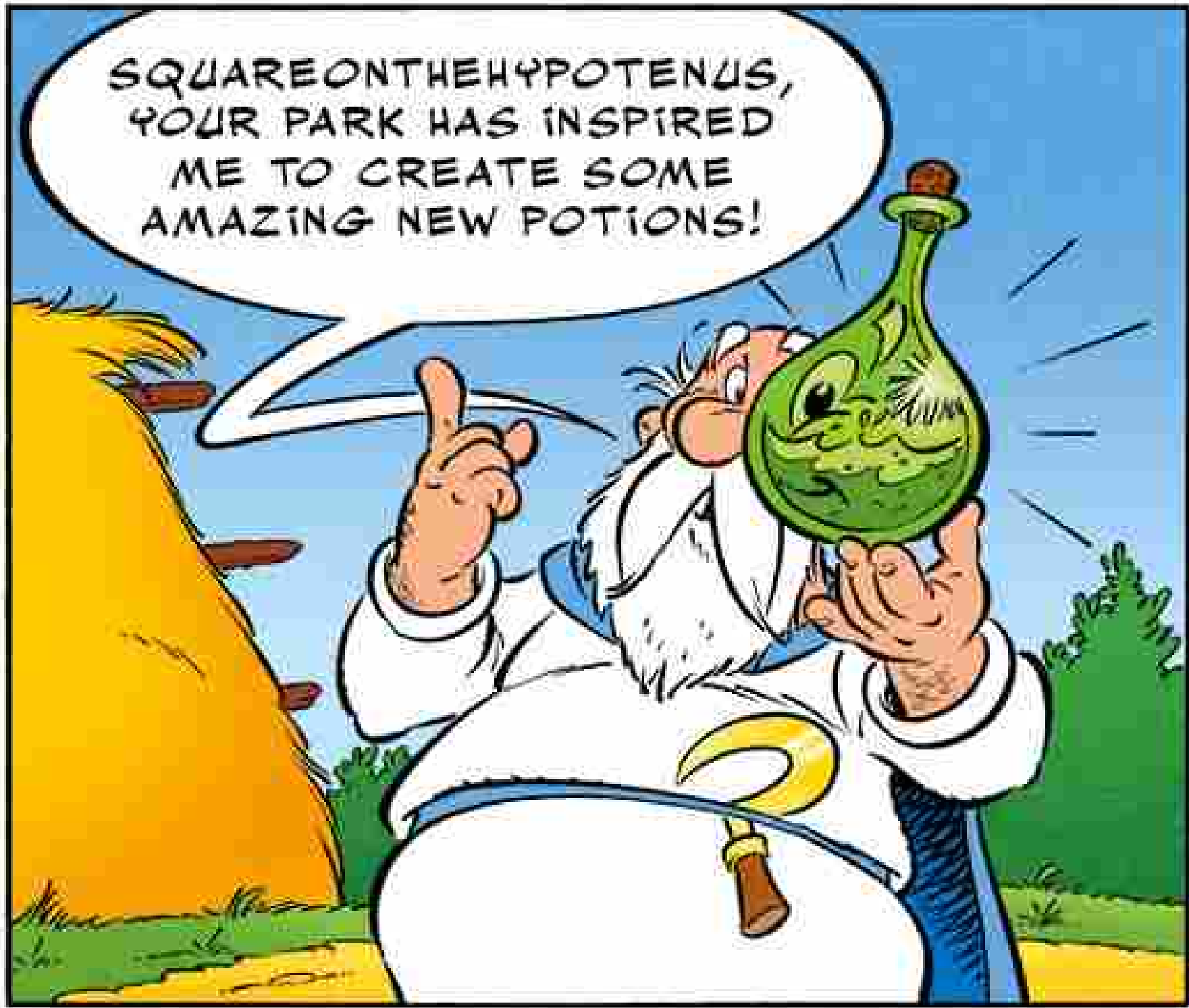
△ SQUAREONTHEHYPOTENUS PRODUCTIONS	
PROJECT	Indomitable Gauls' Park
SKETCH	Opening day
DATE	Year L BC

CALM DOWN!
CALM DOWN! THIS
ISN'T GERGOVIA,
YOU KNOW.

SEE ALL THESE PEOPLE,
ASTERIX? IF A WILD SOW
LOST HER PIGLETS SHE'D
NEVER FIND THEM IN THIS
CROWD.

THE LAST TIME I SAW
SO MANY HAPPY PEOPLE
WAS WHEN OUR BARD
LOST HIS VOICE!

THE
ORGANIZATION
OF THE GAULISH
VILLAGE IS WORTHY
OF US, BY JUPITER!
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE
ABOUT IT.



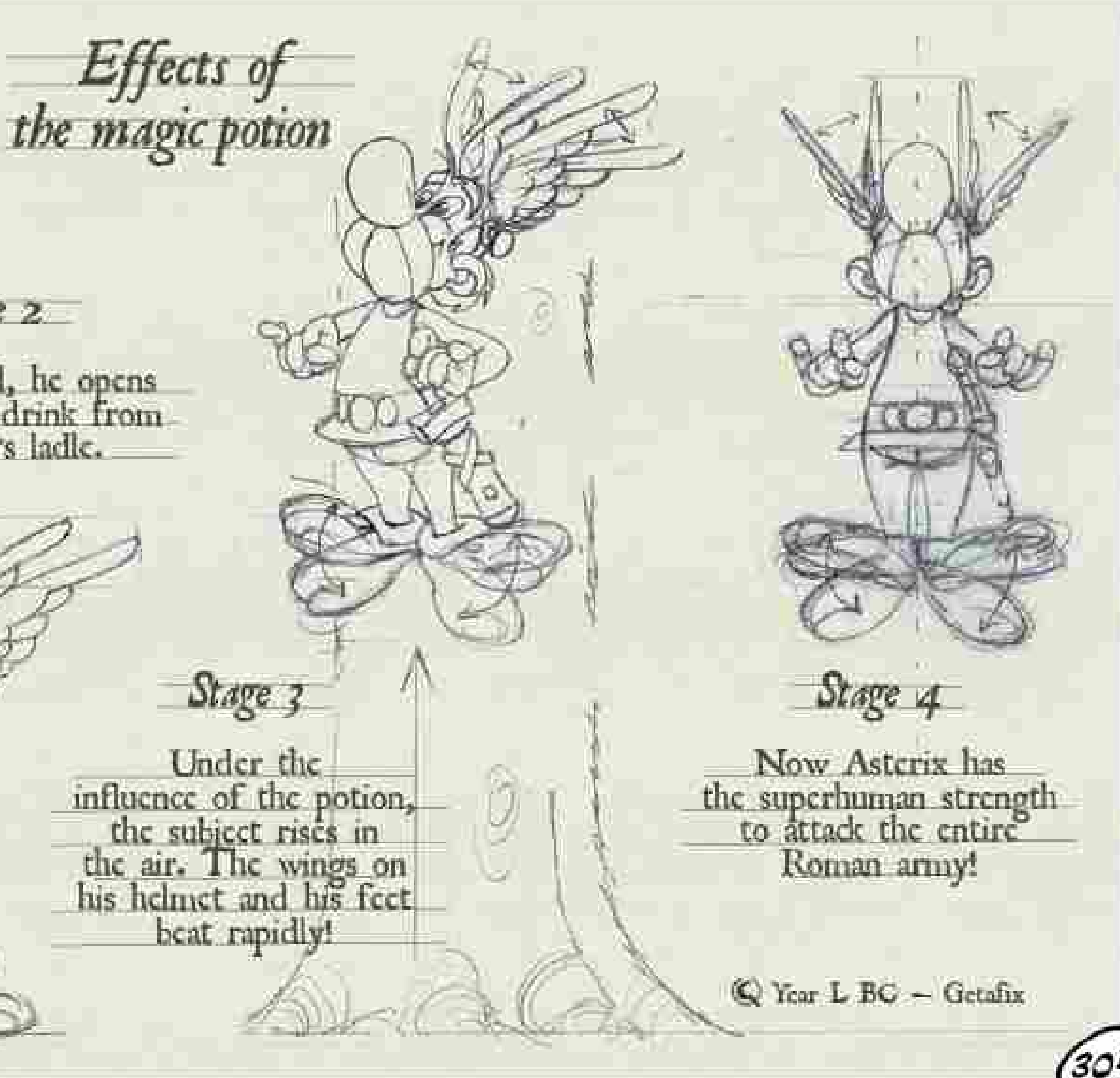
THEN THE POTION THAT CURES DEPRESSION BY CHASING BLACK THOUGHTS AWAY ... FOR GOOD!



THE POTION THAT GUARDS AGAINST THE WEIGHT OF ADVANCING YEARS ... JUST ONE DROP GIVES YOU THE FLOWER POWER OF YOUR YOUTH!



AND I'VE KEPT THE BEST TILL LAST: MY FRIEND GETAFIX'S FAMOUS MAGIC POTION. ITS EFFECTS, SHOWN IN DETAIL HERE, ARE ALWAYS SURPRISING!

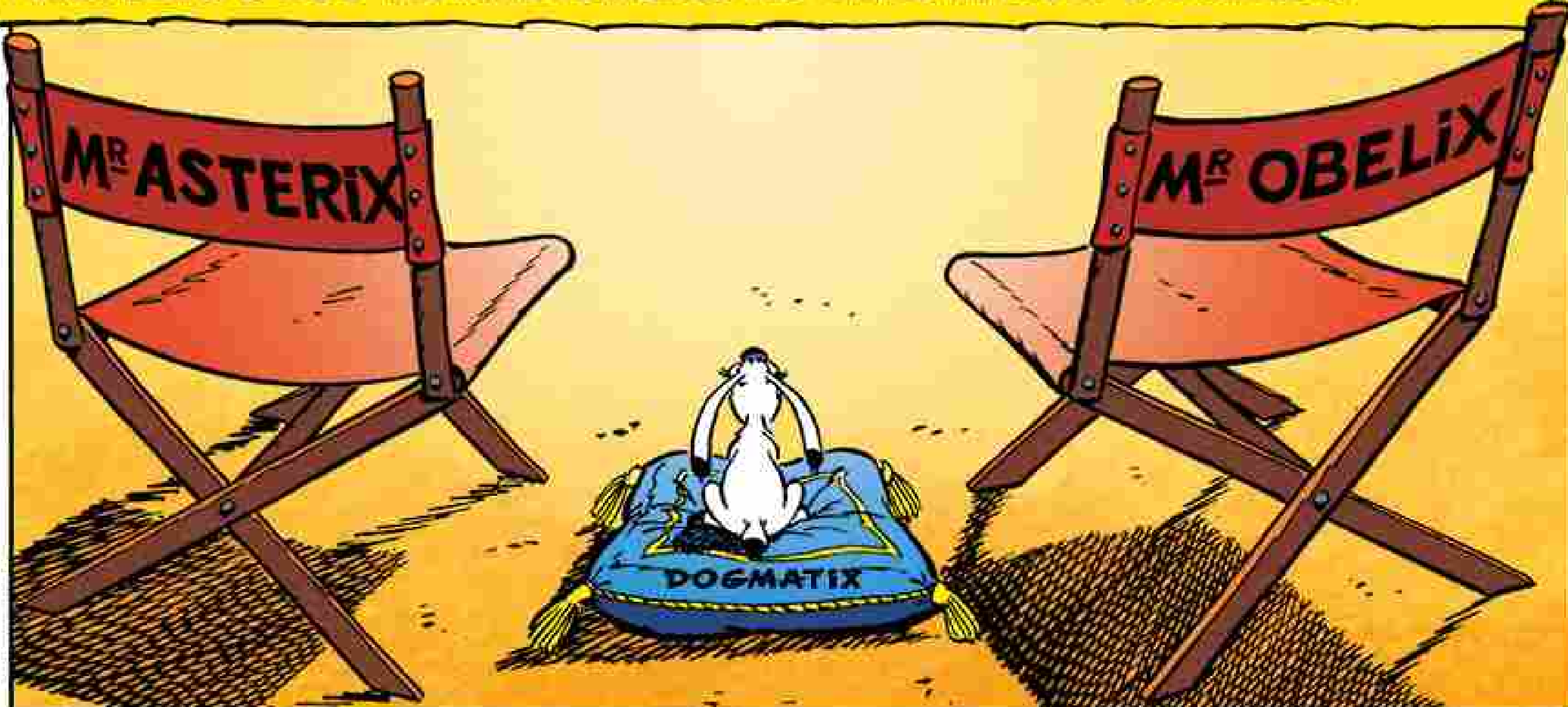




LOOK AT THEM! SUCH CHARISMA! SUCH PRESENCE!



THEY HAVE EVERYTHING THEY NEED TO BE THE MOST FAMOUS HEROES OF OUR TIME! LET'S STAGE THEIR ADVENTURES AS A MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE!



GLORY IS AT HAND, I ASSURE YOU!



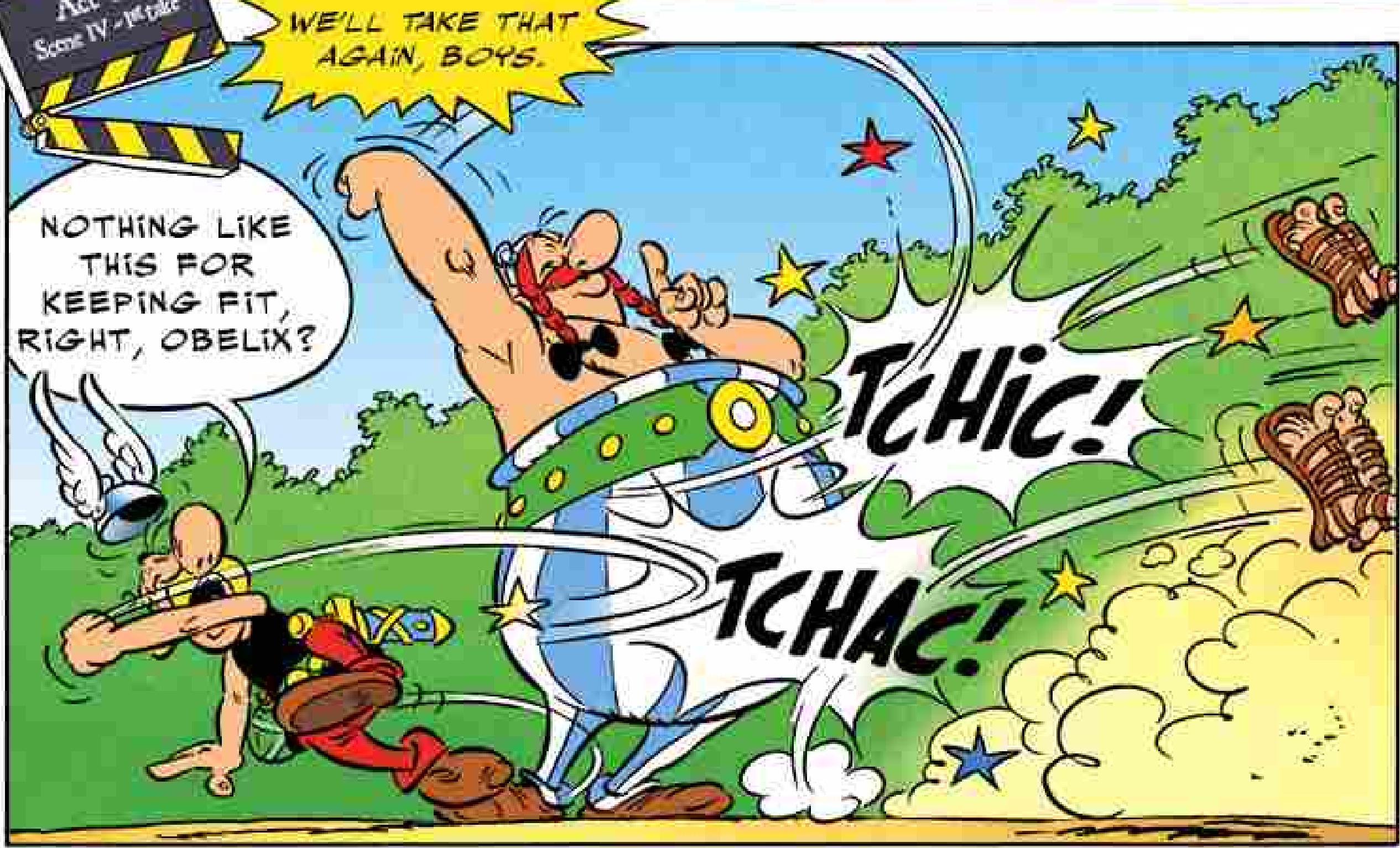
YOURS IS THE ENTHUSIASM OF NOVICES WITH IDEAS OF THEIR OWN. THAT'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT ...



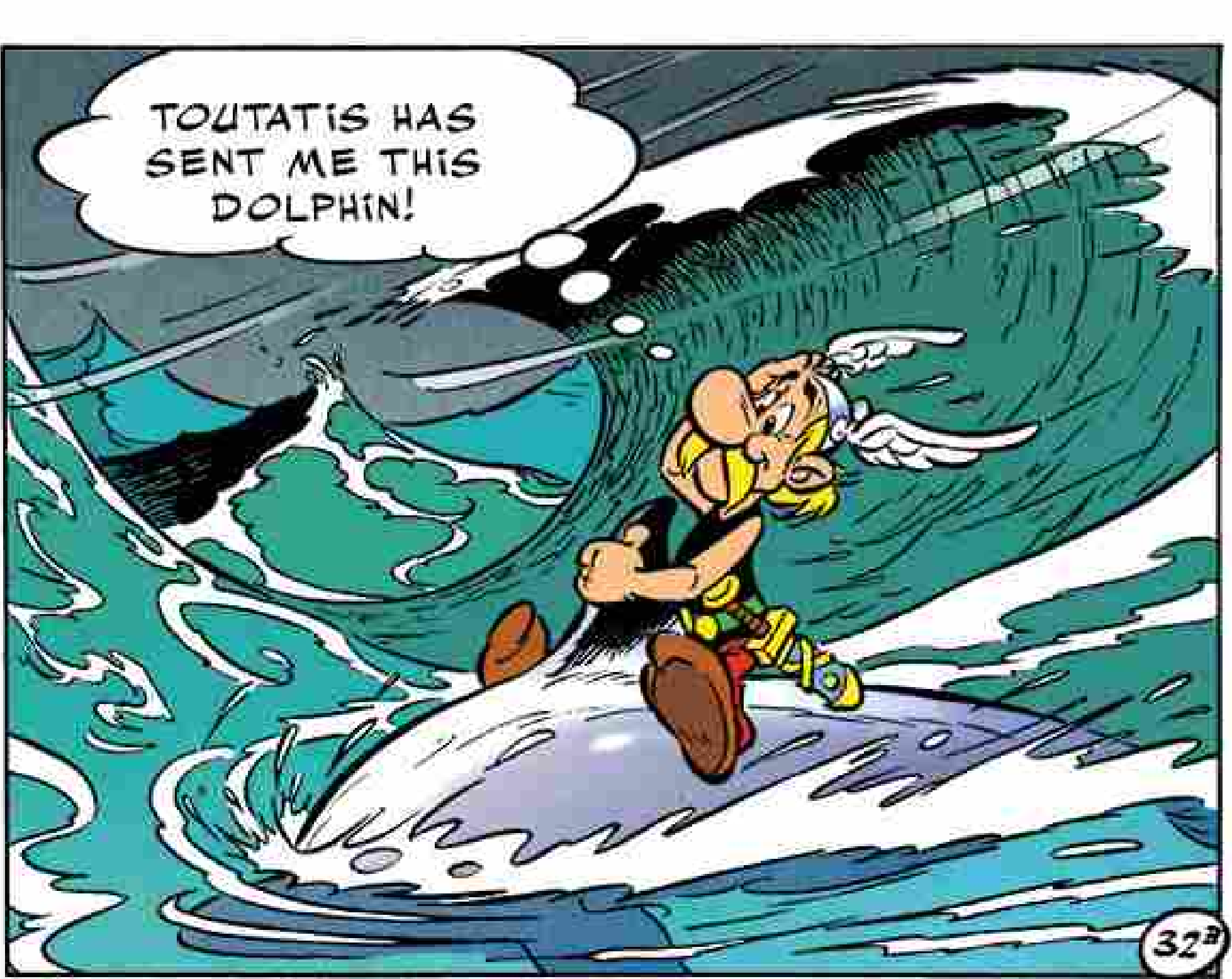
... I HAVE SOMETHING BETTER! WE'RE GOING TO IMAGINE A KIND OF DRAMA NEVER SEEN BEFORE!



FOR A START I'LL DRAW THEIR ADVENTURES.



I'LL BE CAREFUL TO AVOID MISTAKES WITH UNFORTUNATE CONSEQUENCES.



THE ROMANS WILL HAVE THEIR PART TO PLAY, SO WE CAN'T DO WITHOUT THEIR GOODWILL.

THE ROMAN!
HE'S MAKING A
BREAK FOR IT!

NO, OBELIX! DON'T!

I'M ABOUT
TO LOSE MY
TEMPER!

YOU'RE LOSING
YOUR TOUCH,
OBELIX!! WE'LL
TAKE THAT AGAIN.

BONG!

I'M HAPPY
WITH THIS
ONE !!!

THE ROMAN!
HE'S MAKING A
BREAK FOR IT!

NO, OBELIX! DON'T!

I'M ABOUT
TO LOSE MY
TEMPER!

BONG!

AS A GENERAL RULE, ALL THE ACTORS MUST DO EXACTLY AS I SAY!

PERSONALLY, I SEE
THE SCENE MORE
LIKE THIS!

OH! THANK YOU!
YOU'RE SUCH
A SWEETIE,
OBELIX!

SMACK!

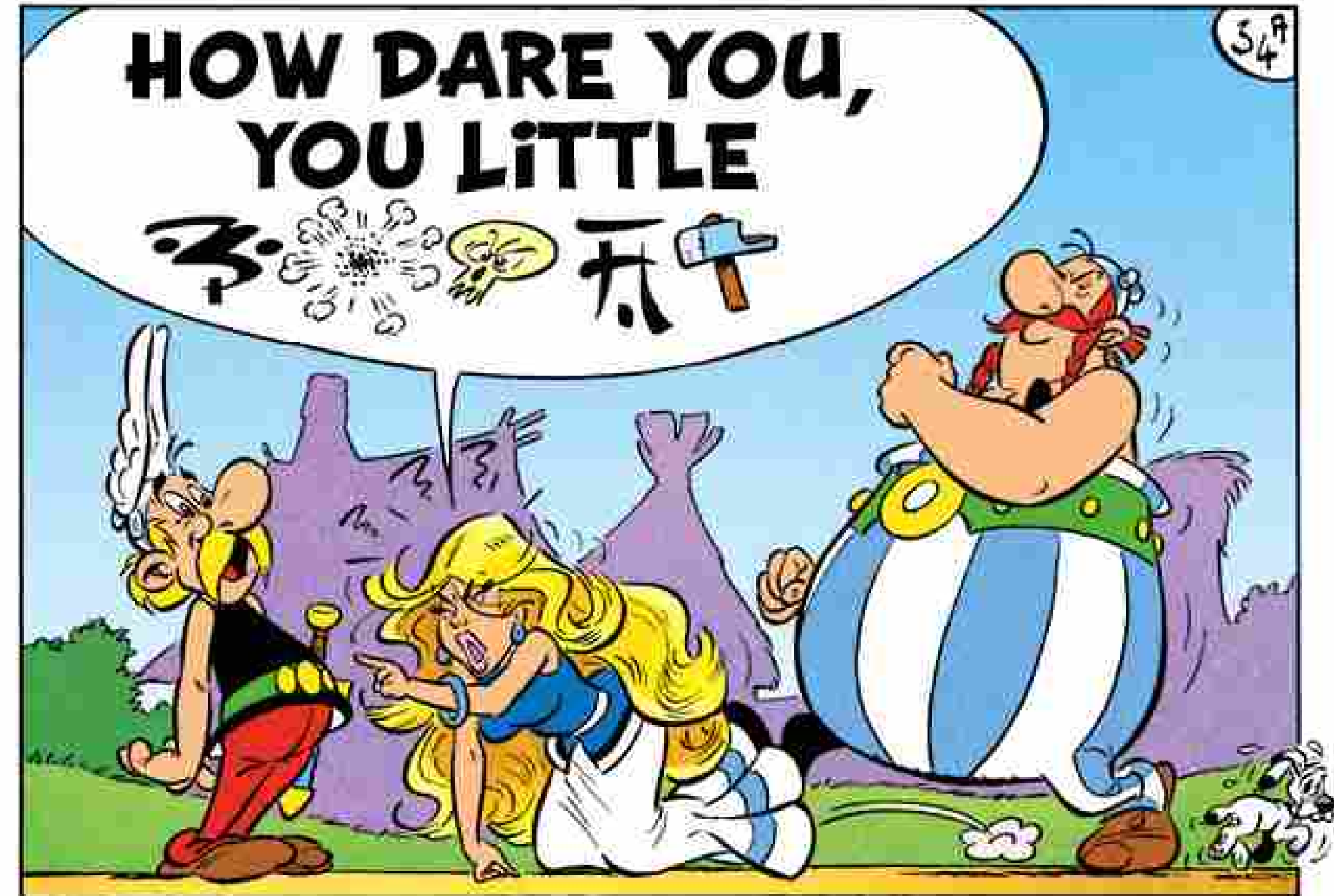
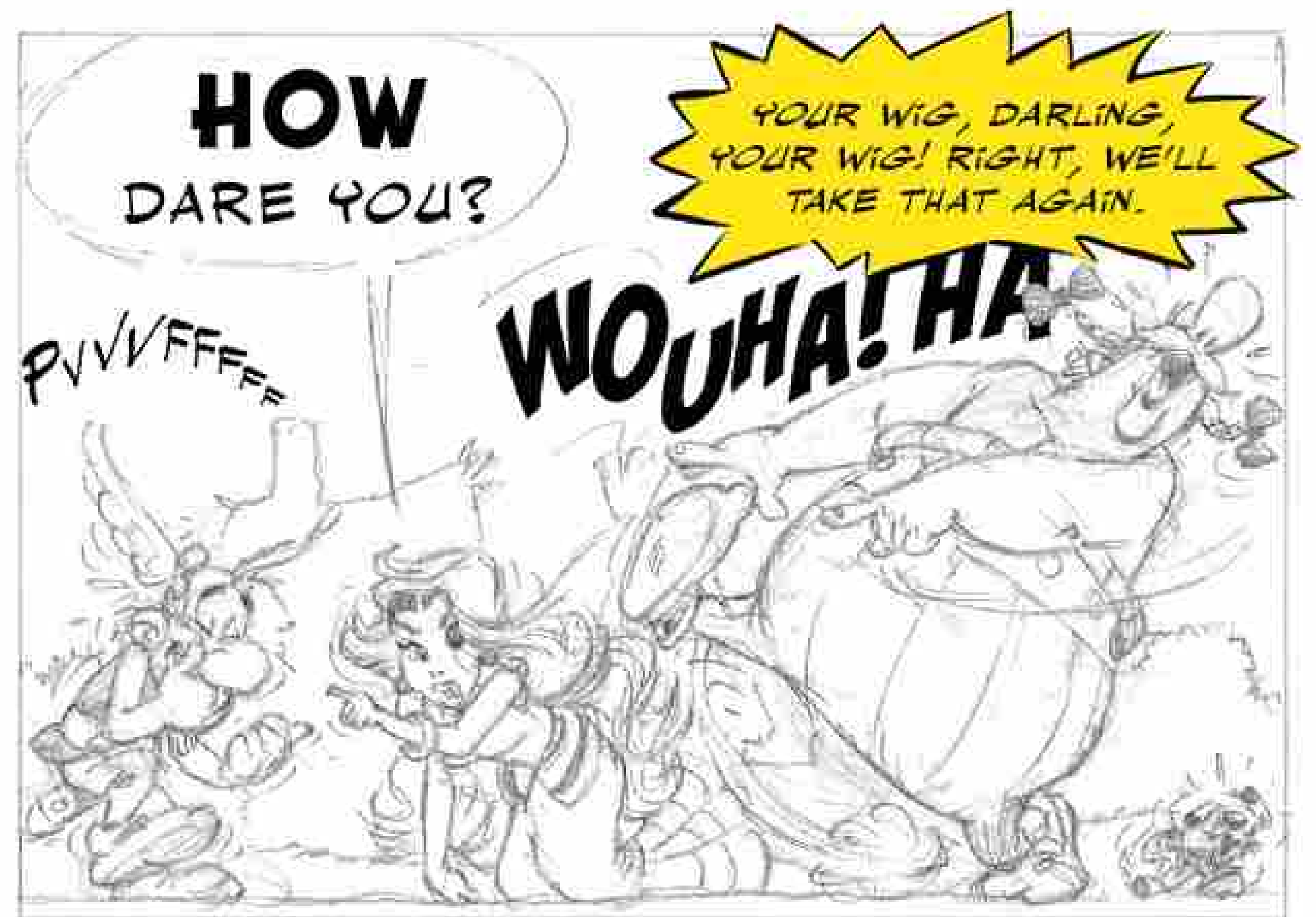
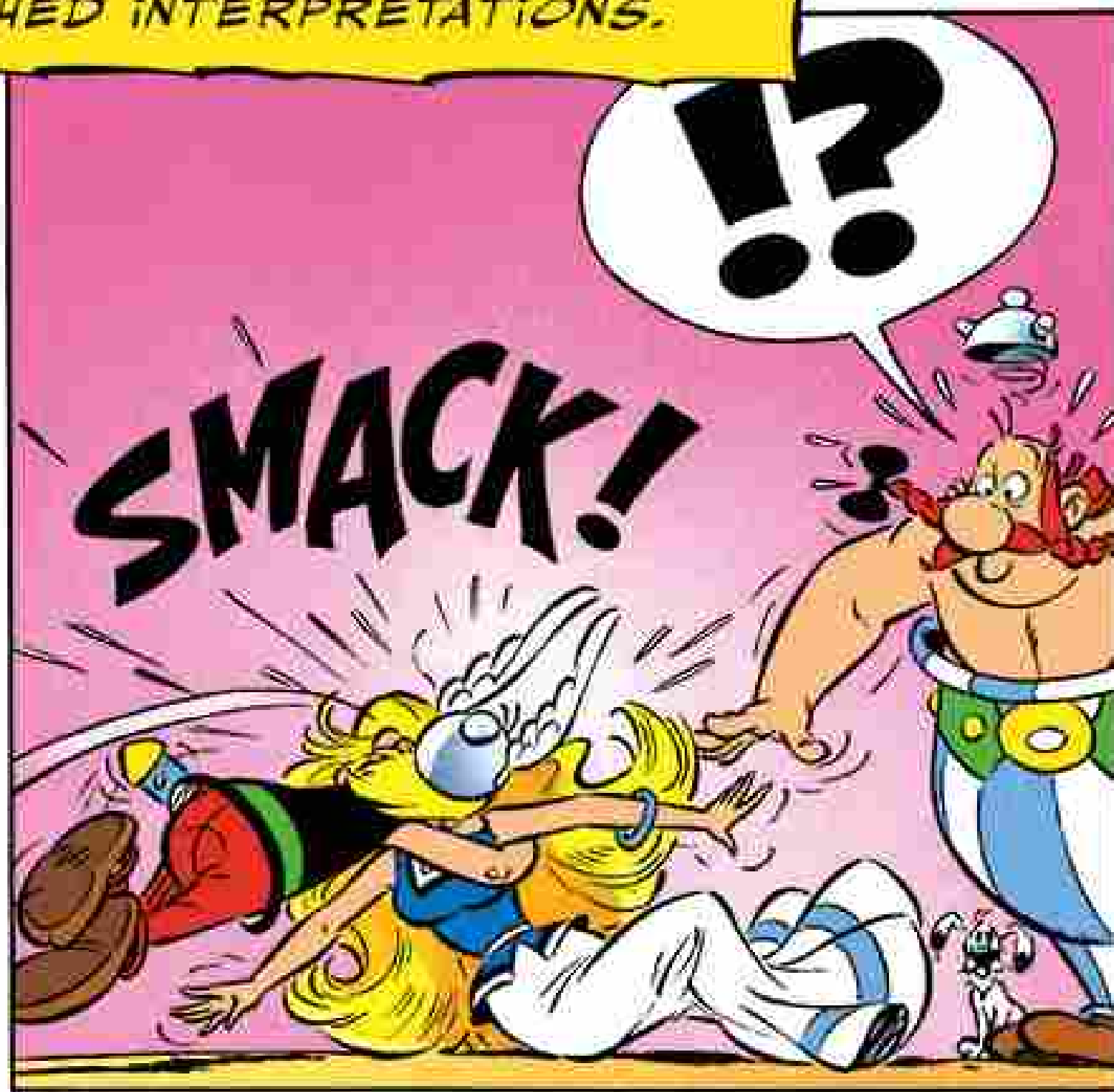
CALM DOWN,
OBELIX! CALM
DOWN!

RIGHT, WE'LL TAKE THAT
AGAIN, AND WE'LL STICK TO
WHAT I CARVED, OKAY?

OH! THANK
YOU! YOU'RE SUCH
A SWEETIE,
OBELIX!

AFTER ALL, YOU'RE FREE TO
DO AS YOU LIKE WITH YOUR
PRESENTS, OBELIX!

WE WILL AVOID ALL FAR-FETCHED INTERPRETATIONS.

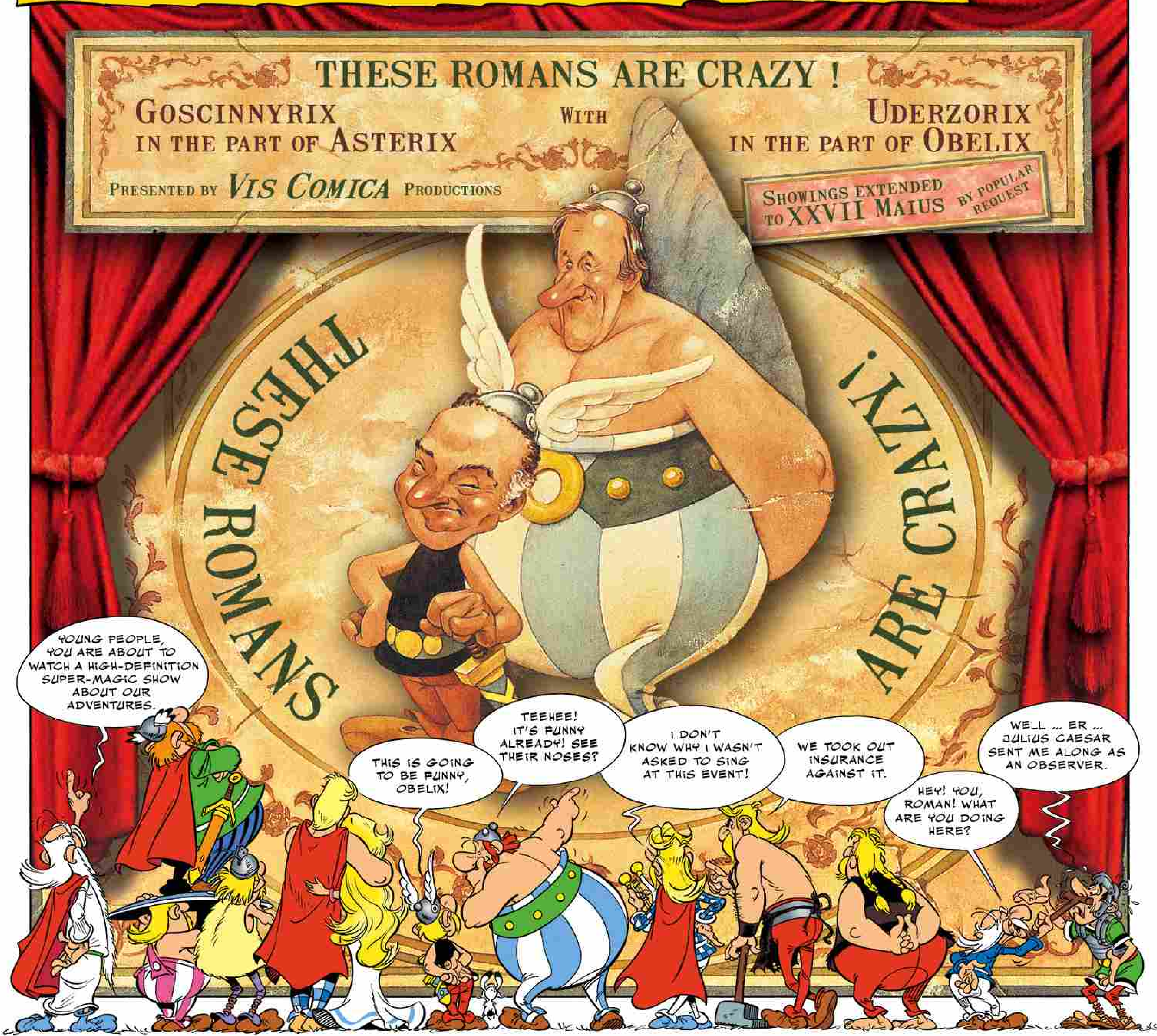


AND OF COURSE I'M NOT HAVING ANY COMPLAINTS FROM THE ACTORS!





AND THE SHOW WILL BE PUT ON IN A BIG THEATRE SO THAT THE WHOLE VILLAGE CAN ATTEND.



AS THE GAULS QUEUE UP, EXCITEMENT AND IMPATIENCE ARE MOUNTING ...

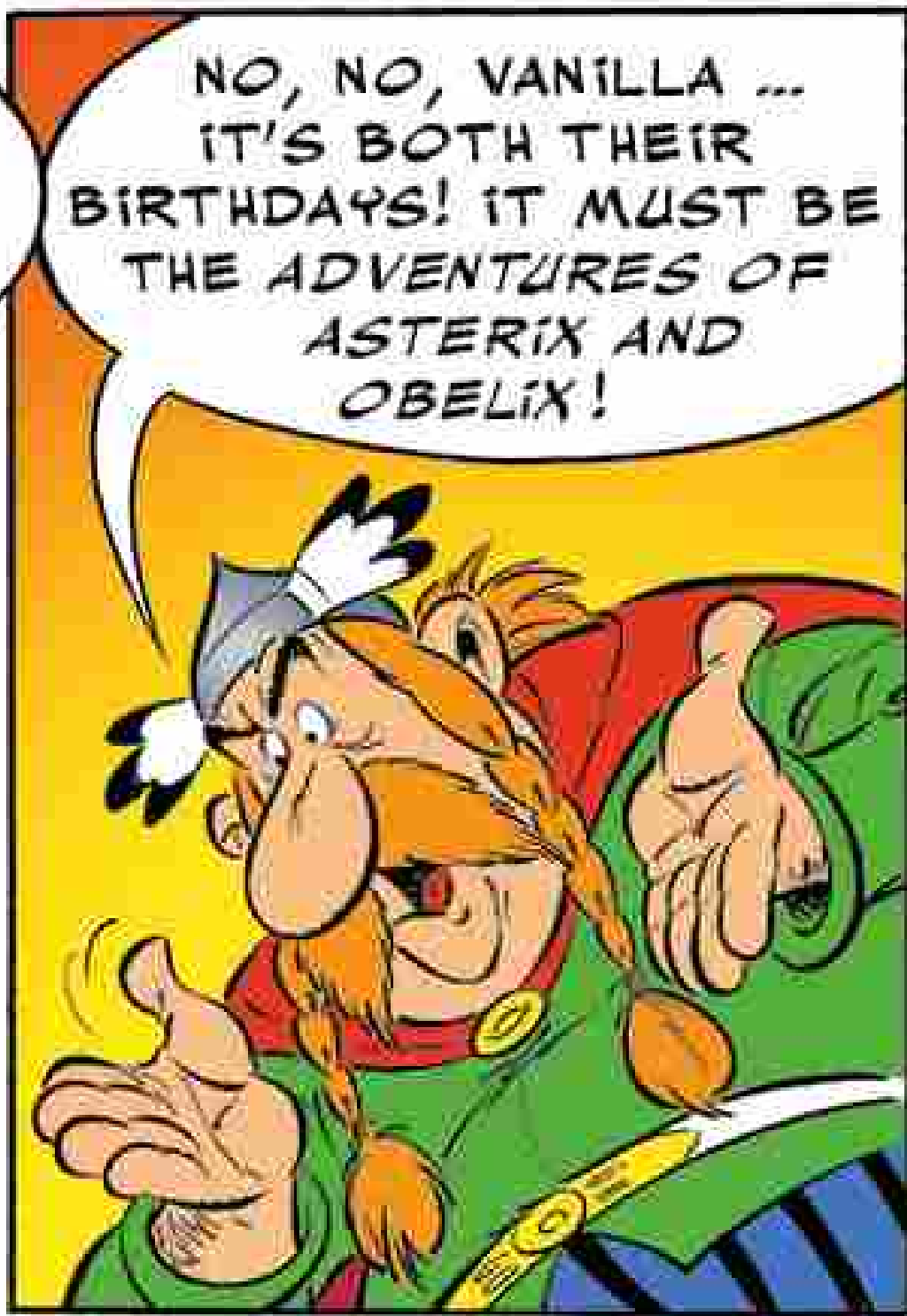


DURING THE PERFORMANCE, THE THEATRE ECHOES WITH ROARS OF LAUGHTER AND SHOUTS OF JOY!



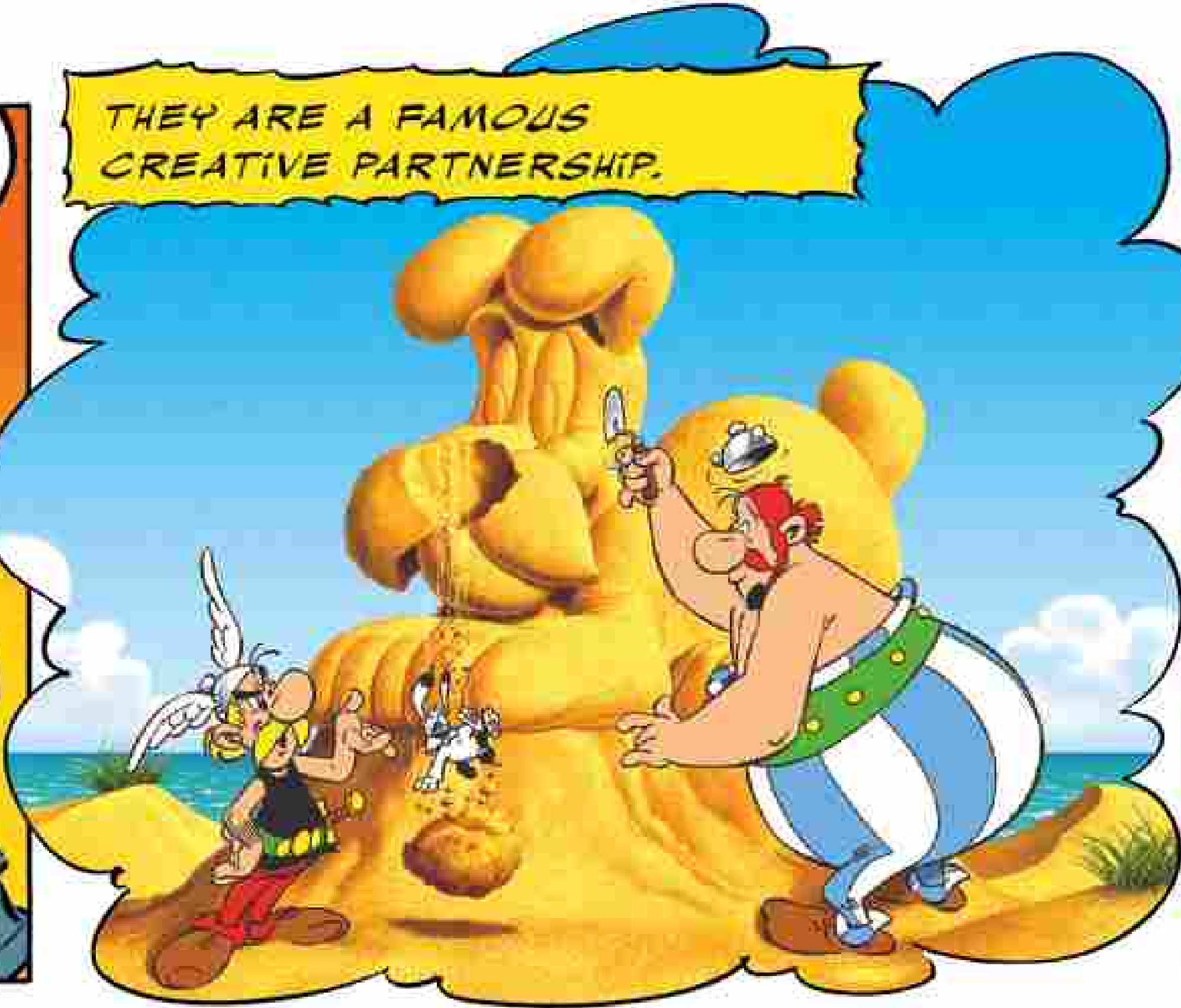
THE SHOW WILL CERTAINLY BE THE TALK OF THE ENTIRE KNOWN WORLD!







NO, NO, LAURENSOLIVIVUS! ASTERIX AND OBELIX ARE DESTINED TO BE GREAT ARTISTS!



THEY ARE A FAMOUS CREATIVE PARTNERSHIP.



AND THE ORACLES ARE CLEAR ABOUT IT: THEY WILL BE FAMOUS ALL OVER THE WORLD!

A MUSEUM WILL BE DEVOTED TO THEM!

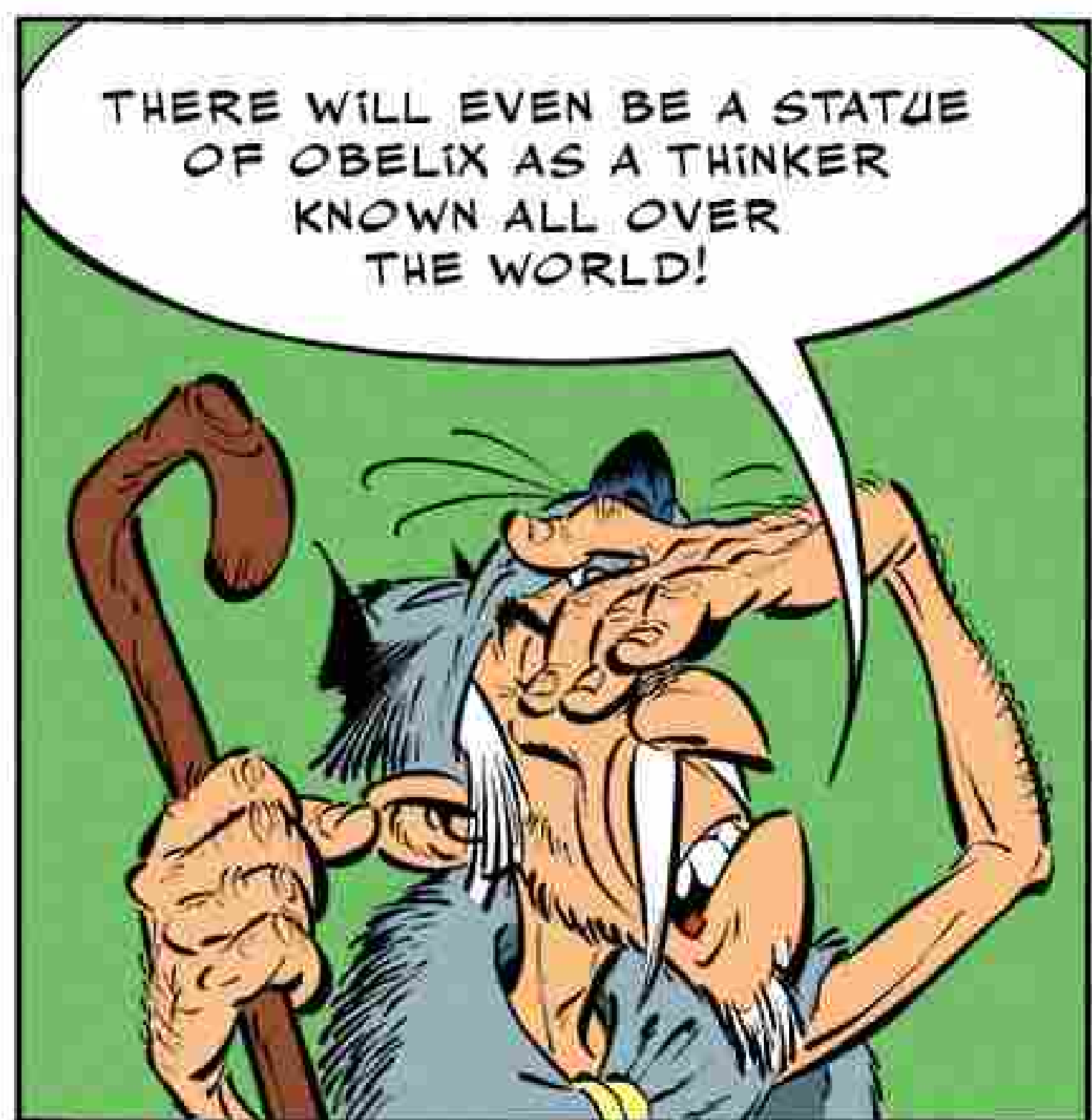


APPARENTLY IT'S NEVER BEEN SEEN BEFORE!

AN ASTERIX AND OBELIX MUSEUM! NOW WE'VE SEEN EVERYTHING! AND I THOUGHT THEY WERE GOOD FOR NOTHING BUT GUZZLING WILD BOAR!

DON'T GO ON LIKE THAT, 'PEDIMENTA DEAR! HEY, YOU TWO, WATCH YOUR STEP!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT



THERE WILL EVEN BE A STATUE OF OBELIX AS A THINKER KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD!



WHAT WERE YOU THINKING OF JUST THEN, MASTER?

ROMAN GARRISONS WERE THIN ON THE GROUND, SO I WAS SAD.

BUT LUCKILY FOR OBELIX, THE ROMANS ALWAYS
COME BACK, AND SO DOES INSPIRATION!

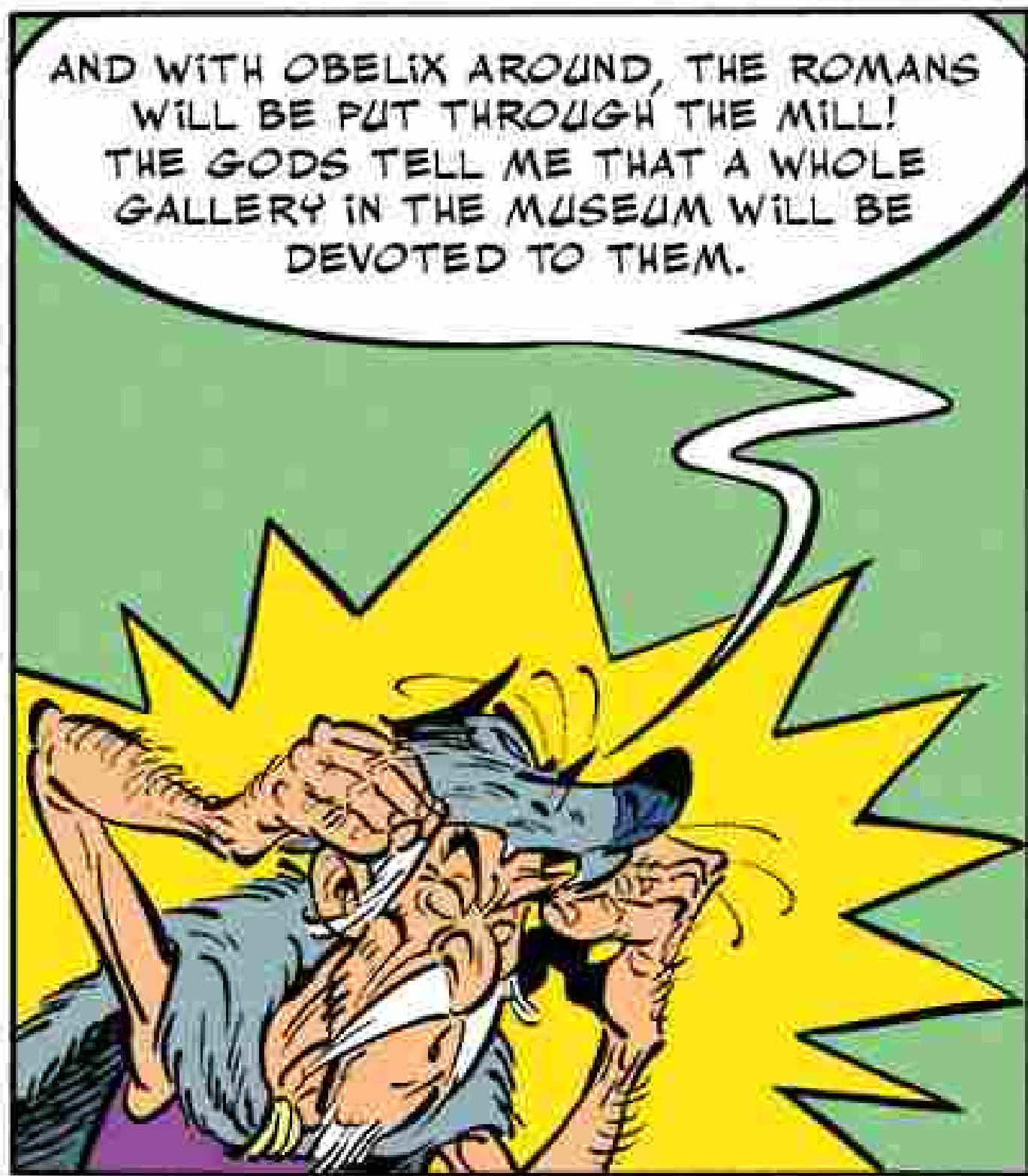


After Delacroix

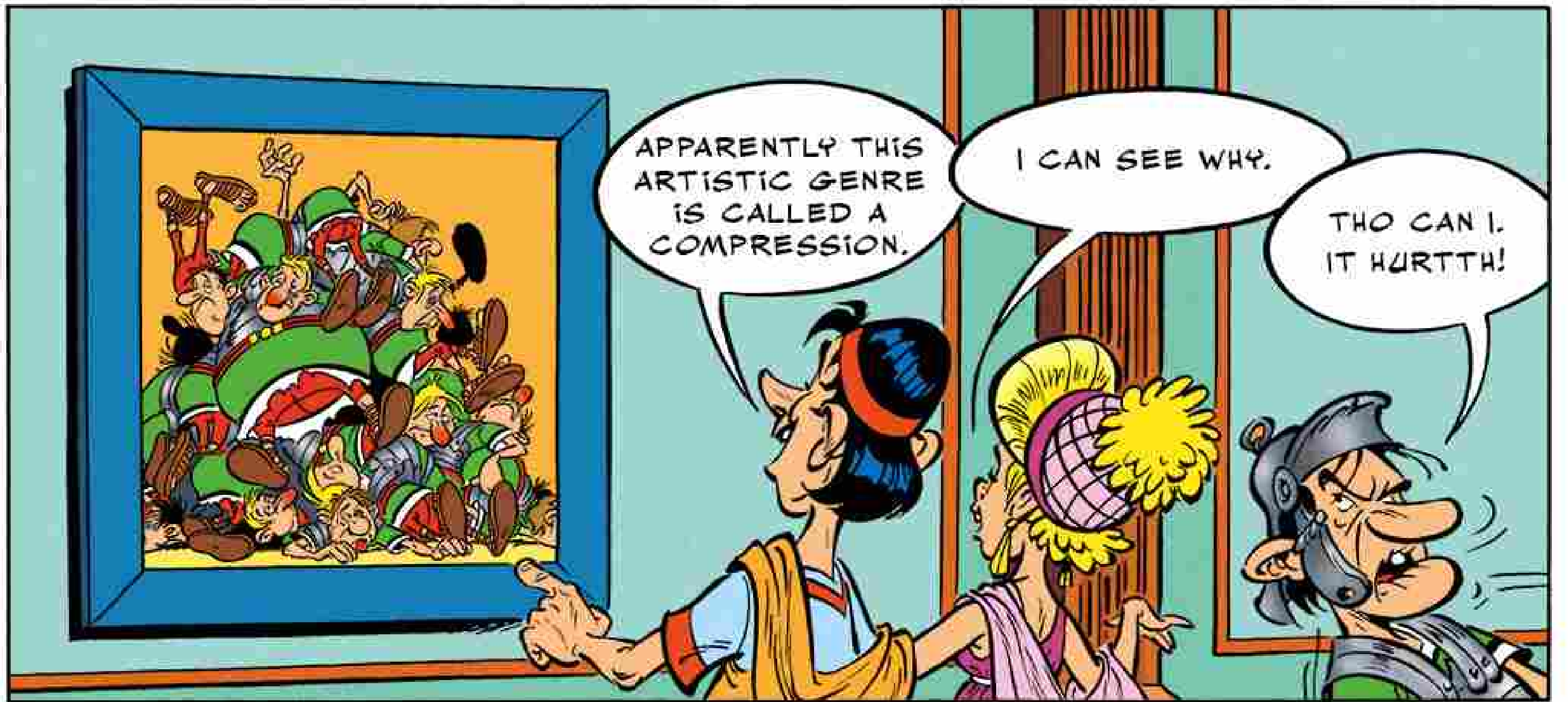
THOSE
COLOURS, THAT
DRAWING, THAT
COMPOSITION
...

ALL
EXPRESSING
THE ULTIMOST
LIBERTY!

IN A
MANNER OF
FPEAKING!



AND WITH OBELIX AROUND, THE ROMANS WILL BE PUT THROUGH THE MILL! THE GODS TELL ME THAT A WHOLE GALLERY IN THE MUSEUM WILL BE DEVOTED TO THEM.



APPARENTLY THIS ARTISTIC GENRE IS CALLED A COMPRESSION.

I CAN SEE WHY.

THO CAN I. IT HURTTT!



AND THIS ONE'S AN ACCUMULATION.

WHAT A COLLECTION! OUR LEGIONARIES OUGHT TO TOP IT OFF WITH THE HEADS OF THOSE GAULS.

THAT'TH FOR FURE!



AH, SO MODERN! THIS USE OF COLOUR WILL REVOLUTIONIZE PAINTING

WHAT INGENUITY!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

MY FRIEND THE DRUID WARHOLIX AND I HAVE BREWED A POTION THAT WORKS THE SAME WAY!



A RAINBOW WARRIOR! I FEEL FAINT!

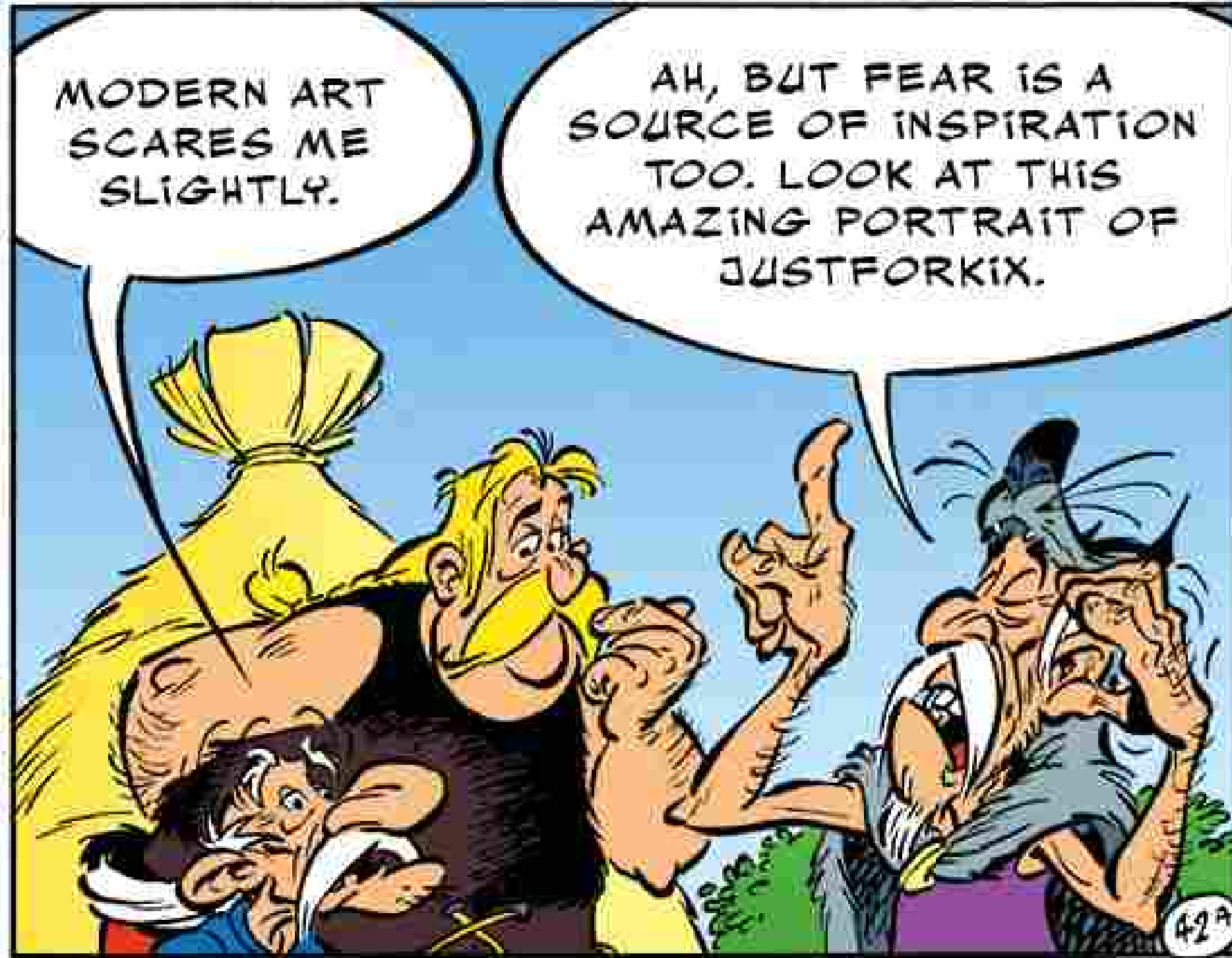
YOU DIDN'T EAT ENOUGH DINNER.

OR SOME FISH THAT WASN'T TOO FRESH UPSET YOUR TUMMY!

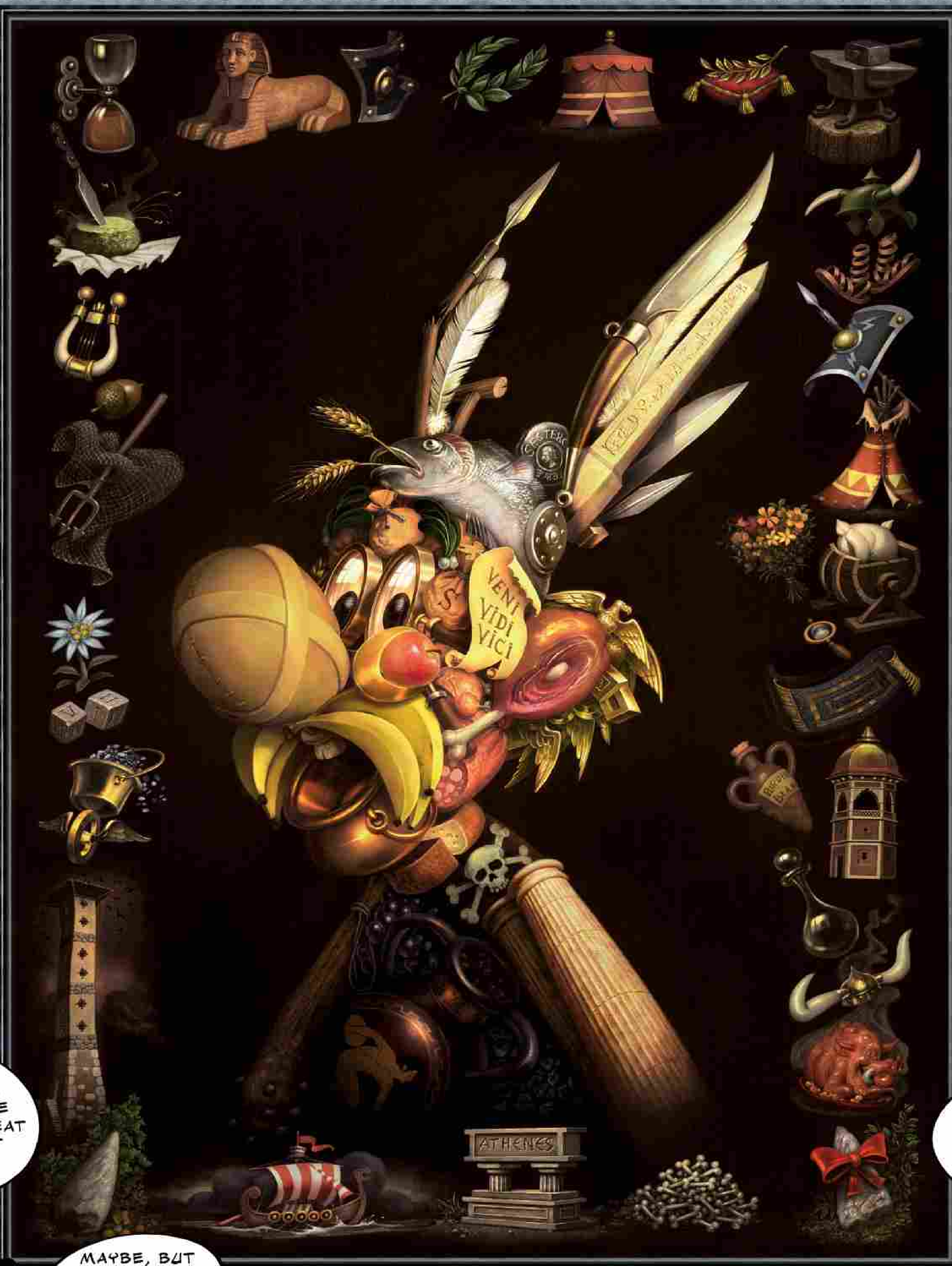
THERE'S NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES AND COLOURS.

Framed pictures taken from Asterix and the Actress, Asterix and the Soothsayer, Asterix in Belgium, Asterix and Caesar's Wrath and Asterix and the Big Fight.





FURTHER ON, A PORTRAIT OF ASTERIX MADE UP OF ALL THE ITEMS BROUGHT BACK FROM HIS FOREIGN TRAVELS WILL BE A TALKING POINT.



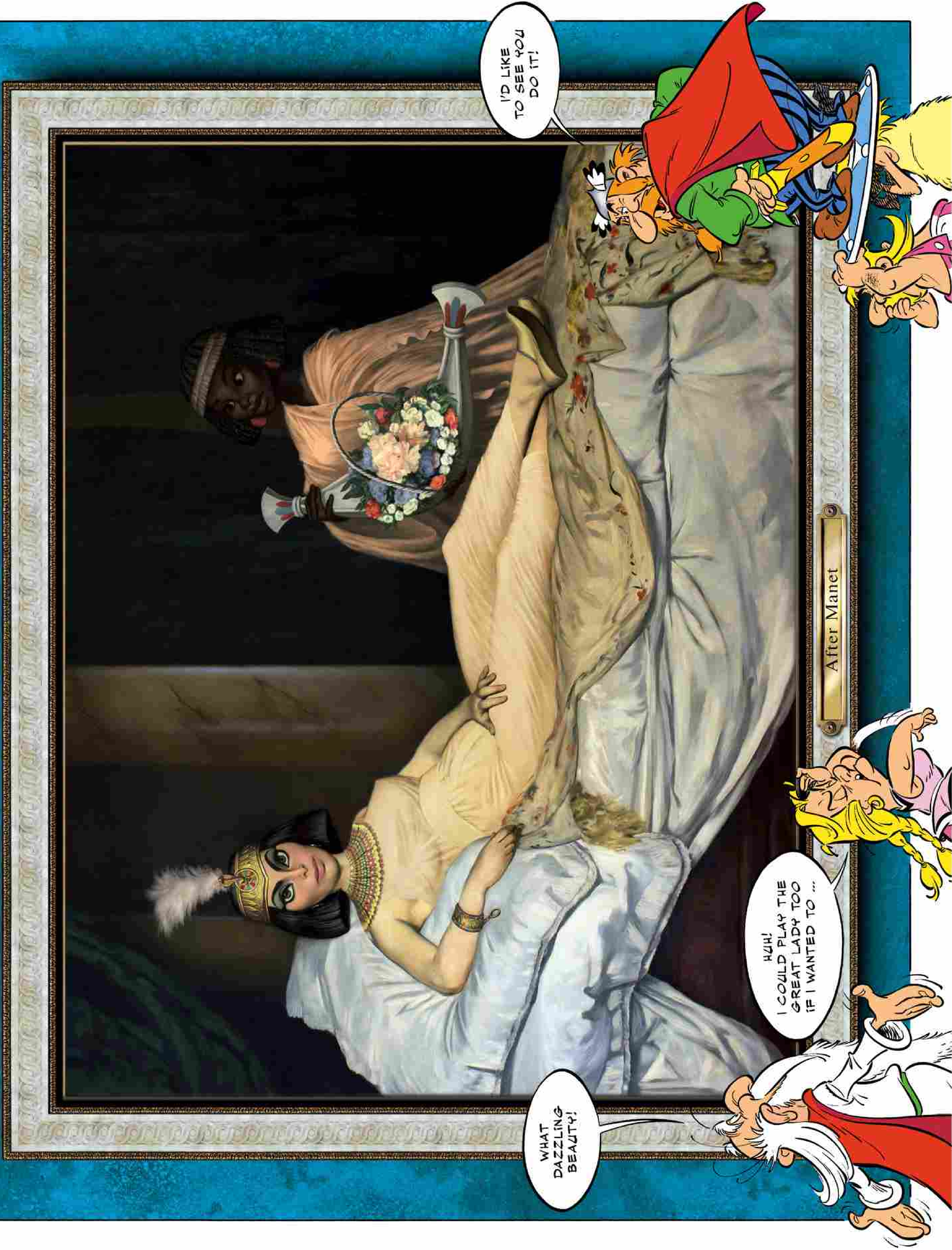
DON'T YOU THINK THOSE EARS OF WHEAT LOOK A BIT CORNY?

MAYBE, BUT THE OBELISK WILL LEND HIM WINGS.

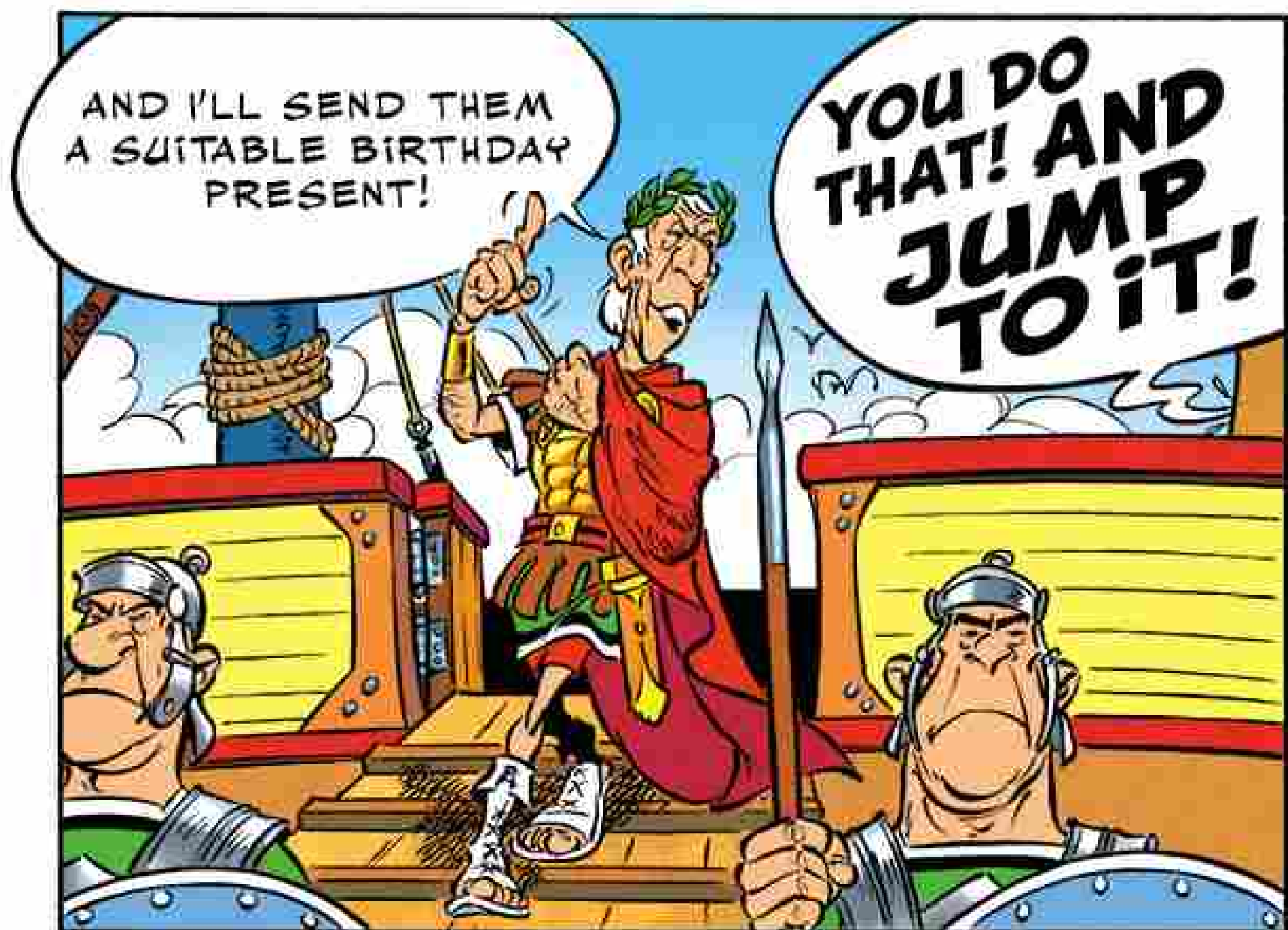
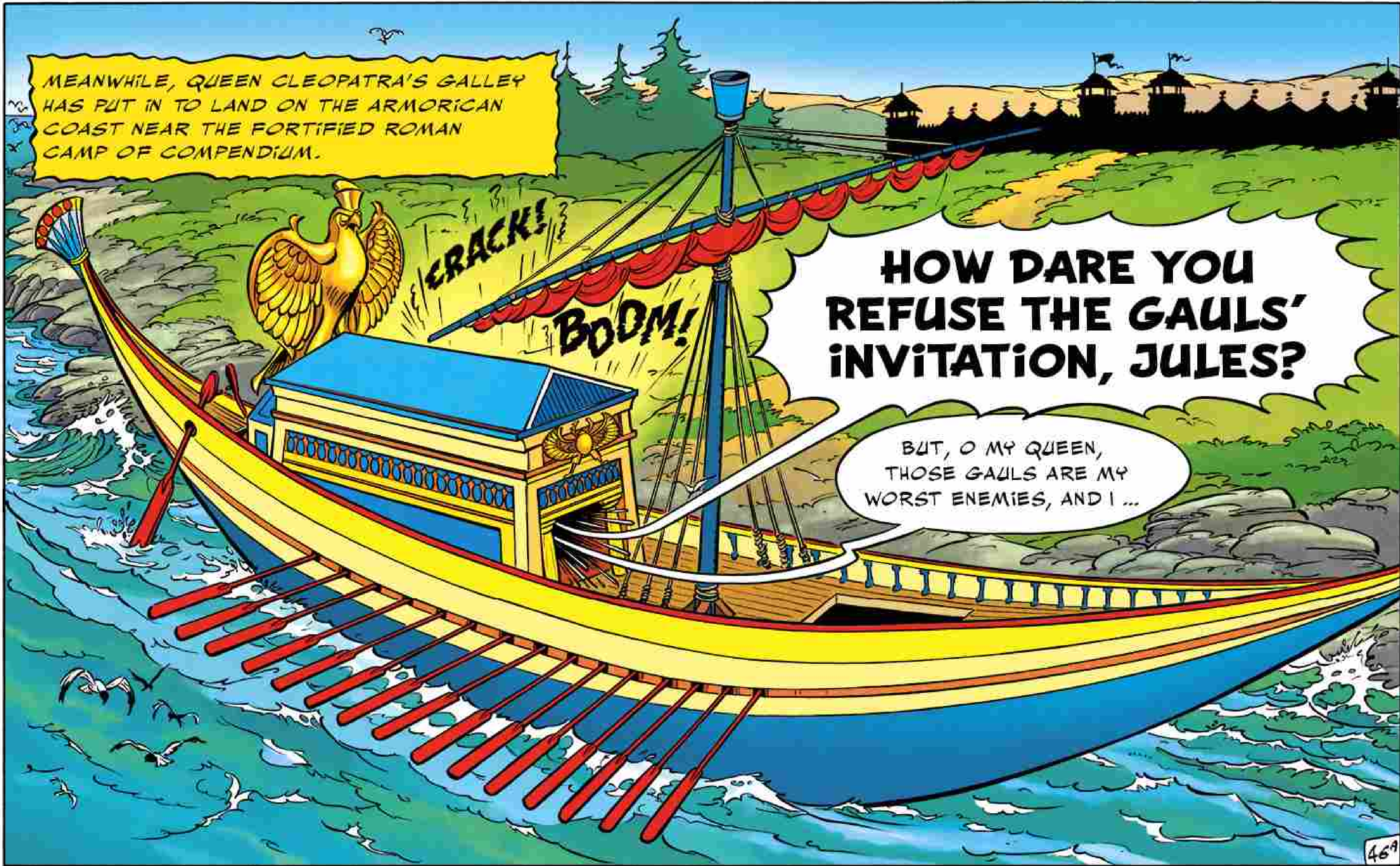
A FAN OF MY FISH AT LAST! IT'S GONE TO HIS HEAD!

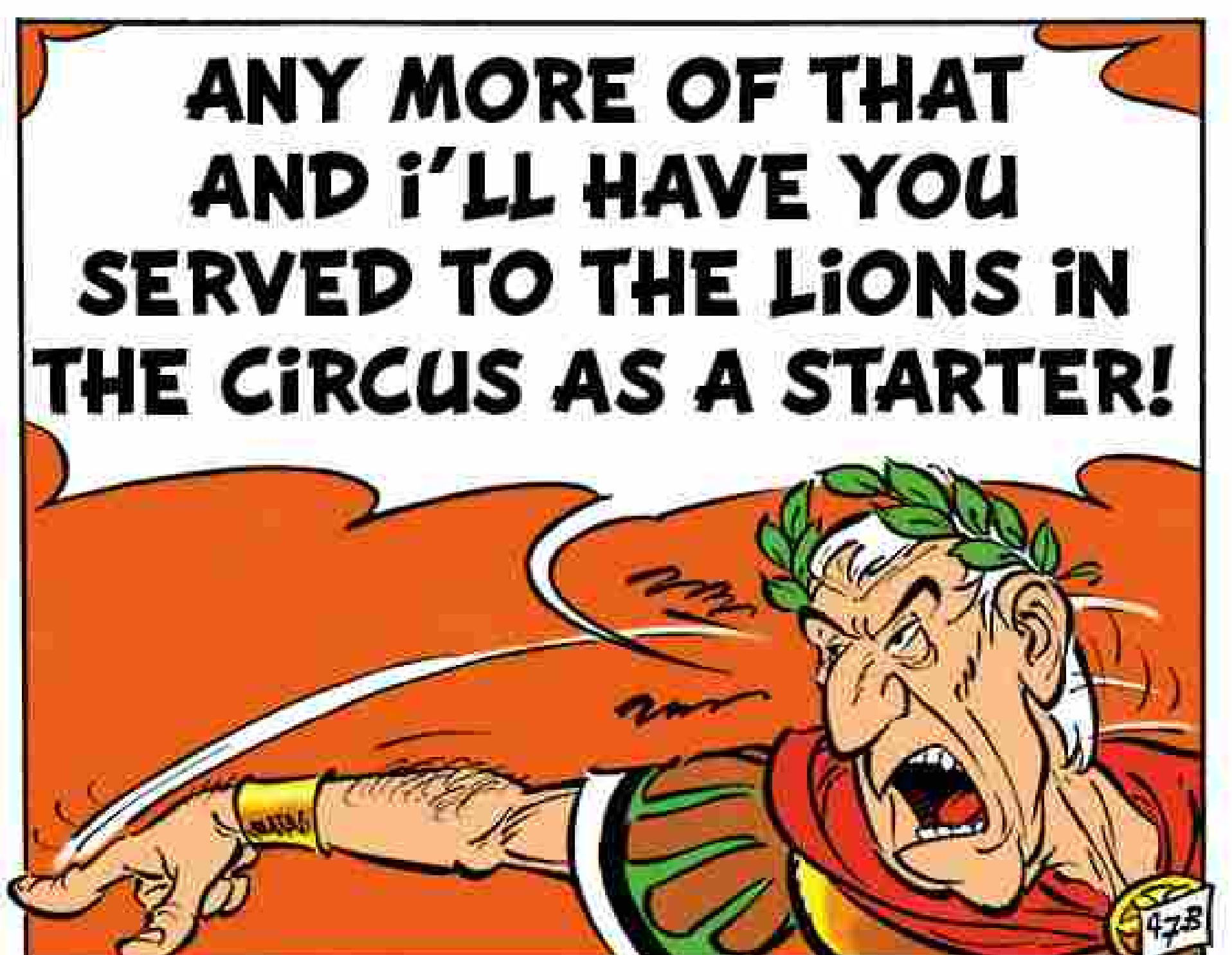
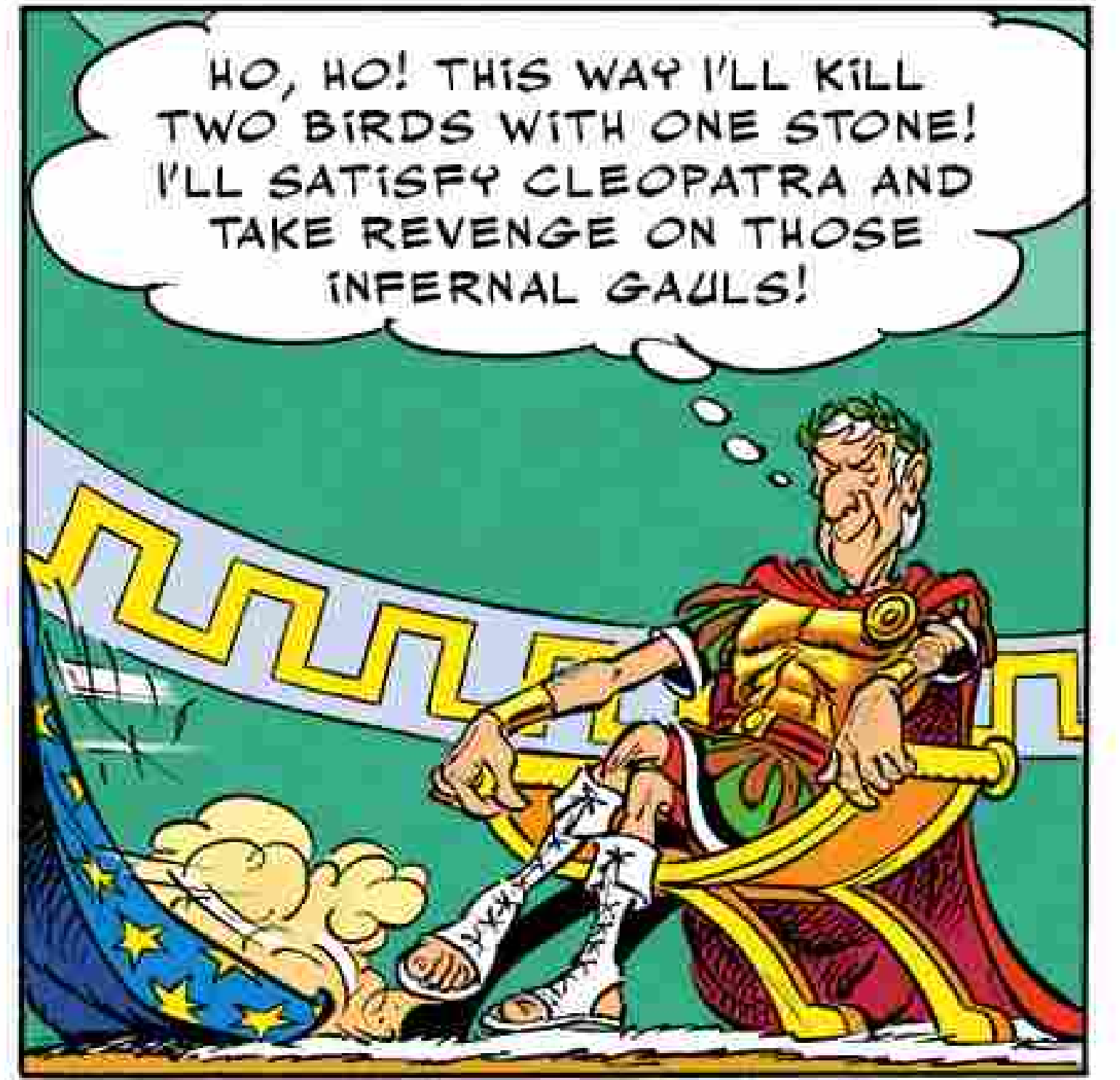
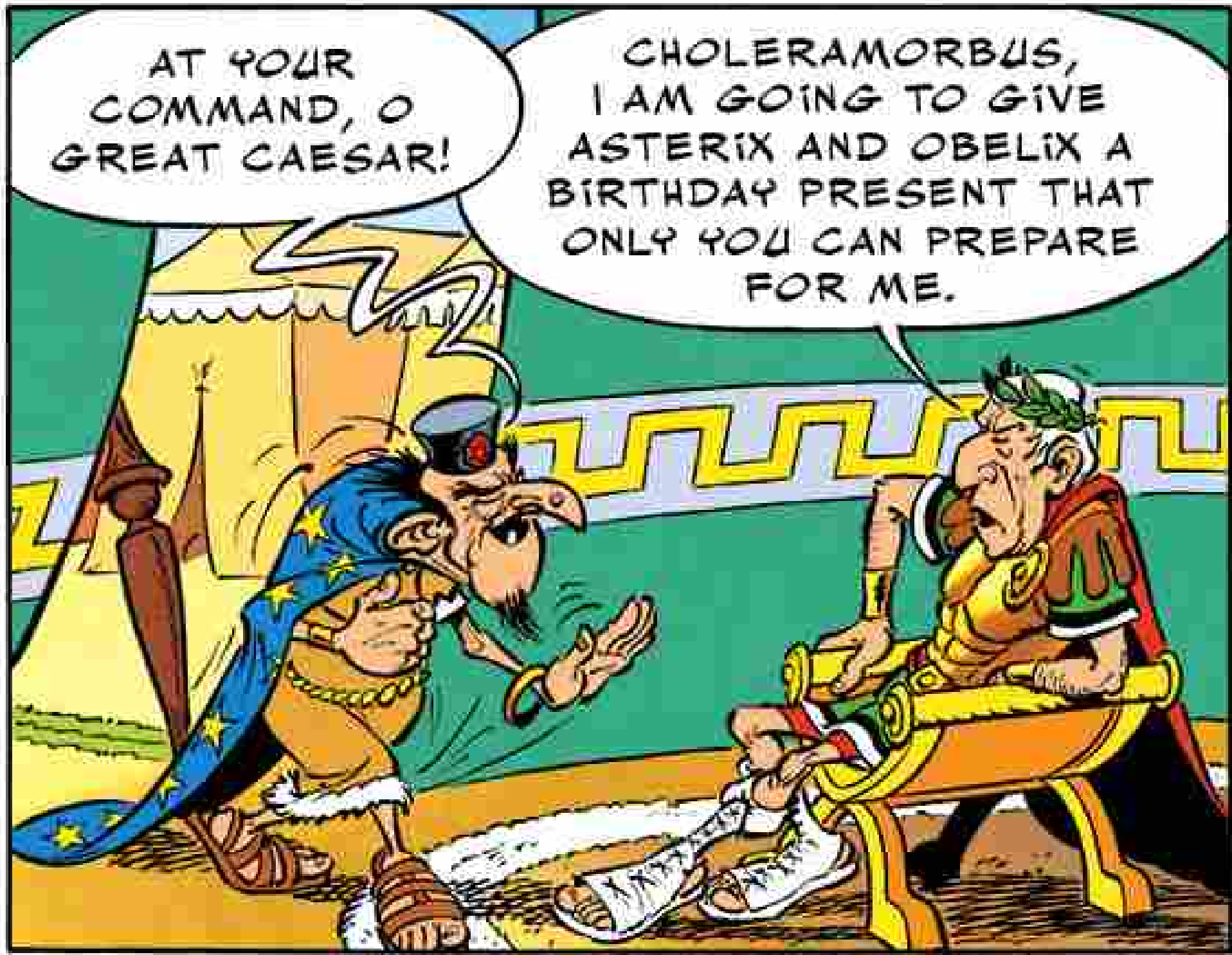


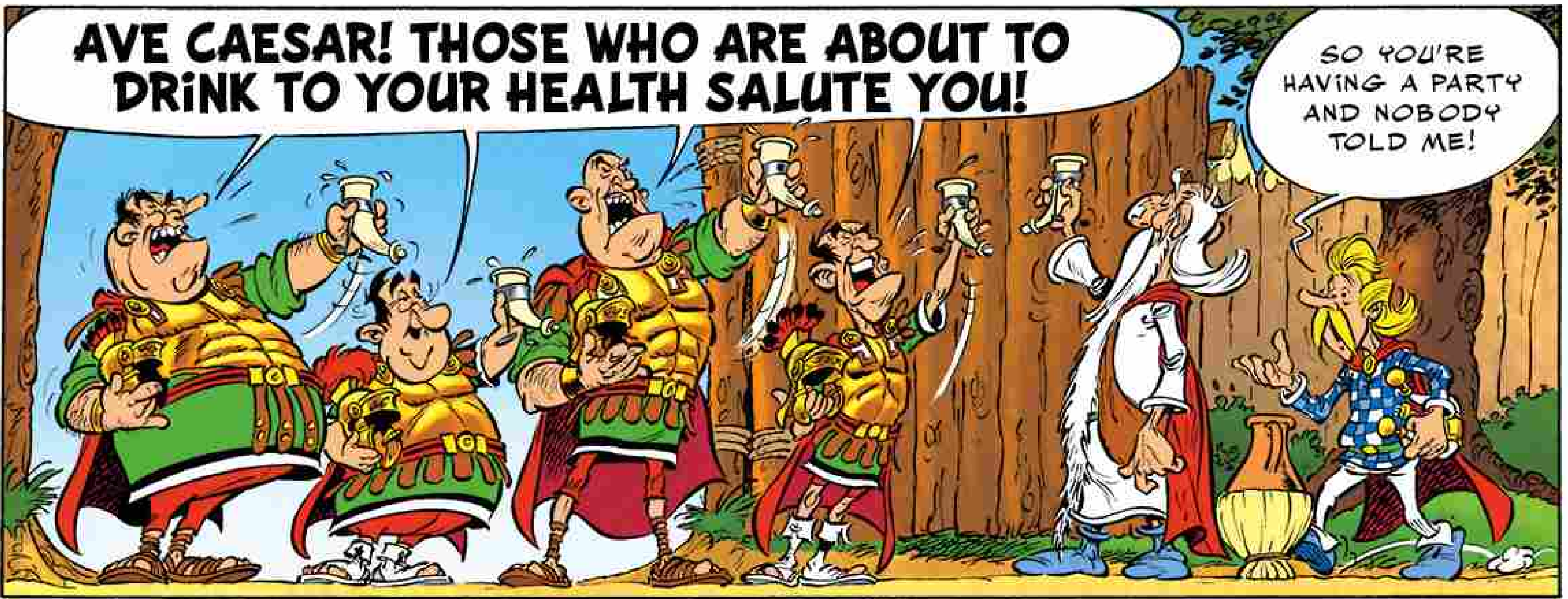
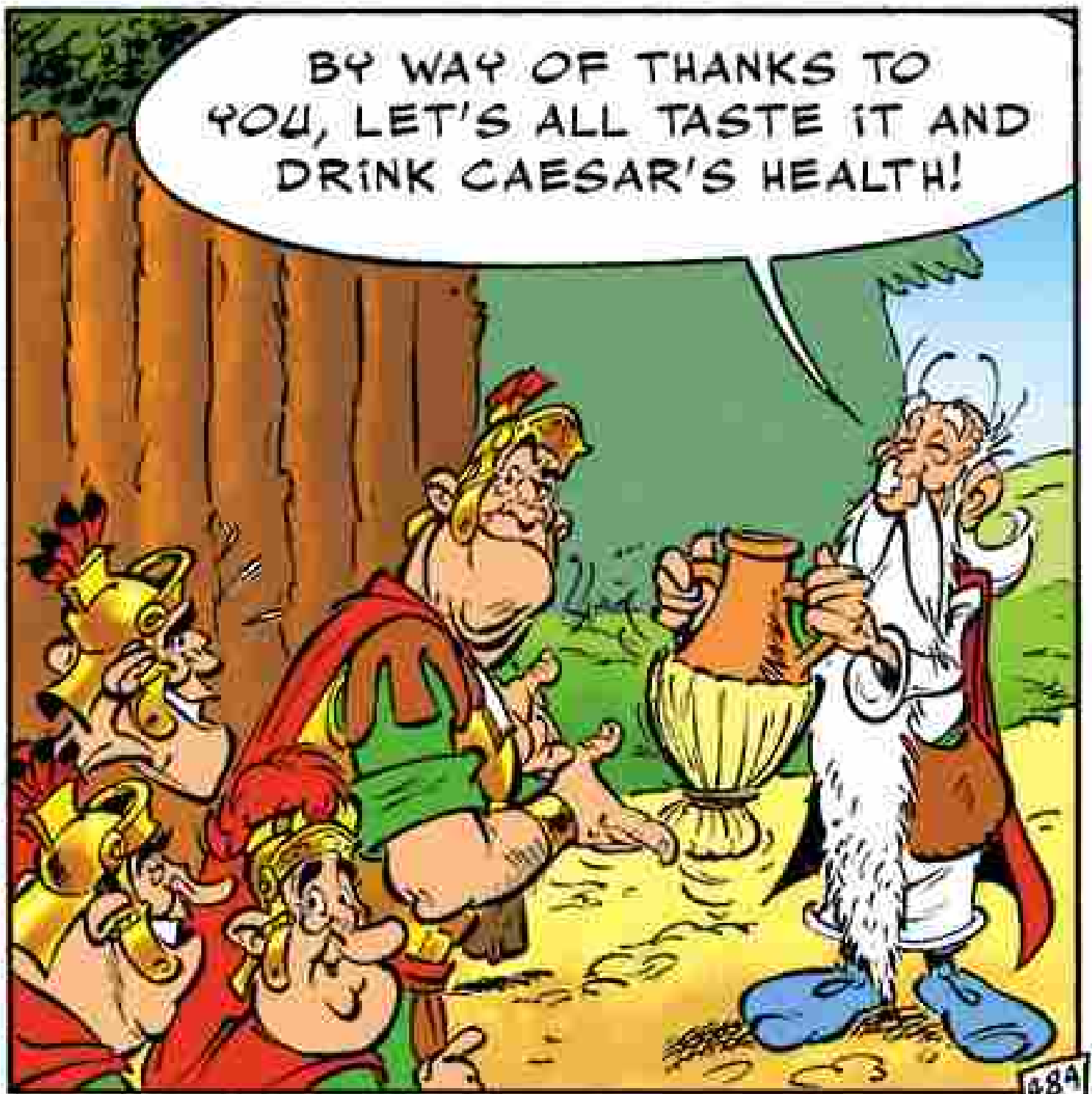
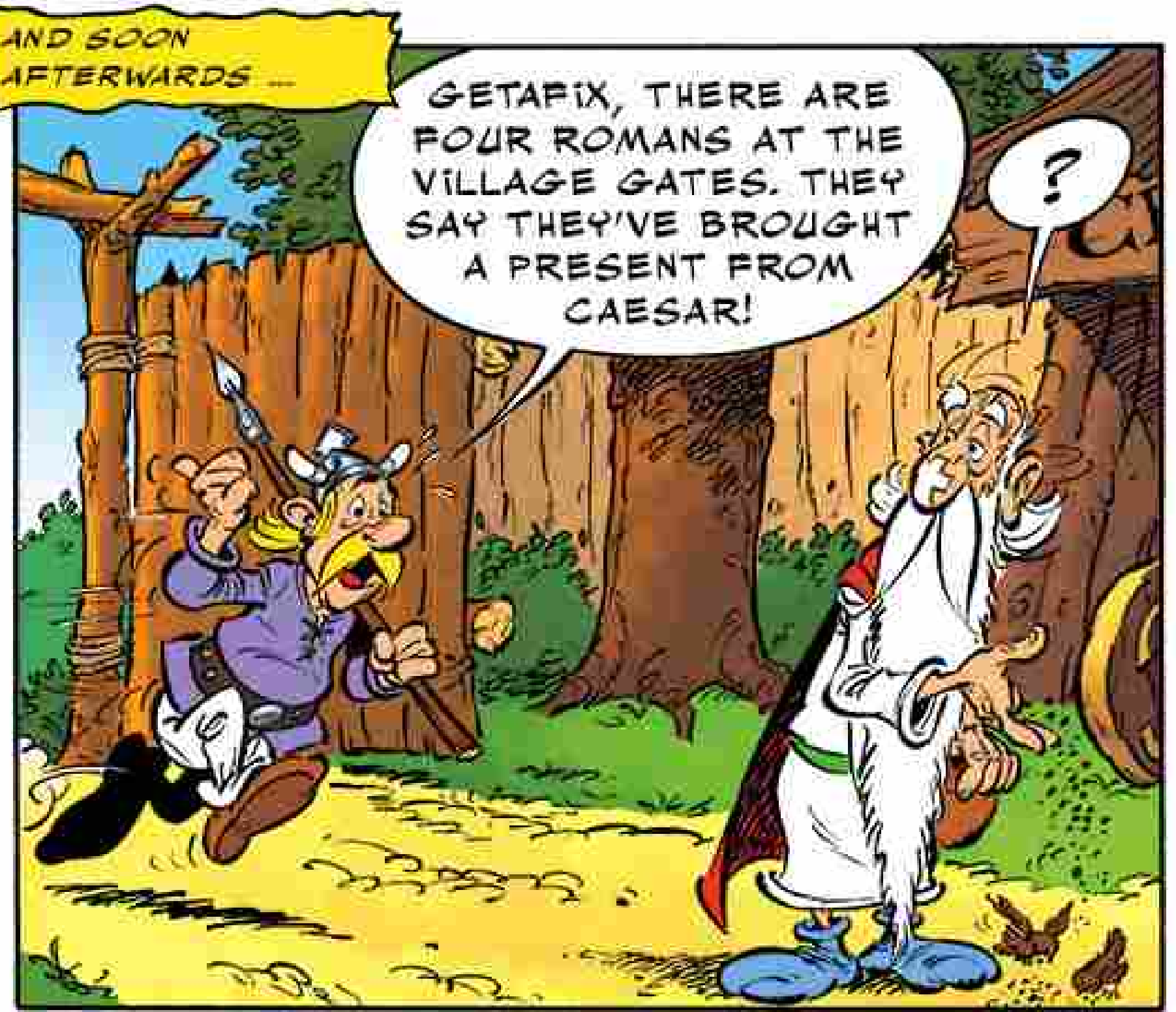
THE SUMMIT MEETINGS OF THE ANCIENT
WORLD DO NOT GO UNRECORDED.

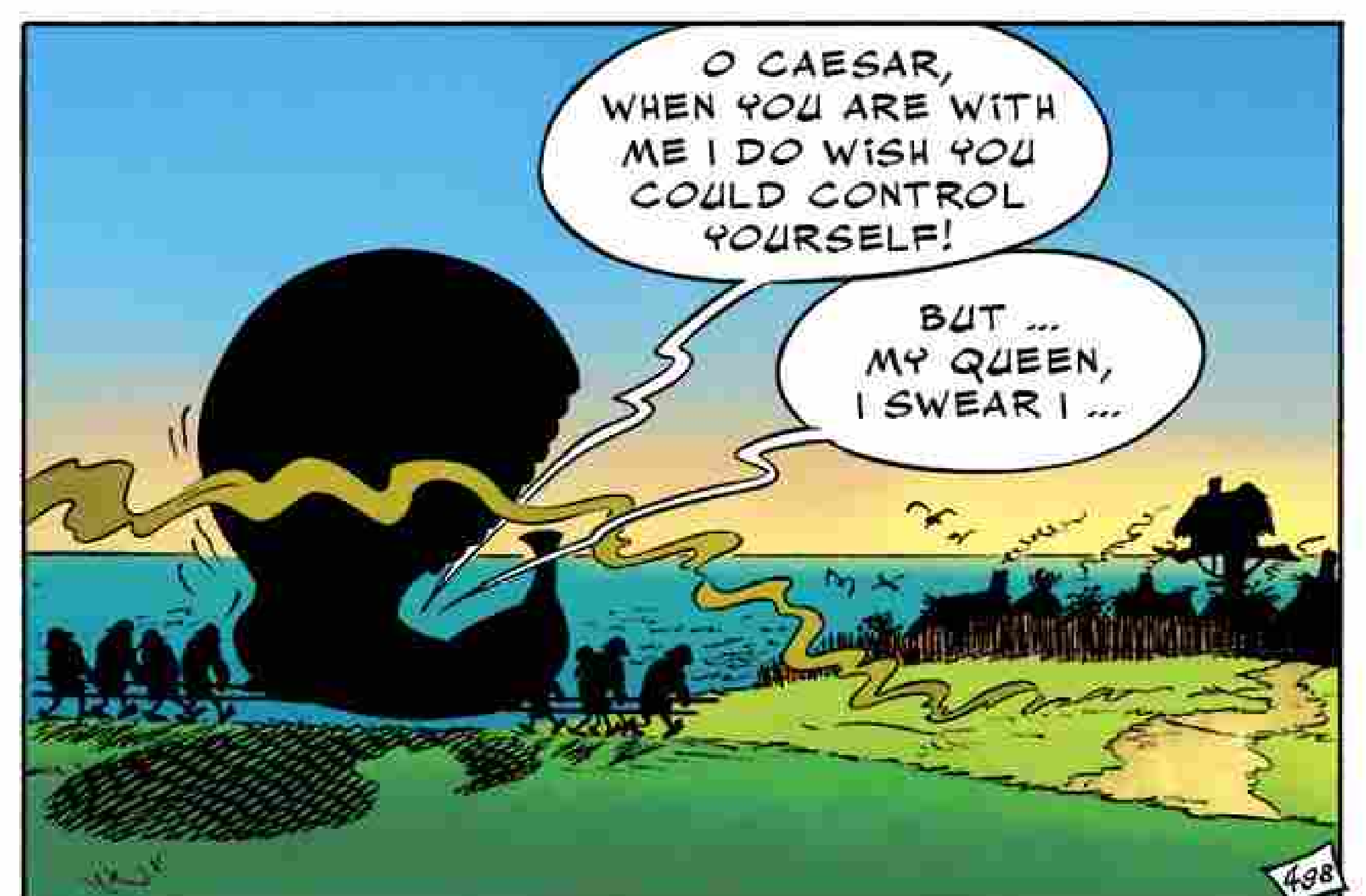
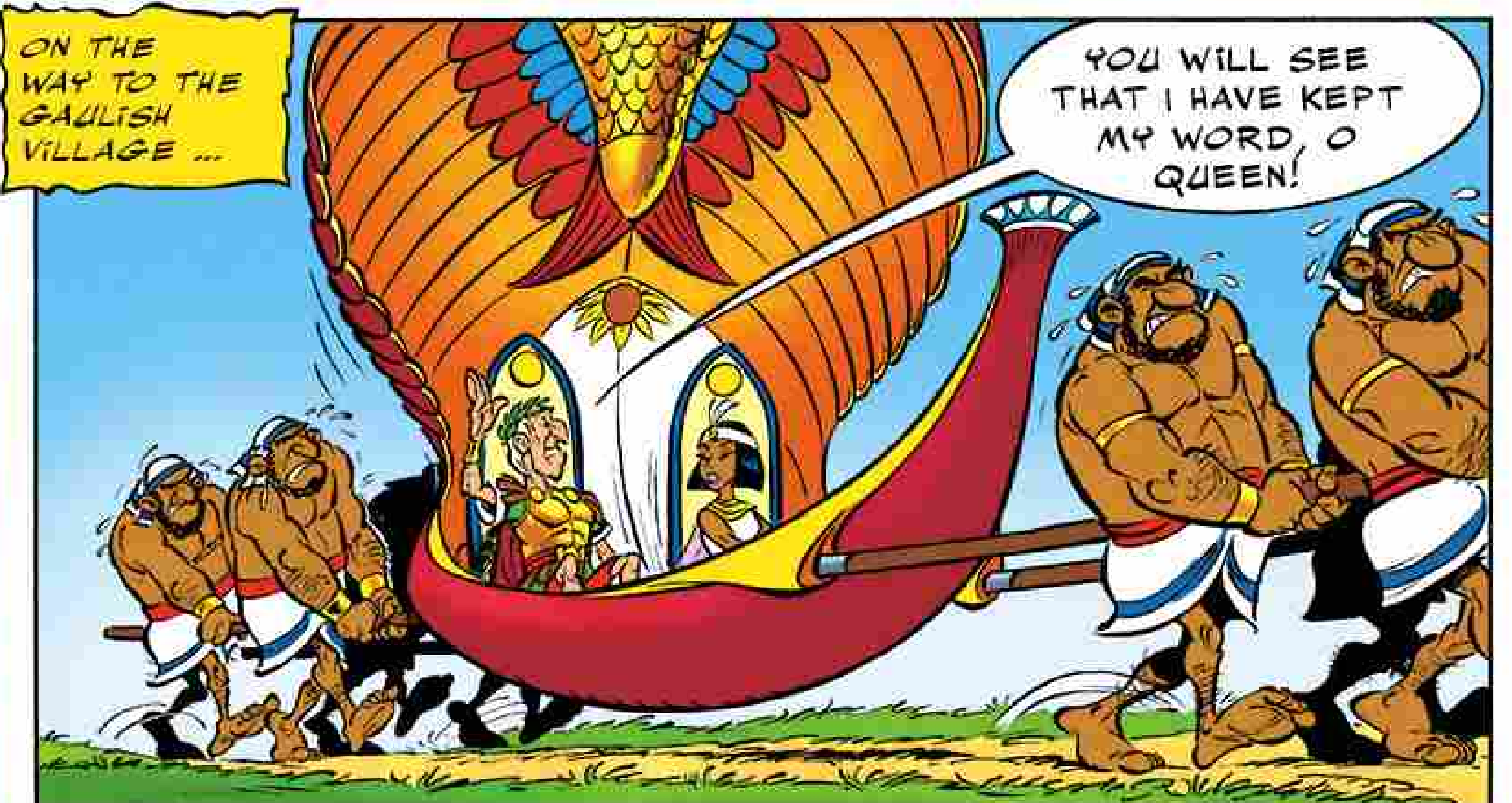
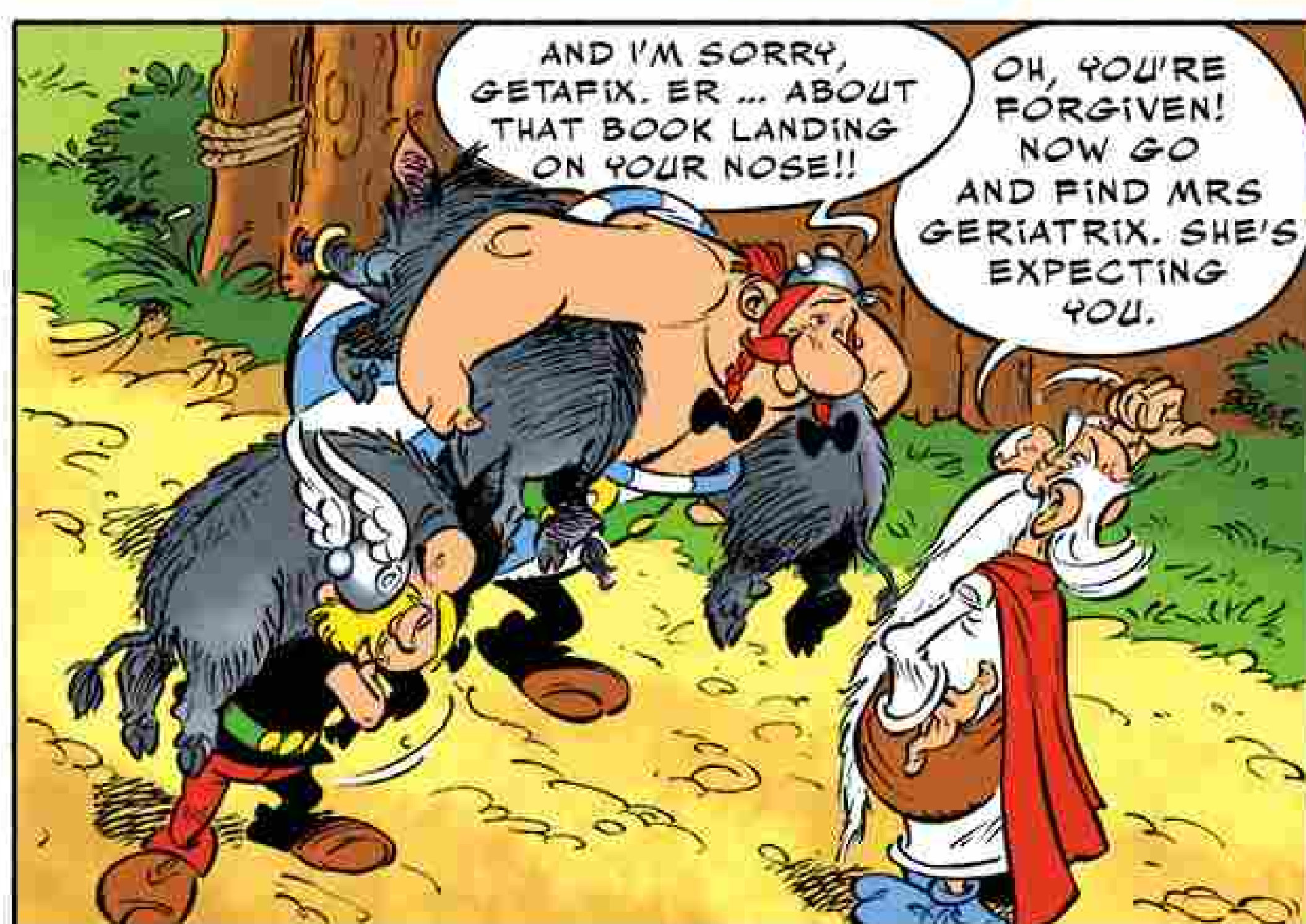






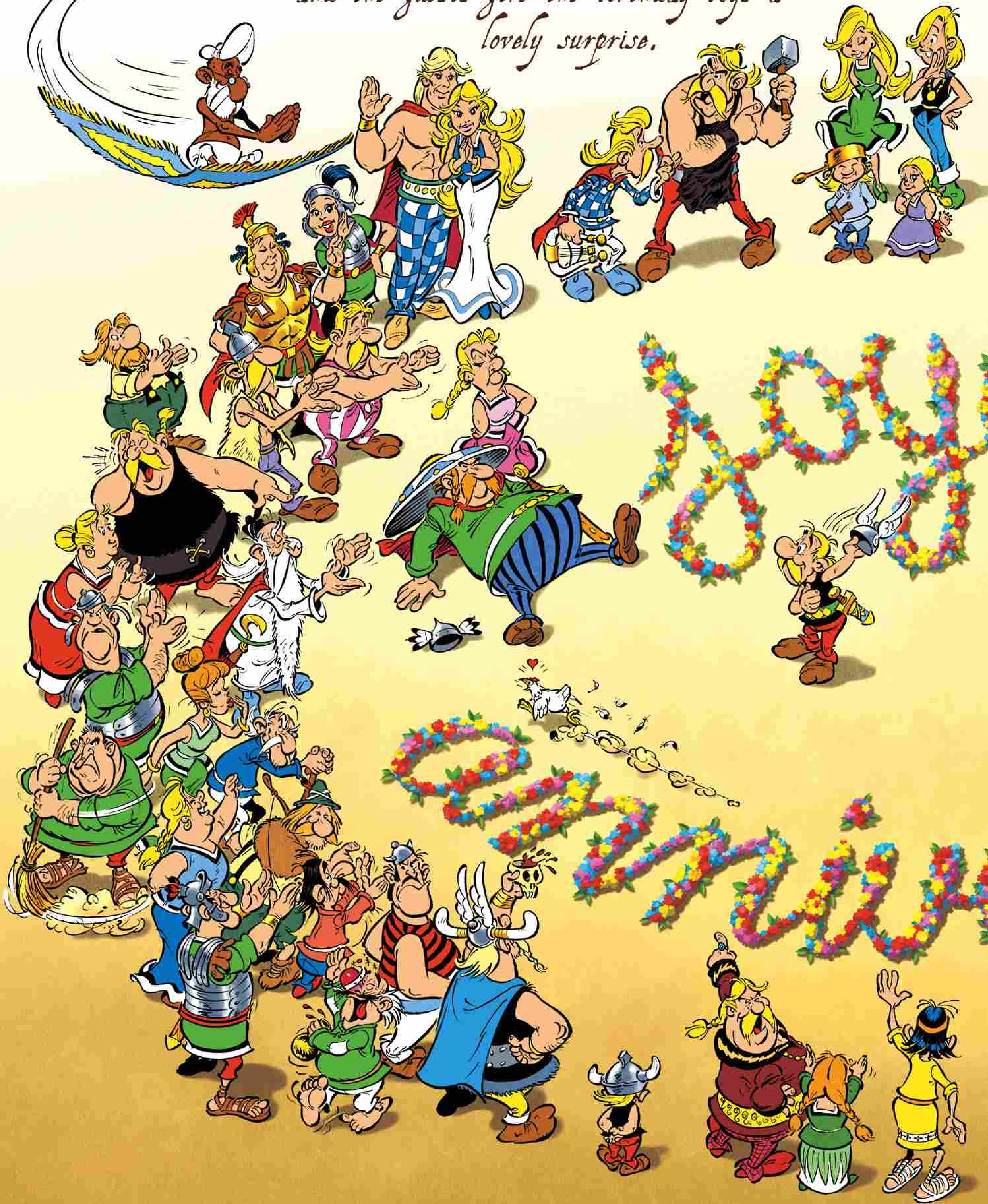






* MUCH LATER, JUST FOR REFERENCE, MUSSOLINI'S HENCHMEN USED TO SERVE RICIN OIL TO THEIR PRISONERS TO MAKE THEM CONFESS.

*At last all our friends are reunited in the village square,
and the guests give the birthday boys a
lovely surprise.*





HAPPY BIRTHDAY

gratuler
med dagen

С Днем рождения!

Parabéns

誕生日おめでとう

생일 축하합니다

feliç aniversari!

VŠECHNO NEJLEPŠÍ!

Tillykke med fødselsdagen!

יום הולדת שמח

Wszystkiego

تولدت مبارک

Najlepszego!



Hartelijk gefeliciteerd!

GRATIS PÅ FØDELSEDAGEN!

শুভ জন্মদিন

FELIZ ANIVERSARIO

Buon Compleanno

I would like to mention all those who have contributed their talents to producing this album:

Régis GRÉBENT, head of Studio 56, and his entire team.

Frédéric et Thierry MÉBARKI, two remarkably talented brothers.

Dionen CLAUTEAUX, son of the man who first had the idea for the magazine *PILOTE*.

And all the people – too many for me to mention everyone by name – who believed in this *GOLDEN BOOK*.

Albert UDERZO

كل سنة وأنت طيب

AN ORION CHILDREN'S EBOOK

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I FEEL
A BIT WEAK,
GETAFIX ...

NO, OBELIX! YOU
ARE NOT HAVING ANY MAGIC
POTION! YOU KNOW VERY WELL
YOU FELL INTO THE CAULDRON
WHEN YOU WERE A BABY, AND
IT HAD A PERMANENT
EFFECT ON YOU!



Already
published:

Asterix the Gaul
Asterix and the
Golden Sickle
Asterix and the Goths
Asterix the Gladiator
Asterix and the Banquet
Asterix and Cleopatra
Asterix and the Big Fight
Asterix in Britain
Asterix and the Normans
Asterix the Legionary
Asterix and the Chieftain's Shield
Asterix at the Olympic Games
Asterix and the Cauldron
Asterix in Spain
Asterix and the Roman Agent
Asterix in Switzerland
The Mansions of the Gods
Asterix and the Laurel Wreath
Asterix and the Soothsayer
Asterix in Corsica
Asterix and Caesar's Gift
Asterix and the Great Crossing
Obelix and Co
Asterix in Belgium
Asterix and the Great Divide
Asterix and the Black Gold
Asterix and Son
Asterix and the Magic Carpet
Asterix and the Secret Weapon
Asterix and Obelix All at Sea
Asterix and the Actress
Asterix and the Class Act
Asterix and the Falling Sky
How Obelix Fell
into the Magic Potion . . .
Asterix and the Picts



UDERZO